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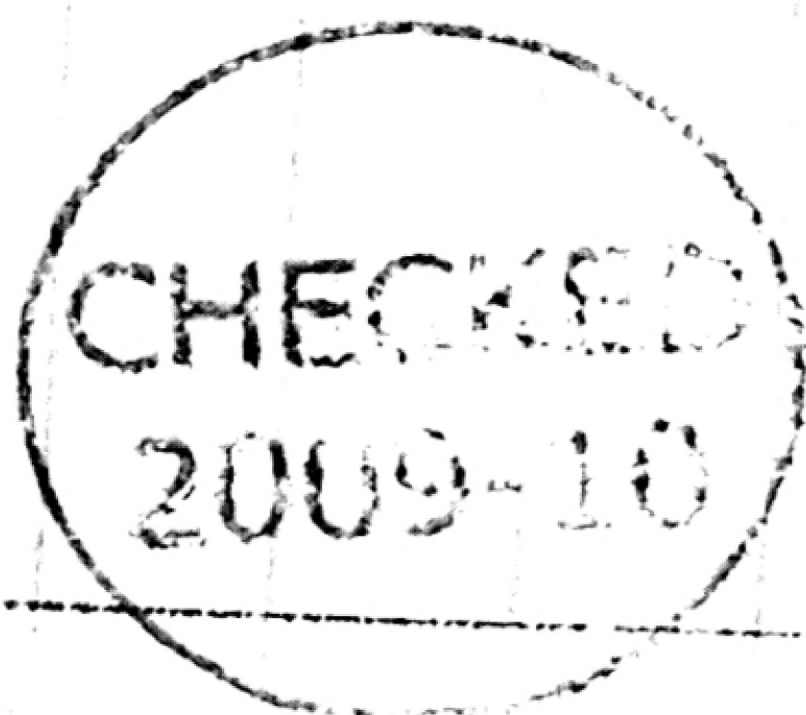
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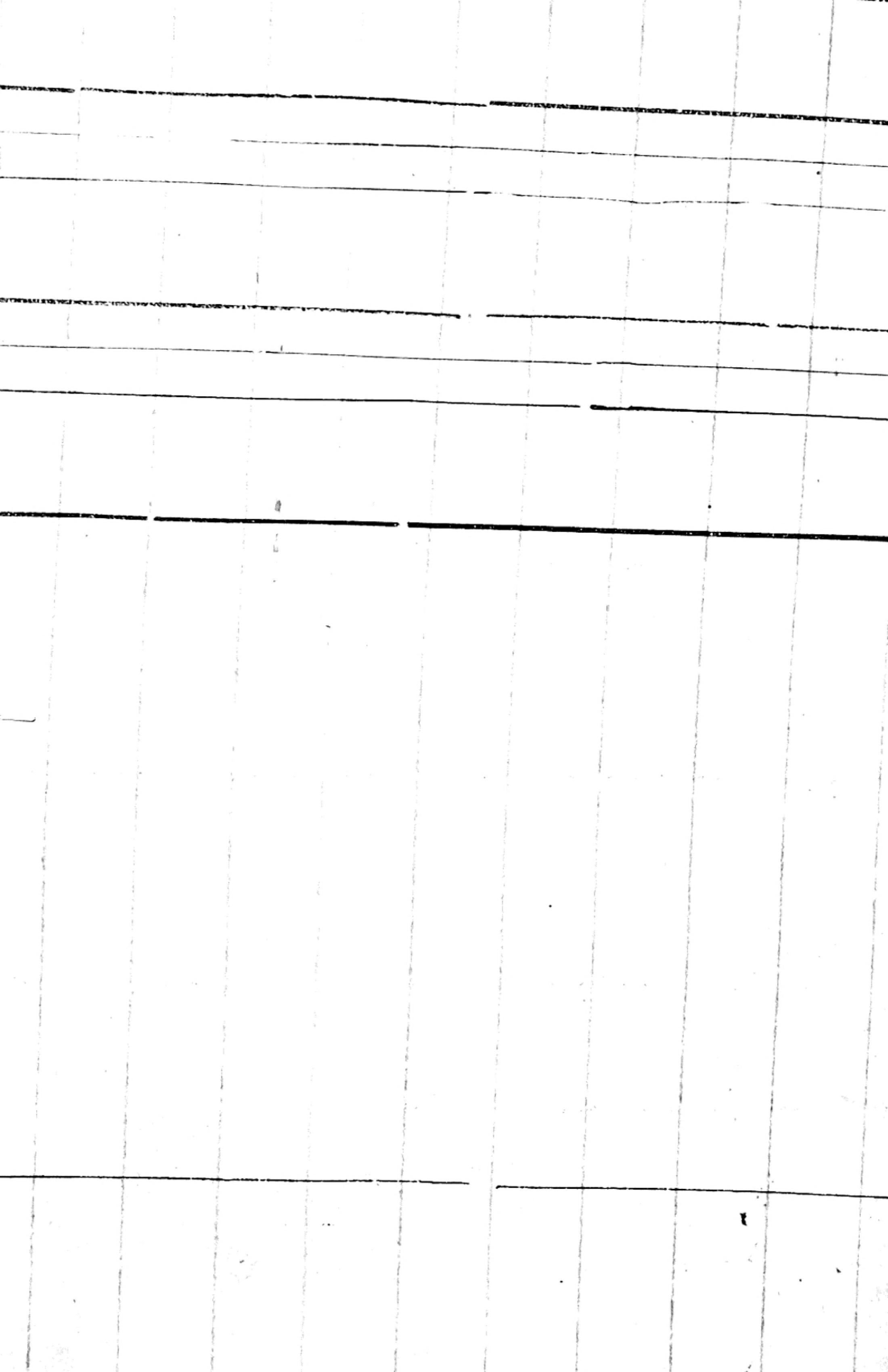
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MAX HERZBERG,
who compiled this
collection, had the

choice of becoming a newspaperman or a teacher. He solved the problem by becoming both. While teaching English he was made literary editor of the widely read *Newark Evening & Sunday News*. *This Is America* is the latest of numerous anthologies and editions of classics he has prepared—all with a strong leaning toward American material and the writings of our own times.

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This Is America



Edited by
MAX J. HERZBERG



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THIS IS AMERICA

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This Is America



I N T R O D U C T I O N

THIS IS AMERICA



THE NAME America is derived from Amerigo Vespucci (Latin, *Americus Vespucius*), an Italian navigator (1451-1512). He took part in several voyages to the New World discovered by Columbus, and claimed to have been a member of the expedition that first touched the mainland (1499-1500). In his last two voyages (1505-1507), he explored the region around Darien on the Isthmus of Panama and made maps of the territory. His accounts of his voyages were published (1507) by Martin Waldseemüller, a German geographer, who is believed to have first suggested (in his *Cosmographiae Introductio*) that the new lands be named "America." In 1538 Gerhardus Mercator employed the name America in his map of the world showing the northern and southern hemispheres. But for centuries Spain and Portugal continued to think of the New World as "the Indies."

By what the rest of the inhabitants of the rest of the Western Hemisphere regard as a crass form of egotism, the people of the United States use the name *America* as a synonym for their nation, and speak of themselves

THIS IS AMERICA

as "Americans," possibly because *Unitedstatesians* would be a somewhat discordant term. To South Americans the people of the United States are "North Americans," in itself only somewhat more exact; and the same phrase is likely to be used by Europeans; in accounts in German, for example, of "North American Literature." Another favorite foreign synonym is *Yankee*, but this synonym is not favorably regarded in many sections of the United States itself.

America has come to be a mental as well as a physical state, and many efforts have been made to define and describe this mental state. It is perhaps best defined in some of the great announcements that stand as milestones in American history. Read what these men said:

In 1771 Samuel Adams: "The liberties of our country, the freedom of our civil constitution are worth defending at all hazards; and it is our duty to defend them against all attacks. We have received them as a fair inheritance."

In 1774 Patrick Henry: "I am not a Virginian but an American."

In 1776 Thomas Jefferson: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

In 1776 Thomas Paine: "Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph."

In 1801 Thomas Jefferson: "Equal and exact justice to all men."

INTRODUCTION

In 1821 John Quincy Adams: "America, in the assembly of nations, has uniformly spoken among them the language of equal liberty, equal justice, and equal rights."

In 1837 Daniel Webster: "Let it be borne on the flag under which we rally in every exigency, that we have one country, one constitution, one destiny."

In 1855 Walt Whitman: "The United States themselves are essentially the greatest poem."

In 1858 Abraham Lincoln: "Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in us. Our defense is in the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men, in all lands, everywhere."

In 1887 James Cardinal Gibbons: "Our country has liberty without license and authority without despotism."

In 1895 Grover Cleveland: "There is no calamity which a great nation can invite which equals that which follows a supine submission to wrong and injustice."

In 1900 Theodore Roosevelt: "There is a homely adage which runs, 'Speak softly and carry a big stick; you will go far.'"

In 1912 Woodrow Wilson: "America lives in the heart of every man everywhere who wishes to find a region where he will be free to work out his destiny as he chooses."

In 1933 Franklin D. Roosevelt: "In the field of world policy I would dedicate this nation to the policy of the good neighbor."

America is freedom of worship and freedom from political domination by any church. It is freedom of business

THIS IS AMERICA

tain John Smith and Nathaniel Ward, stayed on our shores only briefly. When natives began to write it was always under the awe of England and in imitation of English or other foreign models. The American Revolution and such declarations as Emerson's *The American Scholar* failed to free us completely. Even our political protests followed in style the admirable English exemplars; our greatest pamphleteer was the Englishman Tom Paine. During the 19th century Britain still overshadowed us with its abundant Victorian creativity, but on the other hand American authors were welcomed in England, ranging from writers so sympathetic to them as Longfellow to more alien souls like Artemus Ward and Mark Twain. Even the beginning of the 20th century saw America completely under the sway of Hardy, Meredith, Barrie, Galsworthy, Shaw, and other British authors. Only after World War I did the tide turn the other way. It has been America that since then has produced most freely and creatively, American authors who now dominate the scene. The American accent in the speaking of English and in living has become more pronounced on both sides of the Atlantic.

MAX J. HERZBERG

P A R T O N E

This Fair
and
Great Land



Among the nations bright beyond compare.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

A devoted lover of his country was the author of *John Brown's Body*. He began that famous poem with a stirring *Invocation* that saw America as a whole, in history and in geography.

AMERICAN MUSE

(From *Invocation to John Brown's Body*)

BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

American muse, whose strong and diverse heart
So many men have tried to understand
But only made it smaller with their art,
Because you are as various as your land,

As mountainous-deep, as flowered with blue rivers,
Thirsty with deserts, buried under snows,
As native as the shape of Navajo quivers,
And native, too, as the sea-voyaged rose.

Swift runner, never captured or subdued,
Seven-branched elk beside the mountain stream,

Stephen Vincent Benét: AMERICAN MUSE—From "Invocation to John Brown's Body" in SELECTED WORKS OF STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT published by Rinehart & Company, Inc. Copyright, 1927, 1928, by Stephen Vincent Benét.

THIS IS AMERICA

That half a hundred hunters have pursued
But never matched their bullets with the dream,

Where the great huntsmen failed, I set my sorry
And mortal snare for your immortal quarry.

You are the buffalo-ghost, the broncho-ghost
With dollar-silver in your saddle-horn,
The cowboys riding in from Painted Post,
The Indian arrow in the Indian corn,

And you are the clipped velvet of the lawns
Where Shropshire grows from Massachusetts sods,
The grey Maine rocks—and the war-painted dawns
That break above the Garden of the Gods.

The prairie-schooners crawling toward the ore
And the cheap car, parked by the station-door.

Where the skyscrapers lift their foggy plumes
Of stranded smoke out of a stony mouth,
You are that high stone and its arrogant fumes,
And you are ruined gardens in the South

And bleak New England farms, so winter-white
Even their roofs look lonely, and the deep,
The middle grainland where the wind of night
Is like all blind earth sighing in her sleep.

A friend, an enemy, a sacred hag
With two tied oceans in her medicine-bag.

They tried to fit you with an English song
And clip your speech into the English tale.
But, even from the first, the words went wrong.
The catbird pecked away the nightingale.

THIS FAIR AND GREAT LAND

The homesick men begot high-cheekboned things
Whose wit was whittled with a different sound,
And Thames and all the rivers of the kings
Ran into Mississippi and were drowned.

They planted England with a stubborn trust,
But the cleft dust was never English dust.

Stepchild of every exile from content
And all the disavouched, hard-bitten pack
Shipped overseas to steal a continent
With neither shirts nor honor to their back,

Pimping grandee and rump-faced regicide,
Apple-cheeked younkers from a windmill-square,
Puritans stubborn as the nails of Pride,
Rakes from Versailles and thieves from County Clare,

The black-robed priests who broke their hearts in vain
To make you God and France or God and Spain.

These were your lovers in your buckskin-youth,
And each one married with a dream so proud
He never knew it could not be the truth
And that he coupled with a girl of cloud.

And now to see you is more difficult yet
Except as an immensity of wheel
Made up of wheels, oiled with inhuman sweat
And glittering with the heat of ladled steel.

All these you are, and each is partly you,
And none is false, and none is wholly true.

THIS IS AMERICA

John Holmes's land is more personal. He has visited here and there, he knows one region differs from another, and that America is more than state lines and capitals and battlefields. Each reader asks himself: Where do I belong? Where is my America?

MAP OF MY COUNTRY

BY JOHN HOLMES

A map of my native country is all edges,
The shore touching sea, the easy impartial rivers
Splitting the local boundary lines, round hills in two townships.

Blue ponds interrupting the careful county shapes.
The Mississippi runs down the middle. Cape Cod. The Gulf.
Nebraska is on latitude forty. Kansas is west of Missouri.

When I was a child, I drew it, from memory,
A game in the schoolroom, naming the big cities right.
Cloud shadows were not shown, nor where winter whitens,
Nor the wide road the day's wind takes.
None of the tall letters told my grandfather's name.
Nothing said, Here they see in clear air a hundred miles.
Here they go to bed early. They fear snow here.
Oak trees and maple boughs I had seen on the long hillsides
Changing color, and laurel, and bayberry, were never mapped.
Geography told only capitals and state lines.

I have come a long way using other men's maps for the
turnings.

I have a long way to go.

John Holmes: MAP OF MY COUNTRY—Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Inc. Copyright, 1943, by John Holmes.

THIS FAIR AND GREAT LAND

It is time I drew the map again,
Spread with the broad colors of life, and words of my own
Saying, Here the people worked hard, and died for the wrong
reasons.

Here wild strawberries tell the time of year,
I could not sleep, here, while bell-buoys beyond the surf
rang.

Here trains passed in the night, crying of distance,
Calling to cities far away, listening for an answer.

On my own map of my own country
I shall show where there were never wars,
And plot the changed way I hear men speak in the west,
Words in the south slower, and food different.
Not the courthouses seen floodlighted at night from trains,
But the local stone built into house walls,
And barns telling the traveler where he is
By the slant of the roof, the color of the paint.
Not monuments. Not the battlefields famous in school.
But Thoreau's pond, and Huckleberry Finn's island.
I shall name an unhistorical hill three boys climbed one
morning.

Lines indicate my few journeys,
And the long way letters come from absent friends.
Forest is where green ferns cooled me under the big trees.
Ocean is where I ran in the white drag of waves on white
sand.

Music is what I heard in a country house while hearts broke,
Not knowing they were breaking, and Brahms wrote it.

All that I remember happened to me here.

This is the known world.

I shall make a star here for a man who died too young.

Here, and here, in gold, I shall mark two towns

Famous for nothing, except that I have been happy in them.

THIS IS AMERICA

MacLeish wanders among the states and
hears wonderful praise of people and things
American.

COLLOQUY FOR THE STATES

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

There's talk says Illinois.

Is there says Iowa.

There's talk on the east wind says Illinois.

Talk about what says Dakota says Kansas says Arkansas.

Can't make out: too far east says Michigan.

East of the roosters says Indiana.

East of the

Morning crows says Ohio.

East says York State.

East still says Connecticut: on east.

It's down east from here says Massachusetts.

It's east of the Quoddy says Maine but I hear it.

Hear

What says Texas.

What can you hear says Virginia.

Can't be sure says Maine. Surf on the reefs.

Archibald MacLeish: COLLOQUY FOR THE STATES—Reprinted by permission of the author. Copyright by Archibald MacLeish.

THIS FAIR AND GREAT LAND

Ice pounding away on the pans in Penobscot.

Listen says Oregon.

Scoop your ear says Kentucky.

Can't tell says Maine. Too much fog.

Bells on the Old Orchard. Horns at Ogunquit.

Listen says Mississippi.

Try to says Texas.

Lean your lug to the loo'ard says Massachusetts.

It's tall talk says Maine. It's tall talking—

Tall as a calf in a fog.

Call it says Arkansas.

It's mean talk says Maine. It's mouthy meaning.

Mean about what says Nebraska.

Mean about us.

What about us says Kentucky says Texas says Idaho.

I gather they don't like us says Maine.

Do

Tell says Connecticut.

I vum says New Hampshire.

I gather we've low ways says Maine.

That

So says Kansas.

Take my seat says Michigan.

THIS IS AMERICA

It's how we marry says Maine. We ain't choosers.
We scrabble them up and we mingle them in. We marry the
Irish girls with the shoes with the quick come-after.
We marry the Spaniards with the evening eyes.
We marry the English with the tiptoe faces.
We marry the golden Swedes: the black Italians:
The German girls with the thick knees: the Mexicans
Lean and light in the sun with the jingling and jangling:
The Chileñas for luck: the Jews for remembrance: the Scots
girls
Tall as a tall man—silver as salmon;
The French with the skillful fingers: the long loves.
I gather we marry too many says Maine: too various.
I gather we're bad blood: we're mixed people.

That's what they say says Texas.

That's what they're saying.

What's in their soup says Arkansas: what they been eating?

What's in their hair says Maryland.

Aren't they men:

Can't they make it with strangers says Alabama.

Are they shy says Missouri.

Or what says Montana.

I gather they're

Bred pure says Maine: they're superior people.

Have they seen our kids says York State: the tall girls
The small elegant breasts they have like Egyptians

THIS FAIR AND GREAT LAND

The long legs with the delicate slender bones
And the wrists supple and small as a man's three fingers—
The way they walk on the world with their narrow heels?
You can tell them anywhere: tell them in any country—
The height of their heads and the tilt of their heels when they
walk.

A head higher than most: a hand smaller.

Have they raced our boys says Michigan—fast as black snakes:
Quick on the gun as quail: the sweet striders:
The watchful lads in the lead: dangerous followers:
Strong hearts in the stretch home. Have they beaten them?

I gather they haven't says Maine. I gather we're mixed
Bloods: they don't take to us.

Don't they says Kansas.

Have they seen our towns says Kansas: seen our wheat:
Seen our flatcars in the Rocky Mountains:
Seen our four-lane highways: seen our planes
Silver over the Alleghenies the Lakes
The big timber the tall corn the horses—
Silver over the snow-line: over the surf?
Have they seen our farms says Kansas: and who plowed them?
Have they seen our towns says Kansas: and who planned
them?

Have they seen our men says Kansas.

Gather not:

Gather we're bad blood says Maine. They're saying.

Who says says Missouri: who's this saying?

Where from says Montana: where's he from?

Where from: who says Georgia.

Can't make out.

THIS IS AMERICA

Way east: east of the Rhine it might be.
The wind veers says Maine. I don't make out.

East of the Rhine: so that's it says Montana.

The pure-bloods by the Rhine says Carolina.

The blood we left behind us says Wisconsin.

The blood we left behind us when we left:
The blood afraid of travel says Nevada.

The blood afraid of changes says Kentucky.

The blood afraid of strangers says Vermont:—
Strange stars and strange women: the two of them.

The blood that never hankered for a strange one:—
A dark one says Dakota with strange hair.

Stayed home and married their kin says Missouri.

Married their cousins who looked like their mothers says
Michigan.

So that's all: east of the Rhine says Wisconsin.

So that's all says Arkansas: all for that—
All for the pure-bred boys afraid of strangers.

Surf on the reefs says Maine: ice on Penobscot . . .

There's talk says Iowa.

Talk says Illinois.

THIS FAIR AND GREAT LAND

Bells on the Old Orchard: bells at Ogunquit . . .

Clash of corn in the wind says Illinois.

Over what sort of land does the American Flag wave? In this rapid flight in time and space one sees its magnificence, its variety, its ideals.

FLAG DAY

[From *The New York Times*]

WHAT'S A FLAG? What's the love of country for which it stands? Maybe it begins with love of the land itself. It is the fog rolling in with the tide at Eastport, or through the Golden Gate and among the towers of San Francisco. It is the sun coming up behind the White Mountains, over the Green, throwing a shining glory on Lake Champlain and above the Adirondacks. It is the storied Mississippi rolling swift and muddy past St. Louis, rolling past Cairo, pouring down past the levees of New Orleans. It is lazy noon-tide in the pines of Carolina, it is a sea of wheat rippling in western Kansas, it is the San Francisco peaks far north across the glowing nakedness of Arizona, it is the Grand Canyon, and a little stream coming down out of a New England ridge, in which are trout.

It is men at work. It is the storm-tossed fishermen coming into Gloucester and Provincetown and Astoria. It is

FLAG DAY (from *The New York Times*)—Reprinted from Flag Day editorial of *The New York Times*, June 14, 1940.

THIS IS AMERICA

the farmer riding his great machine in the dust of harvest, the dairy man going to the barn before sunrise, the line-man mending the broken wire, the miner drilling for the blast. It is the servants of fire in the murky splendor of Pittsburgh, between the Allegheny and the Monongahela, the trucks rumbling through the night, the locomotive engineer bringing the train in on time, the pilot in the clouds, the riveter running along the beam a hundred feet in air. It is the clerk in the office, the housewife doing the dishes and sending the children off to school. It is the teacher, doctor, and parson tending and helping, body and soul, for small reward.

It is small things remembered, the little corners of the land, the houses, the people that each one loves. We love our country because there was a little tree on a hill, and grass thereon, and a sweet valley below; because the hurdy-gurdy man came along on a sunny morning in a city street; because a beach or a farm or a lane or a house that might not seem much to others was once, for each of us, made magic. It is voices that are remembered only, no longer heard. It is parents, friends, the lazy chat of street and store and office, and the ease of mind that makes life tranquil. It is summer and winter, rain and sun and storm. These are flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, blood of our blood, a lasting part of what we are, each of us and all of us together.

It is stories told. It is the Pilgrims dying in their first dreadful winter. It is the Minute Man standing his ground at Concord Bridge, and dying there. It is the army in rags, sick, freezing, starving at Valley Forge. It is the wagons and the men on foot going westward over Cumberland Gap, floating down the great rivers, rolling over the great plains. It is the settler hacking fiercely at the primeval forest on his new, his own lands. It is Thoreau at Walden Pond, Lincoln at Cooper Union, and Lee riding home

THIS FAIR AND GREAT LAND

from Appomattox. It is corruption and disgrace, answered always by men who would not let the flag lie in the dust, who have stood up in every generation to fight for the old ideals and the old rights, at risk of ruin or of life itself.

It is a great multitude of people on pilgrimage, common and ordinary people, charged with the usual human failings, yet filled with such a hope as never caught the imagination and the hearts of any nation on earth before. The hope of liberty. The hope of justice. The hope of a land in which a man can stand straight, without fear, without rancor.

The land and the people and the flag—the land a continent, the people of every race, the flag a symbol of what humanity may aspire to when the wars are over and the barriers are down; to these each generation must be dedicated and consecrated anew, to defend with life itself, if need be, but, above all, in friendliness, in hope, in courage, to live for.

One can best understand our U. S. A. in the light of its history, the many kinds of people who have contributed to make it great, its tremendous energy as it has proceeded toward oneness.

U. S. A.

[From *Fortune*]

IF AMERICANS are altogether too paradoxical for any compact description, at least they can be measured in terms of their major achievement. That achievement has been

U. S. A. (from *Fortune*)—Reprinted from the February, 1940, issue of *Fortune Magazine* by special permission of the editors.

THIS IS AMERICA

the integration within the boundaries of a single, unified nation of the infinite variety of racial, cultural, economic, and geographic components of the U. S. scene.

In the beginning there were pioneers who created pioneer colonies based on the pioneer ideal of self-sufficiency. Although they achieved a loose political unity when they were leagued under the Articles of Confederation, for all practical purposes they remained separate nations. Even under the Constitution the states placed their individual interests above the national interest, and this selfishness—becoming sectional—led to the Civil War. But a nation had been created, the frontier was pushed westward, and industry became a strong integrating force. A Northern factory might employ Southern labor and sell to the West; and the transcontinental railroads helped bind the nation together with their long steel tracks. For industry was essentially national rather than sectional or regional. It prospered in the expanding free-trade area.

See the sweep, the magnitude of the achievement. On the map this gigantic slab of earth confronts the mind, the eye, and the imagination like a cake too big to eat. There is a thumb thrust toward the warm Caribbean, and here a fist reaching for icebergs in the North Atlantic. Here is the gentle loveliness of velvet lawns and flaming autumn hillsides in New England, and here the parched, harsh desolation of the prairies on a snowless day in winter. Here is East Texas as flat as a frozen lake, and here the high Sierras with their snowy crests floating like swans in the tall blue sky. Here is the Boston Common calf-deep in mud on a dim November afternoon, and here on the same afternoon is a black-shadowed date grove in Phoenix under a sun that burns like mustard plaster, in air so dry it stings. Here is the moss-hung lushness of palms tossing in the moonlight on the Louisiana shore, and here the austere march of evergreens up the western slopes of the

THIS FAIR AND GREAT LAND

Cascades. Here is New York at night, hell-red with neon and fogged by the factories in Hoboken, and here is a lone rider herding sheep on an empty Wyoming plateau. Here is the whole land, laid lavishly across the belly of a continent, washed by three seas, warmed by a dozen suns, breathing a hundred airs, so vast its horizons exhaust the eye, so turbulent with beauty, ugliness, terror, and hope that it wears a thousand faces and speaks with ten thousand tongues. All this has been integrated.

Or consider the history and derivation of the people. At first there are the Latins, here for plunder for the galleons of Spain, or land and furs for Paris. Then there are the English, coming for freedom, or what they then considered freedom; finding it, losing it, and fighting to have it again. Narrow, stern, hard-muscled, tough-minded English yeomen in the North, and English Cavaliers of a quite different breed in the South. The Englishmen pushing westward out of curiosity, or because the land along the coast was thin, or because they hated the sight of the neighbors' chimneys, or because they wanted less government. Some of them dropped like seeds into pockets of the Appalachians, but always there were some who could not stop. By 1810 they had traversed most of the West, and by 1850 had settled most of it—in spots. All this is very new. The battle of Little Bighorn was fought in 1876, and as late as 1890 Pershing was campaigning against the Sioux in Dakota. A hundred years ago the state of Texas was a full-fledged republic with heroic traditions and a promising future. The Latter-day Saints under Brigham Young not only created an independent nation beside the Great Salt Lake but established a moral code that made New England Puritans shudder. Less than a century ago we were "engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure."

THIS IS AMERICA

And culturally and racially the country is still in the process of integration. The tidal wave of immigration that started around 1820 had brought some 40,000,000 new Americans to the United States by 1938. The mass immigration ended in 1929, when a strict quota law went into effect, and in the next decade the net population gain from abroad was a mere 150,000. Still, over 10 per cent of the total population—some 14,500,000 people—is foreign-born, and the melting pot has not yet produced the ultimate American man. Granted that Americans are a mongrel race, they are perhaps the one people with the energy, the vision, the guts, the greed, and the divine impatience to subdue so quickly the fecund, terrifying land and to create the historic phenomenon called the United States. All this is being integrated.

Now you begin to travel across America—

OVERTURE TO A DANCE OF LOCOMOTIVES

BY WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Men with picked voices chant the names
of cities in a huge gallery: promises
that pull through descending stairways
to a deep rumbling.

The rubbing feet
of those coming to be carried quicken a
grey pavement into soft light that rocks
to and fro, under the domed ceiling,

William Carlos Williams: OVERTURE TO A DANCE OF THE LOCOMOTIVES—Reprinted by permission of New Directions. Copyright by William Carlos Williams.

THIS FAIR AND GREAT LAND

across and across from pale
earthcoloured walls of bare limestone.

Covertly the hands of a great clock
go round and round! Were they to
move quickly and at once the whole
secret would be out and the shuffling
of all ants be done forever.

A leaning pyramid of sunlight, narrowing
out of a high window, moves by the clock:
a center: inevitable postures infinitely
repeated—

II

Two—twofour—twoeight!
Porters in red hats run on narrow platforms.
“This way, ma’m!”

—important not to take
the wrong train!

Lights from the concrete
ceiling hang crooked but—

Poised horizontal
on glittering parallels the dingy cylinders
packed with a warm glow—inviting entry—
pull against the hour. But brakes can
hold a fixed posture till—

The whistle!
Not twoeight. Not twofour. Two!

Gliding windows. Colored cooks sweating
in a small kitchen. Taillights—

In time: twofour!
In time: twoeight!

THIS IS AMERICA

rivers are tunneled: trestles
cross oozy swampland: wheels repeating
the same gesture remain relatively
stationary: rails forever parallel
return on themselves infinitely.

The dance is sure.

RULE OF THUMB

BY BIANCA BRADBURY

New England says, "Make do, or go without,"
So they make do.

A garment's better for a patch or two;
What's brash, new, raw, is not for them,
What's worn, indigenous, has their esteem.
By the being turned, let out and dyed
The hand-me-down is glorified,
And fifty years are not too much
To wear an ax helve smooth to touch.

Then take their weather—they
Make do with what their betters throw away;
Heat waves, cold fronts, glacial
Hurricanes or any special
Cast-off storms that no one else will take.

The Old World sent its odds and ends to make
New England—then it taught them: "Wear it out,
Eat it up, make do." One simple rule
Turns out the Yankee article
Genuine and Simon-pure,
Something which will last, which will endure.

Bianca Bradbury: RULE OF THUMB—Reprinted from *Florida Magazine of Verse* by permission of the author. Copyright by *Florida Magazine of Verse*.

THIS FAIR AND GREAT LAND

NEW ENGLAND: WINTER NIGHT

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the somber green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the worlds without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed;
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,

THIS IS AMERICA

And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

A DAY

By EMILY DICKINSON

I'll tell you how the sun rose,—
A ribbon at a time.
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
"That must have been the sun!"

But how he set, I know not.
There seemed a purple stile,
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while,

Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars
And led the flock away.

CHICAGO

By CARL SANDBURG

Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,

Emily Dickinson: A DAY—Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Co. Copyright, 1914, by Martha Dickinson Bianchi.

Carl Sandburg: CHICAGO—From CHICAGO POEMS by Carl Sandburg. Copyright, 1916, by Henry Holt & Company, Inc. Copyright, 1943, by Carl Sandburg.

THIS FAIR AND GREAT LAND

Player with Railroads, and the Nation's Freight Handler;

Stormy, husky, brawling,

City of the Big Shoulders:

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen your painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys.

And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true I have seen the gunman kill and go free to kill again.

And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of women and children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.

And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this my city, and I give them back the sneer and say to them:

Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning.

Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall bold slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;

Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage pitted against the wilderness,

Bareheaded,

Shoveling,

Wrecking,

Planning,

Building, breaking, rebuilding.

Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,

Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,

Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle,

THIS IS AMERICA

Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and
under his ribs the heart of the people,

Laughing!

Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-
naked, sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker,
Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads and Freight
Handler to the Nation.

HILL FOLK

By VIVIAN LARAMORE RADER

The hills are never hurried,
And hill folk are the same;
They never wind the cabin clock
Nor call the hour by name.

Their sundial is a shadow,
Their dusk the whippoorwill,
And morning is the laughter
Of light along a sill.

They sow in solemn rhythm
And reap with measured pace,
And always there is leisure
As limitless as space.

So close are they to heaven
And thunder's silver horn,
They lean against the weather,
And time remains unborn.

Vivian Laramore Rader: HILL FOLK—Reprinted from the *Saturday Evening Post* by permission of the author. Copyright, 1944, by The Curtis Publishing Company.

THIS FAIR AND GREAT LAND

The hills are never hurried,
They hold the years in thrall,
And those who live among them
Wear patience like a shawl.

MONTANA WIVES

BY GWENDOLEN HASTE

I had to laugh,
For when she said it we were sitting by the door,
And straight down was the Fork
Twisting and turning and gleaming in the sun.
And then your eyes carried across the purple bench beyond
the river
With the Beartooth Mountains fairly screaming with light and
blue and snow
And fold and turn of rimrock and prairie as far as your eye
could go.
And she says: "Dear Laura, sometimes I feel so sorry for you,
Shut away from everything—eating out your heart with loneliness.
When I think of my own full life I wish that I could share it.
Just pray for happier days to come, and bear it."

She goes back to Billings to her white stucco house,
And looks through net curtains at another white stucco house,
And a brick house,
And a yellow frame house,
And six trimmed poplar trees,
And little squares of shaved grass.

Oh, dear, she stared at me like I was daft.
I couldn't help it! I just laughed and laughed.

Gwendolen Haste: MONTANA WIVES—Reprinted by permission* from
YOUNG LAND by Gwendolen Haste. Copyright, 1930, by Coward-McCann,
Inc.

THIS IS AMERICA

Poets sing nobly the love of America and
the devotion of its men and women.

THE GREAT LAND

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Things that are good and great my land has given,
of thought and word and deed, and heart and mind.
Now that the seas run high and night is blind
I will steer with mine own kind by the stars of heaven.
Yes, now that day goes dark and night glows red
and a wind is blowing as over desert sand,
my trust is with her living and her dead,
my faith bestead in the love of my own land.

Words that were harsh enough we have used against her
who nourished all our rage or gentlest thought,
who roused, who nobly urged, who subtly taught,
while with our small concerns we recompensed her. . . .
Now, with high thunderheads and the storm breaking,
by day, by night, she is song along my blood,
the great land we have seldom understood.
Behind my opened eyes the tears are aching.

So I say, lift up your hearts where you see her striding
helmed and harnessed into furious dawn,
with her sons that crowd around her striding on
till all portentous evil find nowhere hiding;
and lift your voices too in a great shout

William Rose Benét: THE GREAT LAND—Reprinted from William Rose Benét's DAY OF DELIVERANCE by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Copyright, 1944, by William Rose Benét.

THIS FAIR AND GREAT LAND

for victory's thunderclap on near occasions,
phalanx of eagles to free the captive nations,
stars in heaven no hurricane shall put out!

A M E R I C A

B y S A M U E L F R A N C I S S M I T H

My country,—'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country,—thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God,—to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;

THIS IS AMERICA

Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

By KATHARINE LEE BATES

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine

THIS FAIR AND GREAT LAND

Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

A M E R I C A F O R M E

B y H E N R Y v a n D Y K E

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings—
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled;

Henry van Dyke: AMERICA FOR ME—Reprinted from THE POEMS OF HENRY VAN DYKE by permission of the publishers. Copyright, 1911, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1939, by Tertius van Dyke.

THIS IS AMERICA

But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack;
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free—
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling
 sea,
To the blessed land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

The great engineer and statesman who was President of the United States from 1929 to 1933 had notable experiences in many parts of the world, saw intimately many men and many nations, was himself a participant in numerous important activities. His life in so many varied scenes taught him one thing above all—the greatness of America.

THE MIRACLE OF AMERICA

BY HERBERT HOOVER

DURING the last score of years our American form of civilization has been deluged with criticism. It comes from our own people who deplore our undoubted faults and

Herbert Hoover: THE MIRACLE OF AMERICA—Reprinted from the *Woman's Home Companion* by permission of the author. Copyright, 1947, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.

THIS FAIR AND GREAT LAND

genuinely wish to remedy them. It comes from our political parties by their denunciations in debate of our current issues. It arises from the forthright refusal of the American people to wash their dirty linen in secret. It comes from our love of sensational incidents where villainy is pursued by law and virtue triumphs. It comes from intellectuals who believe in the American system but who feel that our moral and spiritual greatness has not risen to the level of our industrial accomplishments.

Criticism also comes from our native Communists who want to overturn the system. And from the fuzzy-minded totalitarian liberals who believe that their creeping collectivism can be adopted without destroying personal liberty and representative government. It comes bitterly and daily from the governments behind the Iron Curtain and their officials and even from the press of the western European nations that we are trying to help.

Altogether we seem to be in a very, very bad way and engaged in our decline and fall. Criticism is no doubt good for our national soul—if it does not discourage us entirely.

Perhaps the time has come for Americans to take a little stock and think something good about themselves.

We could point out that our American system has perfected the greatest productivity of any nation on earth; that our standard of living is the highest in the world. We could point to our constantly improving physical health and lengthening span of life. We could mention the physical condition of our youth as indicated somewhat by our showing in the recent Olympic games.

In the government field, we could suggest that our supposedly decadent people still rely upon the miracle of the ballot and the legislative hall to settle their differences of view and not upon a secret police with slave camps.

THIS IS AMERICA

In the cultural field, we could point out that with only about six per cent of the world's population we have more youth in high schools and institutions of higher learning, more musical and literary organizations, more libraries and probably more distribution of the printed and spoken word than all the other ninety-four per cent put together.

On the moral and spiritual side, we have more hospitals and charitable institutions than all of them. And we could suggest that we alone, of all nations, fought in two world wars and asked no indemnities, no acquisition of territory, no domination over other nations. We could point to an advancement of the spirit of Christian compassion such as the world has never seen, and prove it by the tons of food and clothes and billions of dollars we have made as gifts in saving hundreds of millions from famine and governments from collapse.

Much as I feel deeply the lag in spots which do not give equal chance to our Negro population, yet I cannot refrain from saying that our twelve million Negroes probably own more automobiles than all the two hundred million Russians or the three hundred million Negroes under European governments in Africa.

All of which is not boasting, but just a fact. And we could say a good deal more.

Whatever our faults may be, our critics do not grasp the sense of a word which is daily on our lips—America. From its intangible meanings spring the multitude of actions, ideals, and purposes of our people. Recently I had an occasion to say something on that subject which I can summarize here.

America means far more than a continent bounded by two oceans. It is more than pride of military power, glory in war or in victory. It means more than vast expanse of farms, of great factories or mines, magnificent cities or millions of automobiles and radios. It is more even than

THIS FAIR AND GREAT LAND

the traditions of the great tide westward from Europe which pioneered the conquest of a continent. It is more than our literature, our music, our poetry. Other nations have these things also.

What we have in addition, the intangible we cannot describe, lies in the personal experience and the living of each of us rather than in phrases, however inspiring.

Perhaps without immodesty I can claim to have had some experience in what *American* means. I have lived many kinds of American life. After my early boyhood in an Iowa village, I lived as the ward of a country doctor in Oregon. I lived among those to whom hard work was the price of existence. The opportunities of America opened up to me the public schools. They carried me to the professional training of an American university. I began by working with my own hands for my daily bread. I have tasted the despair of fruitless search for a job. I know the kindly encouragement of a humble boarding-house keeper.

I have conducted the administration of great industries with their problems of production and the well-being of their employees.

I have seen America in contrast with many nations and races. My profession took me into many foreign lands under many kinds of government. I have worked with their great spiritual leaders and their great statesmen. I have worked in governments of free men, of tyrannies, of Socialists and of Communists. I have met with princes, kings, despots, and desperados.

I have seen the squalor of Asia, the frozen class barriers of Europe. I was not a tourist. I was associated in their working lives and problems. I had to deal with their social systems and their governments. And outstanding everywhere to these great masses of people there was a hal-

lowed Word—America. To them it was the hope of the world.

Every homecoming was for me a reaffirmation of the glory of America. Each time my soul was washed by the relief from the grinding poverty of other nations, by the greater kindness and frankness which comes from acceptance of equality and wide-open opportunity to all who want a chance. It is more than that. It is a land of self-respect born alone of free men.

In later years I participated on behalf of America in a great war. I saw untold misery and revolution. I have seen liberty die and tyranny rise. I have seen human slavery again on the march.

I have been repeatedly placed by my countrymen where I had need to deal with the hurricanes of social and economic destruction which have swept the world. I have seen bitter famine and the worst misery that the brutality of war can produce.

I have had every honor to which any man could aspire. There is no place on the whole earth except here in America where all the sons of a man could have this chance in life.

The meaning of our word *America* flows from one pure source. Within the soul of America is the freedom of mind and spirit in man. Here alone are the open windows through which pours the sunlight of the human spirit. Here alone human dignity is not a dream but a major accomplishment.

At the time our ancestors were proclaiming that the Creator had endowed all mankind with rights of freedom as the children of God, with free will, the German philosophers, Hegel and others, and later Karl Marx, were proclaiming a satanic philosophy of agnosticism and that the rights of man came from the state. The greatness of

THIS FAIR AND GREAT LAND

America today comes from one philosophy, the despair of Europe from the other.

But there are people in our country today who would compromise in these fundamental concepts. They scoff at these tested qualities in men. They never have understood and never will understand what the word *America* means. They explain that these qualities were good while there was a continent to conquer and a nation to build. They say that time has passed. No doubt the land frontier has passed. But the frontiers of science and better understanding of human welfare are barely opening.

This new land of science with all its high promise cannot and will not be conquered except by men and women inspired by these same concepts of free spirit and free mind.

And it is those moral and spiritual qualities which rise alone in free men which will fulfill the meaning of the word *American*. And with them will come centuries of further greatness to our country.

P A R T T W O

The Founding and Making of America



*Let us raise up a standard to which the
wise and honest can repair. The rest is in
the hands of God.*

—GEORGE WASHINGTON

A sailor reports on the marvels of the New
World just discovered.

THE RETURN of RODERIGO de TRIANA

(A sailor on the Niña, in the fleet of Columbus, 1492)

BY ULRICH TROUBETZKOY

How many marvels I have seen to tell!
For west of the Canaries a star
plunged in the sea before us,—as it fell
its tress of fire nearly singed our spar.
We crossed ourselves to see the skeletons
in the Sargasso Sea, but we were freed
by a brisk wind, though many galleons
and caravels lay rotting in its weed.
About a week beyond that awful plain
we marked a flight of birds and clouds hung low,
the sweetness of the morning was like Spain,
and in the dark we thought we saw a glow,
But the green boughs with berries and our wake
white with the brawling gulls that looked like home
were cheats of ocean that we could not slake
with cries of “land” when there was only foam.
Weeks more we sailed, despairing and afraid,
in a mirage of islands, learning thirst.

Ulrich Troubetzkoy: THE RETURN OF RODERIGO DE TRIANA—Reprinted from *The New York Herald Tribune* by permission of *The New York Herald Tribune* and the author. Copyright by *The New York Herald Tribune*.

THIS IS AMERICA

Some spat and cursed the captains, others prayed,
but we kept on, . . . and then I was the first
to see the Indies as I kept my watch.
Yet I did hardly dare to give that cry,
fearing my drowsiness had drawn a blotch
across the sea,—till light poured through the sky.

**This agreement presents the first statement
of the spirit and the form of government
that were to prevail in America.**

THE MAYFLOWER COMPACT

IN THE Name of God, Amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the Loyal Subjects of our dread Sovereign Lord King James, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, *Defender of the Faith, &c.* Having undertaken for the Glory of God, and Advancement of the Christian Faith, and the Honour of our King and Country, a Voyage to plant the first colony in the northern Parts of Virginia; Do by these Presents, solemnly and mutually in the Presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil Body Politic, for our better Ordering and Preservation, and Furtherance of the Ends aforesaid; And by Virtue hereof do enact, constitute, and frame, such just and equal Laws, Ordinances, Acts, Constitutions, and Offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general Good of the Colony; unto which we promise all due Submission and Obedience. In Witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names at *Cape Cod* the eleventh of November, in the Reign of our Sovereign Lord King James of England, France, and Ireland, the eighteenth and of Scotland, the fifty-fourth. *Anno Domini*, 1620.

THE FOUNDING AND MAKING OF AMERICA

The struggle for independence was expressed in battle and in speech, in the guns at Concord, the pamphlets of Thomas Paine, the great Declaration of Independence, the creation of a Flag, the building of our Constitution.

CONCORD HYMN

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

THIS IS AMERICA
LIBERTY OR DEATH!

(From *Speech on Stamp Act*)

BY PATRICK HENRY

MR. PRESIDENT, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who having eyes see not, and having ears hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth,—to know the worst and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, What means this martial array, if its

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purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted?

Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I

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repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

BY THOMAS JEFFERSON

A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, July 4, 1776.

THESE are the opening paragraphs:

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure

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these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having, in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

A CALL TO ARMS (From *The Crisis*)

BY THOMAS PAINE

THESE ARE THE TIMES that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it NOW, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman.

Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly:—'Tis dearness only that gives every thing its value. Heaven knows how to set a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed, if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right (*not only to TAX, but*) "*to BIND us in ALL CASES WHATSOEVER,*" and if being *bound in that manner* is not slavery, then is there not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious, for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

Whether the Independence of the Continent was declared too soon, or delayed too long, I will not now enter into as an argument; my own simple opinion is, that had it been eight months earlier, it would have been much better. We did not make a proper use of last winter; neither could we, while we were in a dependent state. However, the fault, if it were one, was all our own; we have none to blame but ourselves. But no great deal is lost yet; all that Howe has been doing for this month past is rather a ravage than a conquest, which the spirit of the Jersies of a year ago would have quickly repulsed, and which time and a little resolution will recover.

I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that GOD Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who had so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent.

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THE STORY OF OLD GLORY

(From *Our Flag*, A Publication of the U.S. Marine Corps)

THE STORY of the origin of our National Flag parallels the story of the origin of our country. As our country received its birthright from the peoples of many lands who gathered on these shores to found a new nation, so did the pattern of stars and stripes rise from divers origins back in the mists of antiquity to become emblazoned on the standard of our infant republic.

The star, a symbol of the heavens and the divine goal to which man has aspired from time immemorial, and the stripe, symbolic of the rays of light emanating from the sun, have long been represented on the standards of nations, from the banners of the astral worshippers of ancient Egypt and Babylon and the 12-starred flag of the Spanish Conquistadors under Cortez, down through the striped standards of Holland and the East India Company in the 18th century to the present patterns of stars and stripes on the flags of several nations of Europe, Asia, and the Americas.

The first flags adopted by our Colonial forefathers were symbolic of their struggles with the wilderness of a new land. Anchors, beavers, rattlesnakes, pine trees, and various like insignia with mottoes of "Hope," "Liberty," "Appeal to Heaven," or "Don't Tread on Me," were affixed to the different banners of Colonial America.

The first flag of the colonists to have any resemblance to the present Old Glory was the Grand Union Flag, oft termed the "Congress Colors." This flag consisted of thirteen stripes, alternately red and white, representing the thirteen colonies, with a blue field in the upper left

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hand corner bearing the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew signifying union with the mother country. This banner was first flown at the staffs of the Colonial Fleet in the Delaware River in December, 1775.

Although never formally acknowledged by the Continental Congress, the Grand Union Flag was the standard of the Continental Army when the latter came into being in January, 1776, and was also carried by Marines and American Bluejackets comprising an expeditionary force in the West Indies during that year.

During the previous year a field of thirteen stripes appeared on the yellow silk standard of the Philadelphia troop of Light Horse when the latter served as an escort to General Washington, who was journeying to Cambridge to assume command of the Continental Army.

Thus we find that the symbols which became the stars and stripes of Old Glory were long in use as emblematic of the aspirations and struggles of many peoples and nations. It remained, however, for the dark days which followed the Declaration of Independence and the efforts to create some semblance of unity and resistance, to form the background for the dramatic incident enacted in the modest shop of a Philadelphia needlewoman named Mrs. Betsy Ross. To her shop in the summer of 1776 came a distinguished group of patriots headed by General Washington. They bore with them a rough sketch for a flag, a banner behind which they hoped to unite the efforts of the thirteen colonies. This sketch resembled the Grand Union Flag and differed from the latter only in that the union of the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George had been replaced by a union of thirteen stars placed in a circle on a blue field. After some discussion as to whether or not the stars should be a six-pointed or five-pointed, a discussion in which Mrs. Ross prevailed, this needle-

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woman set herself to the immortal task of making our first "Star-Spangled Banner."

It was unfortunate that the above incident surrounding the work of Betsy Ross occurred at a time when the passions of rebellion and independence were foremost in the minds of the colonists; and thus the chronicles of the day failed to record the details surrounding the origin of the flag.

The efforts of Betsy Ross finally culminated in official recognition by the Continental Congress which on June 14, 1777, the first birthday of "Old Glory," adopted a resolution: "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

An interesting sidelight of history is revealed by this resolution in that it was one presented by the Marine Committee of the Second Continental Congress on the subject of the Navy. This is explained by the fact that, unlike land troops, it is necessary that all men-of-war must carry the same flag as a means of identification and recognition. Following the Declaration of Independence colonial vessels were putting to sea in an effort to hamper enemy communications and for the purpose of preying on enemy commerce. Many of these vessels flew the flags of the particular colonies to which they belonged.

It is uncertain as to where our first Old Glory was flown following its adoption by the Congress. It is known, however, that John Paul Jones, preparing to sail on the *RANGER* from Portsmouth on July 4, 1777, was presented with a Star-Spangled Banner by the ladies of Portsmouth, which flag was forthwith raised to the *RANGER's* staff. It is also recorded that on August 3, 1777, the patriot defenders of Fort Stanwix, New York, raised a hastily made and crudely fashioned Star-Spangled

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Banner over the fort's blockhouse. Also, on February 14, 1778, when the *RANGER* hove to in Quiberon Bay, France, bearing news of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, the Stars and Stripes received its first salute from a foreign power.

General Washington, when the Star-Spangled Banner was first flown at the head of the Continental Army, described its symbolism as follows: "We take the stars from heaven, the red from our mother country, separating it by white stripes, thus showing that we have separated from her, and the white stripes shall go down to posterity representing liberty."

Following the cessation of hostilities and the organization of the United States under the Constitution, the flag continued to be modified by the addition of a star and stripe for each state coming into the Union. After the admission of Kentucky and Vermont, a resolution was adopted in January, 1794, making the flag one of fifteen stars and fifteen stripes.

Realizing that the flag would soon become unwieldy with the addition of a stripe for each state, Captain Samuel C. Reid, U. S. Navy, commander of the armed brig *GENERAL ARMSTRONG* during the War of 1812, presented to the Congress the suggestion that the stripes remain thirteen in number as representing the colonies which struggled to found the nation, and that a star be added to the blue field for each additional state coming into the Union. This suggestion became the text of a resolution by Congress, effective on July 4, 1818.

Following the War of 1812, a great wave of nationalistic spirit spread throughout the country; the infant republic had successfully defied the might of an empire. As this spirit of nationalism spread, "Old Glory" began to take on the characteristics of a mighty symbol of sovereignty and the homage paid that banner is best ex-

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pressed by what the gifted men of future generations wrote concerning it.

The brilliant Henry Ward Beecher said: "A thoughtful mind when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag, but the nation itself. And whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag, the government, the principles, the truths, the history that belong to the nation that sets it forth. The American flag has been a symbol of Liberty, and men rejoiced in it.

"The stars upon it were like the bright morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light. As at early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then as the sun advances that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together, and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so, on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together . . ."

Many years ago President Woodrow Wilson declared: "This flag, which we honor and under which we serve, is the emblem of our unity, our power, our thought and purpose as a nation. It has no other character than that which we give it from generation to generation. The choices are ours. It floats in majestic silence above the hosts that execute those choices, whether in peace or in war. And yet, though silent, it speaks to us—speaks to us of the past, of the men and women who went before us, and of the records they wrote upon it.

"We celebrate the day of its birth; and from its birth until now it has witnessed a great history, has floated on high the symbol of great events, or a great plan of life worked out by a great people. . . .

"Woe to the man or group of men, that seek to stand in our way on this day of high resolution, when every principle we hold dearest is to be vindicated and made se-

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cure for the salvation of the nation. We are ready to plead at the bar of history, and our flag shall wear a new luster. Once more we shall make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born, and a new glory shall shine in the face of our people."

Thus Old Glory came into being; born amid the strife of battle it became the standard around which a free people struggled to found a great nation. From the Atlantic seaboard to the great prairies of the West, south to the bayous of Louisiana, north to the land of the Dakotas, and beyond the watery reaches of the Atlantic and the Pacific, Old Glory carried the struggle and fight of a democratic nation extending its birthright to the endless regions of the great beyond.

Meeting in Philadelphia in 1787 delegates from 12 of the 13 colonies adopted the mighty document which we call the "Constitution," and which has been the foundation of our freedom and our strength. Here is the—

.....

PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

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Immediately after the ratification of the Constitution came the adoption of the first ten Amendments to that document—in response to the feeling of many Americans that many fundamental and guaranteed freedoms and rights under our legal traditions should be definitely formulated and stated. These ten Amendments—famous as “the American Bill of Rights”—are our bulwark against tyranny.

FIRST TEN AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION (BILL OF RIGHTS)

ARTICLE I

CONGRESS shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

ARTICLE II

A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

ARTICLE III

No soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

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ARTICLE IV

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

ARTICLE V

No person shall be held to answer for a capital or other infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service, in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb, nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation.

ARTICLE VI

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which districts shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense.

ARTICLE VII

In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-

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examined in any court of the United States than according to the rules of the common law.

ARTICLE VIII

Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

ARTICLE IX

The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

ARTICLE X

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

THE BALLOT

BY JOHN PIERPONT

A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod,
But executes a freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God.

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Here was the first European to express
wonderingly the American character.

WHAT IS AN AMERICAN?

BY JEAN de CRÉVECOEUR

I WISH I could be acquainted with the feelings and thoughts which must agitate the heart and present themselves to the mind of an enlightened Englishman, when he first lands on this continent. He must greatly rejoice that he lived at a time to see this fair country discovered and settled; he must necessarily feel a share of national pride, when he views the chain of settlements which embellishes these extended shores. When he says to himself, this is the work of my countrymen, who, when convulsed by factions, afflicted by a variety of miseries and wants, restless and impatient, took refuge here. They brought along with them their national genius, to which they principally owe what liberty they enjoy, and what substance they possess. Here he sees the industry of his native country, displayed in a new manner, and traces in their works the embryos of all the arts, sciences, and ingenuity which flourish in Europe. Here he beholds fair cities, substantial villages, extensive fields, an immense country filled with decent houses, good roads, orchards, meadows, and bridges, where an hundred years ago all was wild, woody, and uncultivated!

What a train of pleasing ideas this fair spectacle must suggest! it is a prospect which must inspire a good citizen with the most heartfelt pleasure. The difficulty consists in the manner of viewing so extensive a scene. He is arrived on a new continent; a modern society offers it-

self to his contemplation different from what he had hitherto seen. It is not composed, as in Europe, of great lords who possess everything, and of a herd of people who have nothing. Here are no aristocratical families, no courts, no kings, no bishops, no ecclesiastical dominion, no invisible power giving to a few a very visible one; no great manufacturers employing thousands, no great refinements of luxury. The rich and the poor are not so far removed from each other as they are in Europe.

Some few towns excepted, we are all tillers of the earth, from Nova Scotia to West Florida. We are a people of cultivators, scattered over an immense territory, communicating with each other by means of good roads and navigable rivers, united by the silken bands of mild government, all respecting the laws without dreading their power, because they are all equitable. We are all animated with the spirit of industry, which is unfettered and unrestrained, because each person works for himself. If he travels through our rural districts he views not the hostile castle, and the haughty mansion, contrasted with the clay-built and miserable cabin, where cattle and men help to keep each other warm, and dwell in meanness, smoke, and indigence. A pleasing uniformity of decent competence appears throughout our habitations. The meanest of our log houses is a dry and comfortable habitation. Lawyer or merchant are the fairest titles our towns afford; that of a farmer is the only appellation of the rural inhabitants of our country. It must take some time ere he can reconcile himself to our dictionary, which is but short in words of dignity, and names of honor. There, on a Sunday, he sees a congregation of respectable farmers and their wives, all clad in neat homespun, well mounted, or riding in their own humble wagons. There is not among them an esquire, saving the unlettered magistrate. There he sees a parson as simple as his flock,

a farmer who does not riot on the labor of others. We have no princes, for whom we toil, starve, and bleed: we are the most perfect society now existing in the world. Here a man is free as he ought to be; nor is this pleasing equality so transitory as many others are. Many ages will not see the shores of our great lakes replenished with inland nations, nor the unknown bounds of North America entirely peopled. Who can tell how far it extends? Who can tell the millions of men whom it will feed and contain? for no European foot has as yet traveled half the extent of this mighty continent!

The next wish of the traveler will be to know whence came all these people? They are a mixture of English, Scotch, Irish, French, Dutch, Germans, and Swedes. From this promiscuous breed, that race now called Americans have arisen. The eastern provinces must indeed be excepted, as being unmixed descendants of Englishmen. I have heard many wish that they had been more intermixed also: for my part, I am no wisher; and think it much better as it has happened. They exhibit a most conspicuous figure in this great and variegated picture; they enter too for a great share in the pleasing perspective displayed in these thirteen provinces. I know it is fashionable to reflect on them; but I respect them for what they have done; for the accuracy and wisdom with which they have settled their territory; for the decency of their manners; for their early love of letters; their ancient college, the first in this hemisphere; for their industry, which to me who am but a farmer, is the criterion of everything. There never was a people, situated as they are, who with so ungrateful a soil, have done more in so short a time. Do you think that the monarchical ingredients which are more prevalent in other governments, have purged them from all foul stains? The histories assert the contrary.

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In this great American asylum, the poor of Europe have by some means met together, and in consequence of various causes; to what purpose should they ask one another what countrymen they are? Alas, two-thirds of them had no country. Can a wretch who wanders about, who works and starves, whose life is a continual scene of sore affliction or pinching penury; can that man call England or any other kingdom his country? A country that had no bread for him, whose fields procured him no harvest, who met with nothing but the frowns of the rich, the severity of the laws, with trials and punishments; who owned not a single foot of the extensive surface of this planet? No! urged by a variety of motives, here they came. Everything has tended to regenerate them; new laws, a new mode of living, a new social system; here they are become men: In Europe they were as so many useless plants, wanting vegetative mold, and refreshing showers; they whispered, and were mowed down by want, hunger, and war; but now, by the power of transplantation, like all other plants, they have taken root and flourished! Formerly they were not numbered in any civil list of their country, except in those of the poor; here they rank as citizens. By what invisible power has this surprising metamorphosis been performed? By that of the laws and that of their industry. The laws, the indulgent laws, protect them as they arrive, stamping on them the symbol of adoption; they receive ample rewards for their labors; these accumulated rewards procure them lands; those lands confer on them the title of freemen; and to that title every benefit is affixed which men can possibly require. This is the great operation daily performed by our laws. From whence proceed these laws? From our government. Whence the government? It is derived from the original genius and strong desire of the people, ratified and confirmed by government. This is

the great chain which links us all, this is the picture which every province exhibits, Nova Scotia excepted. There the crown has done all; either there were no people who had genius, or it was not much attended to: The consequence is, that the province is very thinly inhabited indeed; the power of the crown, in conjunction with the mosquitoes, has prevented men from settling there. Yet some parts of it flourished once, and it contained a mild harmless set of people. But for the fault of a few leaders, the whole were banished. The greatest political error the crown ever committed in America, was to cut off men from a country which wanted nothing but men!

What attachment can a poor European emigrant have for a country where he had nothing? The knowledge of the language, the love of a few kindred as poor as himself, were the only cords that tied him: his country is now that which gives him land, bread, protection and consequence. What then is the American, this new man? He is either an European, or the descendant of an European; hence that strange mixture of blood, which you will find in no other country. I could point out to you a family whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a French woman, and whose four sons have now four wives of different nations. *He* is an American, who, leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great *Alma Mater*. Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims who are carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigor, and industry, which began long since in the east; they will finish the

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great circle. The Americans were once scattered all over Europe; here they are incorporated into one of the finest systems of population which has ever appeared, and which will hereafter become distinct by the power of the different climates they inhabit. The American ought therefore to love this country much better than that wherein either he or his forefathers were born. Here the rewards of his industry follow with equal steps the progress of his labor; his labor is founded on the basis of nature, *self-interest*; can it want a stronger allurements? Wives and children, who before in vain demanded of him a morsel of bread, now, fat and frolicsome, gladly help their father to clear those fields whence exuberant crops are to arise to feed and to clothe them all; without any part being claimed, either by a despotic prince, a rich abbot, or a mighty lord. Here religion demands but little of him; a small voluntary salary to the minister, and gratitude to God; can he refuse these? The American is a new man, who acts upon new principles; he must therefore entertain new ideas, and form new opinions. From involuntary idleness, servile dependence, penury, and useless labor, he has passed to toils of a very different nature, rewarded by ample subsistence,—This is an American.

Out of his ripe wisdom and experience
Washington advised on what was to come.

COUNSEL TO HIS COUNTRYMEN

(From the *Farewell Address*)

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON

THIS GOVERNMENT, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and

mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their Constitution of Government; but the Constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric? Promote then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.

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Jefferson, too, gave wise counsel and expressed his warm patriotism.

THE SUM OF GOOD GOVERNMENT (From the *First Inaugural Address*)

BY THOMAS JEFFERSON

I KNOW, indeed, that some honest men have feared that a republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law; would meet the invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he then be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the form of kings to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Let us, then, pursue with courage and confidence our own Federal and Republican principles; our attachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one-quarter of the globe; possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the thousandth and ten thousandth generation; entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisitions of our own industry, to honor and confidence

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from our fellow-citizens, resulting not from birth, but from our actions and their sense of them; enlightened by a benign religion, professed indeed and practiced in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man; acknowledging and adoring an overruling Providence, which, by all its dispensations, proves that it delights in the happiness of man here, and his greater happiness hereafter; with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and a prosperous people? Still one thing more, fellow-citizens, a wise and frugal government which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government; and this is necessary to choose the circle of our felicities.

When Jefferson was minister to France, America seemed a favored country to him and its people highly fortunate—as they have seemed to many peoples in many lands since his day. In a letter of June 17, 1785, to his friend James Monroe, he says that a trip to France would make Monroe adore his country—

HOW LITTLE MY COUNTRYMEN KNOW

BY THOMAS JEFFERSON

... its soul, its climate, its equality, liberty, laws, people, and manners. My God! how little do my countrymen know what precious blessings they are in possession of, and which no other people on earth enjoy.

THE FOUNDING AND MAKING OF AMERICA

The first statement of a famous creed of American nationality.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

(In an *Address to Congress*)

By JAMES MONROE

IN THE WARS of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the European powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

THIS IS AMERICA

Read aloud this powerful oration and feel again its fervid patriotism as did its first hearers.

LIBERTY AND UNION

(In the *Reply to Senator Hayne*)

BY DANIEL WEBSTER

MR. PRESIDENT, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at it and tear it, if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin. . . .

Mr. President, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and

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maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep conviction, that, since it respects nothing less than the Union of the states, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I

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regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards"; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—*Liberty and Union*, now and forever, one and inseparable!

The American Indians were great, sometimes cruel and ruthless warriors, but they were often great artists too—in their pottery and rugs, their dances and songs and music. As we have studied their culture we find, moreover, that they were capable of profound thoughts which we today are learning to regard with respect. One of their best interpreters is a famous ethnologist, who lived among them and studied their music and poetry, which she then set down for others to admire.

P O E M S
FROM THE AMERICAN INDIAN
The Words of Indian Songs Collected and Presented
BY FRANCES DENSMORE

I Cannot Forget You (Nootka)

No matter how hard I try to forget you,
You always come back to my mind—
And when you hear me singing you may know
I am weeping for you.

A Warrior Warns the Foe (Sioux)

Crow Indian,
You must watch your horses.
A horse thief often am I.

Song of an Indian Warrior (Sioux)

A wolf I considered myself to be but I have eaten nothing,
Therefore from standing I am tired out.

Acknowledgment is made to Frances Densmore and the Smithsonian Institution Bureau of Ethnology for permission to reprint these poems.

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A wolf I considered myself to be, but the owls are hooting
And the night I fear.

Learn the Songs of Victory (Sioux)

With the warriors he is gone
In the war canoe.
This is what he said:
"You must learn to sing only songs of victory
Do not weep for him who goes to war,
It is what every man must do."

In the dawn and in the evening,
In my tepee alone,
I can hear him say:
"Thou must learn to sing only songs of victory."
I can see his face though far away
And I grieve as a woman may do.

In the starlight and the moonlight,
When the tepees are dark,
By the water's edge I am standing there,
Looking through the misty night.
Then the songs of victory I sing
As I watch for the war canoe.

All the daytime in the village,
As I labor at my task,
I am list'ning for the shout that tells
That the warriors come again.
Then, ah then for you my song shall be
In the hour of your victory.

•

Song to Bring Fair Weather (Nootka)

Look down, you whose day it is,
And make it calm.
You whose day it is make it beautiful,
Get out your rainbow colors so it will be beautiful.

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My Little Son (Nootka)

My baby boy, my little baby boy, my little son,
You will put a sealing-spear into your canoe
without knowing what use you make of it when you are a
man.

This poem speaks to all Americans, especially
in the last two lines.

STANZAS ON FREEDOM

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women! who shall one day bear
Sons to breathe New England air,
If ye hear, without a blush,
Deeds to make the roused blood rush
Like red lava through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains,—
Answer! are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?

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No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

In varied strains poets tell what this country has meant to them and to the many millions who have sought our shores to find here freedom, opportunity, and the pursuit of happiness. Woodrow Wilson once told a group of newcomers what America meant. Many poets, too, have essayed the same task.

MY PEOPLE CAME TO THIS COUNTRY

By STRUTHERS BURT

My people came to this country
In need of a land that was free,
So I think the only thing I can do,

Struthers Burt: MY PEOPLE CAME TO THIS COUNTRY—From WAR SONGS by Struthers Burt. Copyright, 1942, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

THE FOUNDING AND MAKING OF AMERICA

If a decent man I would be,
Is to walk with my head held high and proud
For the blood that runs in me.

My people came to this country
—And the seas were a green great space—
Because the trees were kind and tall
And the fields a pleasant place,
And brave men worshipped as they would
And thought with an open face.

Beat in memory ancient drums
Like the throbbing of a vein;
Wave on the winds of a continent
Ragged flags in the rain,
For the ghosts of countless countrymen
Are on the march again.

My people came to this country
With dreams too quick for hate,
A neighbor was a light in the dark
Or a hand upon a gate,
And whence he came was no news at all
In the building of a state.

Now God bless every stick of it
And every path and post;
The broad slow rivers of the south,
The quick bright streams of the frost,
And the mountains like a mighty oath
That does not count the cost.

And God bless all the dipping fields
From the mountains to the sea,
And grant that I walk like a fearless man
For the blood that runs in me.

THIS IS AMERICA
I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

By WALT WHITMAN

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe
and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves
off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the
deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter sing-
ing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the
morning, or at the noon intermission or at sundown;
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at
work, or of the girl sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to her, and to none else;
The day what belongs to the day—at night, the party of young
fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

INSCRIBED ON THE BASE OF THE
STATUE OF LIBERTY

By EMMA LAZARUS

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she

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With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

SCUM O' THE EARTH

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

— I —

At the gate of the West I stand,
On the island where nations throng.
We call them "scum o' the earth";

Stay, are we doing you wrong,
Young fellow from Socrates' land?—
You, like a Hermes so lithe and strong
Fresh from the master Praxiteles' hand?
So you're of Spartan birth?
Descended, perhaps, from one of the band—
Deathless in story and song—
Who combed their long hair at Thermopylae's pass? . . .
Ah, I forget what straits, (alas!),
More tragic than theirs, more compassion-worth,
Have doomed you to march in our "immigrant class"
Where you're nothing but "scum o' the earth."

— II —

You Pole with the child on your knee,
What dower have you to the land of the free?
Hark! does she croon
The sad little tune
Chopin once mined from the Polish air

Robert Haven Schauffler: SCUM O' THE EARTH—From NEW AND
SELECTED POEMS by Robert Haven Schauffler. Reprinted by permission
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And mounted in gold for us to wear?
Now a ragged young fiddler answers
In wild Czech melody
That Dvořák took whole from the dancers.
And the heavy faces bloom
In the wonderful Slavic way;
The dull little eyes, the foreheads' gloom,
Are suddenly fair and gay,
While, watching these folk and their mystery,
I forget that we,
In our scornful mirth,
Brand them as "polacks"—and "scum o' the earth."

— III —

Genoese boy of the level brow,
Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes
Agaze at Manhattan's pinnacles now
In the first, glad shock of a hushed surprise;
Within your far-rapt seer's eyes
I catch the glow of the wild surmise
That played on the *Santa Maria's* prow
In that still gray dawn,
Four centuries gone,
When a world from the wave began to rise.
Oh, who shall foretell what high emprise
Is the goal that gleams
When Italy's dreams
Spread wing and sweep into the skies?
Caesar dreamed him a world ruled well;
Dante dreamed Heaven out of Hell;
Angelo brought us there to dwell;
And you, are you of a different birth?—
You're only a "dago,"—"scum o' the earth"!

— IV —

Stay, are we doing you wrong
Calling you "scum o' the earth,"

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Man of the sorrow-bowed head,
Of the features tender yet strong,—
Man of the eyes full of wisdom and mystery
Mingled with patience and dread?
Have not I known you in history,
Sorrow-bowed head?
Were you the poet-king, worth
Treasures of Ophir unpriced?
Or were you the prophet, whose art
Foretold how the rabble would mock
That shepherd of spirits, erelong,
Who should gather the lambs to his heart
And tenderly feed his flock?
Man—lift that sorrow-bowed head. . . .
Behold, the face of the Christ!

The vision dies at its birth.
You're merely a butt for our mirth.
You're a "sheeny"—and therefore despised
And rejected as "scum o' the earth."

— v —

Countrymen, bend and invoke
Mercy for us blasphemers,
For that we spat on these marvelous folk,
Nations of darers and dreamers,
Scions of singers and seers,
Our peers, and more than our peers.
"Rabble and refuse," we name them
And "scum o' the earth," to shame them.
Mercy for us of the few, young years,
Of the culture so callow and crude,
Of the hands so grasping and rude,
The lips so ready for sneers
At the sons of our ancient more-than-peers.
Mercy for us who dare despise
Men in whose loins our Homer lies;

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Mothers of men who shall bring to us
The glory of Titian, the grandeur of Huss;
Children in whose frail arms may rest
Prophets and singers and saints of the West.

Newcomers all from the eastern seas,
Help us incarnate dreams like these.
Forgive and forget that we did you wrong.
Help us to father a nation strong
In the comradeship of an equal birth,
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

TO AMERICAN CITIZENS OF FOREIGN BIRTH

BY WOODROW WILSON

IT WARMS my heart that you should give me such a reception; but it is not of myself that I wish to think to-night, but of those who have just become citizens of the United States.

This is the only country in the world which experiences this constant and repeated rebirth. Other countries depend upon the multiplication of their own native people. This country is constantly drinking strength out of new sources by the voluntary association with it of great bodies of strong men and forward-looking women out of other lands. And so by the gift of the free will of independent people it is being constantly renewed from generation to generation by the same process by which it was originally created. It is as if humanity had determined to see to it that this great nation, founded for the benefit of humanity, should not lack for the allegiance of the people of the world.

You have just taken an oath of allegiance to the United States. Of allegiance to whom? Of allegiance to no one,

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unless it be to God—certainly not of allegiance to those who temporarily represent this great government. You have taken an oath of allegiance to a great ideal, to a great body of principles, to a great hope of the human race. You have said, "We are going to America not only to earn a living, not only to seek the things which it was more difficult to obtain where we were born, but to help forward the great enterprises of the human spirit—to let men know that everywhere in the world there are men who will cross strange oceans and go where a speech is spoken which is alien to them if they can but satisfy their quest for what their spirits crave; knowing that whatever the speech, there is but one longing and utterance of the human heart, and that is for liberty and justice." And while you bring all countries with you, you come with a purpose of leaving all other countries behind you—bringing what is best of their spirit, but not looking over your shoulders and seeking to perpetuate what you intended to leave behind in them. I certainly would not be one even to suggest that a man cease to love the home of his birth and the nation of his origin—these things are very sacred and ought not to be put out of our hearts—but it is one thing to love the place where you were born and it is another thing to dedicate yourself to the place to which you go. You cannot dedicate yourself to America unless you become in every respect and with every purpose of your will thorough Americans. You cannot become thorough Americans if you think of yourselves in groups. America does not consist of groups. A man who thinks of himself as belonging to a particular national group in America has not yet become an American, and the man who goes among you to trade upon your nationality is no worthy son to live under the Stars and Stripes.

My urgent advice to you would be, not only always to think first of America, but always, also, to think first of

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humanity. You do not love humanity if you seek to divide humanity into jealous camps. Humanity can be welded together only by love, by sympathy, by justice, not by jealousy and hatred. I am sorry for the man who seeks to make personal capital out of the passions of his fellow-men. He has lost the touch and ideal of America. For America was created to unite mankind by those passions which lift and not by the passions which separate and debase. We came to America, either ourselves or in the persons of our ancestors, to better the ideals of men, to make them see finer things than they had seen before, to get rid of the things that divide and to make sure of the things that unite. It was but an historical accident no doubt that this great country was called the "United States"; yet I am very thankful that it has that word "United" in its title, and the man who seeks to divide man from man, group from group, interest from interest in this great Union is striking at its very heart.

It is a very interesting circumstance to me, in thinking of those of you who have just sworn allegiance to this great Government, that you were drawn across the ocean by some beckoning finger of hope, by some belief, by some vision of a new kind of justice, by some expectation of a better kind of life. No doubt you have been disappointed in some of us. Some of us are very disappointing. No doubt you have found that justice in the United States goes only with a pure heart and a right purpose as it does everywhere else in the world. No doubt what you found here did not seem touched for you, after all, with the complete beauty of the ideal which you had conceived beforehand. But remember this: If we had grown at all poor in the ideal, you brought some of it with you. A man does not hope for the thing that he does not believe in, and if some of us have forgotten what America believed in, you, at any rate, imported in your own hearts a re-

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newal of the belief. That is the reason that I, for one, make you welcome. If I have in any degree forgotten what America was intended for, I will thank God if you will remind me. I was born in America. You dreamed dreams of what America was to be, and I hope you brought the dreams with you. No man that does not see visions will ever realize any high hope or undertake any high enterprise. Just because you brought dreams with you, America is more likely to realize dreams such as you brought. You are enriching us if you came expecting us to be better than we are.

You have come into this great nation voluntarily seeking something that we have to give, and all that we have to give is this: We cannot exempt you from work. No man is exempt from work anywhere in the world. We cannot exempt you from the strife and the heartbreaking burden of the struggle of the day—that is common to mankind everywhere; we cannot exempt you from the loads that you must carry. We can only make them light by the spirit in which they are carried. That is the spirit of hope, it is the spirit of liberty, it is the spirit of justice.

One of our greatest judges, at a gathering of Americans in New York City, expressed in brief, strong words the faith of America, concluding with the Pledge to the Flag.

PLEDGE TO THE FLAG

(Given on "I Am an American" Day)

BY JUDGE LEARNED HAND

WE HAVE gathered here to affirm a faith, a faith in a common purpose, a common conviction, a common devotion.

Judge Learned Hand: PLEDGE TO THE FLAG—With permission of the

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Some of us have chosen America as the land of our adoption; the rest have come from those who did the same. For this reason we have some right to consider ourselves a picked group, a group of those who had the courage to break from the past and brave the dangers and the loneliness of a strange land.

What was the object that nerved us, or those who went before us, to this choice? We sought liberty; freedom from oppression, freedom from want, freedom to be ourselves. This we then sought. This we now believe that we are by way of winning.

What do we mean when we say that first of all we seek liberty? I often wonder whether we do not rest our hopes too much upon constitutions, upon laws and upon courts. These are false hopes; believe me, these are false hopes. Liberty lies in the hearts of men and women. When it dies there, no constitution, no law, no court can save it. No constitution, no law, no court can even do much to help it. While it lies there, it needs no constitution, no law, no court to save it.

And what is this liberty which must lie in the hearts of men and women? It is not the ruthless, the unbridled will. It is not freedom to do as one likes. That is the denial of liberty, and leads straight to its overthrow. A society in which men recognize no check upon their freedom, soon becomes a society where freedom is the possession of only a savage few; as we have learned to our sorrow.

What then is the spirit of liberty? I cannot define it; I can only tell you my own faith. The spirit of liberty is the spirit which is not too sure that it is right. The spirit of liberty is the spirit which seeks to understand the minds of other men and women. The spirit of liberty is the spirit

author from Judge Learned Hand's I AM AN AMERICAN DAY speech, May 21, 1944.

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which weighs their interests alongside its own without bias. The spirit of liberty remembers that not even a sparrow falls to earth unheeded. The spirit of liberty is the spirit of Him who, near two thousand years ago, taught mankind that lesson it has never learned, but has never quite forgotten; that there may be a kingdom where the least shall be heard and considered side by side with the greatest.

And now in that spirit, that spirit of an America which has never been, and which may never be; nay, which never will be, except as the conscience and the courage of Americans create it; yet in the spirit of that America which lies hidden in some form in the aspirations of us all; in the spirit of that America for which our young men are at this moment fighting and dying; in that spirit of liberty and of America I ask you to rise and with me to pledge our faith in the glorious destiny of our beloved country.

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands—one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

I AM THE PEOPLE, THE MOB

BY CARL SANDBURG

I am the people—the mob—the crowd—the mass.
Do you know that all the great work of the world is
done through me?

I am the workingman, the inventor, the maker of the
world's food and clothes.

Carl Sandburg: I AM THE PEOPLE—From CHICAGO POEMS by Carl Sandburg. Copyright, 1916, by Henry Holt & Company, Inc. Copyright, 1943, by Carl Sandburg.

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I am the audience that witnesses history. The Napoleons come from me and the Lincolns. They die.

And then I send forth more Napoleons and Lincolns. I am the seed ground. I am a prairie that will stand for much plowing. Terrible storms pass over me. I forget. The best of me is sucked out and wasted. I forget. Everything but Death comes to me and makes me work and give up what I have. And I forget.

Sometimes I growl, shake myself and spatter a few red drops for history to remember. Then—I forget.

When I, the People, learn to remember, when I, the People, use the lessons of yesterday and no longer forget who robbed me last year, who played me for a fool—then there will be no speaker in all the world say the name: “The People,” with any fleck of a sneer in his voice or any far-off smile of derision.

The mob—the crowd—the mass—will arrive then.

DEMOCRACY

SOME QUOTATIONS FOR
“I AM AN AMERICAN” DAY

(Collected for *The New York Times*)

“As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference, is no democracy.”
—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

“I believe in democracy because it releases the energy of every human being.”
—WOODROW WILSON.

“All the ills of democracy can be cured by more democracy.”
—ALFRED E. SMITH.

“My boy, about seventy-five years ago I learned I was

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not God. And so, when the people of the various States want to do something and I can't find anything in the Constitution expressly forbidding them to do it, I say, whether I like it or not: 'Damn it, let 'em do it!'"

—JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"Democracy can thrive only when it enlists the devotion of those whom Lincoln called the common people. Democracy can hold that devotion only when it adequately respects their dignity by so ordering society as to assure to the masses of men and women reasonable security and hope for themselves and for their children."

—FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT.

"Democracy means not 'I am as good as you are,' but 'You are as good as I am.'"

—REV. THEODORE PARKER.

"Wherever we look we come back to the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution as the anchors of our democracy and welfare. We don't want an empire, we want democracy. The ideal of democracy is the highest humanity ever developed."

—THEODORE DREISER.

"There is an amazing strength in the expression of the will of a whole people; and when it declares itself, even the imagination of those who would wish to contest it is overawed."

—ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.

"If liberty and equality, as is thought by some, are chiefly to be found in democracy, they will be best attained when all persons alike share in the government to the utmost."

—ARISTOTLE.

"Our way of living together in America is a strong but delicate fabric. It is made up of many threads. It has been

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woven over many centuries by the patience and sacrifice of countless liberty-loving men and women. It serves as a cloak for the protection of poor and rich, of black and white, of Jew and Gentile, of foreign and native born. Let us not tear it asunder. For no man knows, once it is destroyed, where or when man will find its protective warmth again.”

—WENDELL WILLKIE.

“Because in the administration it hath respect not to the few but the multitude, our form of government is called a democracy. Wherein there is not only an equality amongst all men in point of law for their private controversies, but in election to public offices we consider neither class nor rank.”

—THUCYDIDES.

“Democracy is based upon the conviction that there are extraordinary possibilities in ordinary people.”

—HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK.

“The problem of democracy is not the problem of getting rid of kings. It is the problem of clothing the whole people with the elements of kingship.”

—F. C. MOREHOUSE.

“Democracy wishes to raise up mankind, to give it freedom, and its greatest strength lies in its deep spiritual and moral self-consciousness.”

—THOMAS MANN.

“The story of the Negro as a voter in the United States illustrates the essential character of democracy. Democracy is a process, not a static condition. It is becoming, rather than being. It can easily be lost, but never is fully won. Its essence is eternal struggle.”

—JUSTICE WILLIAM H. HASTIE.

THE FOUNDING AND MAKING OF AMERICA

"There is no true country without a uniform right. There is no true country where the uniformity of that right is violated by the existence of castes, privileges and inequality."

—GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

"I know no safe depository of the ultimate powers of society but the people themselves; and if we think them not enlightened enough to exercise their control with a wholesome discretion, the remedy is not to take it from them, but to inform their discretion by education."

—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

"Democracy does not mean an imposed rule from above; it means administration. It is not a political thing so much as it is a world-view, a life-attitude, in accordance with which each citizen, being a person, respects the personality of his fellow-citizen. Democracy inspires justice."

—THOMAS G. MASARYK.

"Democracy is much broader than a special political form, a method of conducting government, of making laws and carrying on governmental administration by means of popular suffrage and elected officers. * * * The political and governmental phase of democracy is a means, the best means so far found, for realizing ends that lie in the wide domain of human relationships and the development of human personality. It is * * * a way of life, social and individual."

—JOHN DEWEY.

"Democracy in the widest sense means much more than a form of government * * * it is indeed a system of social organization affecting almost every relation of man to man. It is a system which, ideally at least, attempts to equalize the opportunities and responsibilities of individuals in society."

—WOODROW WILSON.

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"Democracy, after all, means much more than going through the motions of popular government. It is an instrument to foster life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness by the people at large in their daily working lives."

—SENATOR ROBERT F. WAGNER.

"The government of the Union, then, is emphatically and truly a government of the people. In form and in substance it emanates from them. Its powers are granted by them and are to be exercised directly on them and for their benefit."

—JOHN MARSHALL.

"Freedom in a democracy is the glory of the state, and, therefore, in a democracy only will the freeman of nature deign to dwell."

—PLATO.

"He who would save liberty must put his trust in democracy."

—NORMAN THOMAS.

"Theirs is a pure republic, wild, yet strong.

A 'fierce democracy,' where all are true

To what themselves have voted—right or wrong."

—FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

"I speak the password primeval, I give the sign of democracy, By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms."

—WALT WHITMAN.

C R E D O

B Y E L I A S L I E B E R M A N

I believe

That there are greater things in life

Elias Lieberman: CREDO—From PAVED STREETS by Elias Lieberman. Copyright, 1918, by Elias Lieberman. Reprinted by permission of the author.

THE FOUNDING AND MAKING OF AMERICA

Than life itself;
I believe
In climbing upward
Even when the spent and broken thing
I call my body
Cries "Halt!"
I believe
To the last breath
In the truths
Which God permits me to see.
I believe
In fighting for them;
In drawing,
If need be,
Not the bloody sword of man
Brutal with conquest
And drunk with power,
But the white sword of God,
Flaming with His truth
And healing while it slays.
I believe
In my country and her destiny,
In the great dream of her founders.
In her place among the nations,
In her ideals;
I believe
That her democracy must be protected,
Her privileges cherished,
Her freedom defended.
I believe
That, humbly before the Almighty,
But proudly before all mankind,
We must safeguard her standard,
The vision of her Washington,
The martyrdom of her Lincoln,
With the patriotic ardor

THIS IS AMERICA

Of the Minute Men
And the boys in blue
Of her glorious past.
I believe
In loyalty to my country,
Utter, irrevocable, inviolate.

Thou, in whose sight
A thousand years are but as yesterday
And as a watch in the night,
Help me
In my frailty
To make real
What I believe.

In this message a noted educator expressed his idea of what true loyalty to America means.

LOYALTY TEST

BY HARVEY N. DAVIS

*Unless you can find some sort of loyalty,
you cannot find unity and peace in your
active living.*

—JOSIAH ROYCE

NOWADAYS, when an FBI man asks me about the loyalty of so-and-so, I reply that, as far as I know, he is not, and has never been, and, in my opinion, is not likely to become, either a traitor, a spy, or a communist of the Russian brand trying to bore from within. That seems to cover the question.

Harvey N. Davis: LOYALTY TEST—Reprinted from *This Week Magazine*. Copyright, 1949, by the United Newspapers Magazine Corporation.

THE FOUNDING AND MAKING OF AMERICA

But surely, this adds up to a very narrow definition of the fine old word "loyalty"; and maybe this is a good time for us to re-discover the broader meaning which Professor Royce had in mind, 40 years ago, when he wrote the lines quoted above.

True loyalty, according to Royce's definition, is never a negative thing. It is a positive, wholehearted and out-flowing devotion to something beyond your private self bigger than you are.

In the long run, he believed no one can be secure or successful or happy if he lives only for himself. We grow only by giving the best of ourselves to something that we believe in heart and soul. This is the essence of loyalty.

In terms of this definition, how loyal are you? Here is a simple way to find out. Below are some things in which nearly everyone believes:

1. Your family
2. The organization for which you work
3. Your community
4. Your church
5. Your country

Now put this list aside. Then take it out again a few days or weeks or months from now. When you do, ask yourself this question: "Since first reading this page, have I so lived that these five things are stronger, better, finer because of me?"

If you can answer a truthful yes, then you will know that you understand the meaning of loyalty—and, along with it, the secret of true happiness.

THIS IS AMERICA

This creed was accepted by the House of Representatives April 3, 1918, on behalf of the American people.

THE AMERICAN'S CREED

By WILLIAM TYLER PAGE

I BELIEVE in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

THE FOUNDING AND MAKING OF AMERICA

At a moment of great crisis in our history President Roosevelt spoke this prayer in a radio address. It came from the heart of a famous poet and devoted American, and was heard by the whole nation and by many in other lands.

PRAYER

BY STEPHEN VINCENT BÉNÉT

GOD OF THE FREE, we pledge our hearts and lives today to the cause of all free mankind.

Grant us victory over the tyrants who would enslave all free men and nations. Grant us faith and understanding to cherish all those who fight for freedom as if they were our brothers. Grant us brotherhood in hope and union, not only for the space of this bitter war, but for the days to come which shall and must unite all the children of earth. Our earth is but a small star in the great universe. Yet of it we can make, if we choose, a planet unvexed by war, untroubled by hunger or fear, undivided by senseless distinctions of race, color, or theory. Grant us that courage and foreseeing to begin this task today that our children and our children's children may be proud of the name of man.

The spirit of man has awakened and the soul of men has gone forth. Grant us the wisdom and the vision to comprehend the greatness of man's spirit, that suffers and

Stephen Vincent Benét: PRAYER—From WE STAND UNITED AND OTHER RADIO SCRIPTS, published by Rinehart & Company, Inc. Copyright, 1942, by Stephen Vincent Benét.

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endures so hugely for a goal beyond his own brief span. Grant us honor for the dead who died in the faith, honor for our living who work and strive for the faith, redemption and security for all captive lands and peoples. Grant us patience with the deluded and pity for the betrayed. And grant us the skill and the valor that shall cleanse the world of oppression and the old base doctrine that the strong must eat the weak because they are strong.

Yet most of all grant us brotherhood, not only for this day but for all our years—a brotherhood not of words but of acts and deeds. We are all of us children of earth—grant us that simple knowledge. If our brothers are oppressed, then we are oppressed. If they hunger, we hunger. If their freedom is taken away, our freedom is not secure. Grant us a common faith that man shall know bread and peace, that he shall know justice and righteousness, freedom and security, an equal chance to do his best, not only in our own lands, but throughout the world. And in that faith let us march toward the clean world our hands can make. Amen.

(Read by PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT at United Nations Day Ceremony, White House, June 15, 1942.)

P A R T T H R E E

**War and
Peace**



Put none but Americans on guard tonight.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON

In war and peace many of our stirring patriotic poems have been born.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trummings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,

THIS IS AMERICA

To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

WAR AND PEACE

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'T is the star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

THIS IS AMERICA

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O, thus be it ever when freeman shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust";
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal *Miserere*
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,

WAR AND PEACE

And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;

THIS IS AMERICA

And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

In his First Inaugural Address, Lincoln
sought to stave off war.

APPEAL TO HIS COUNTRYMEN

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

MY COUNTRYMEN, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty.

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained,

WAR AND PEACE

it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

BY JULIA WARD HOWE

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lighting of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
damps;

I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall
deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel;
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-
seat;

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

THIS IS AMERICA

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

From one of our most famous war novels
comes this striking scene of battle.

WOUNDED

(From *The Red Badge of Courage*)

BY STEPHEN CRANE

HIS WOUND pained him but little. He was afraid to move rapidly, however, for a dread of disturbing it. He held his head very still and took many precautions against stumbling. He was filled with anxiety, and his face was pinched and drawn in anticipation of the pain of any sudden mistake of his feet in the gloom.

His thoughts, as he walked, fixed intently upon his hurt. There was a cool, liquid feeling about it and he imagined blood moving slowly down under his hair. His head seemed swollen to a size that made him think his neck to be inadequate.

The new silence of his wound made much worriment. The little blistering voices in pain that had called out from his scalp were, he thought, definite in their expression of danger. By them he believed that he could measure his plight. But when they remained ominously silent he became frightened and imagined terrible fingers that clutched into his brain.

Stephen Crane: WOUNDED—From THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE by Stephen Crane. Copyright, 1895, 1923, by D. Appleton-Company. Reprinted by permission of Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc.

Amid it he began to reflect upon various incidents and conditions of the past. He bethought him of certain meals his mother had cooked at home, in which those dishes of which he was particularly fond had occupied prominent positions. He saw the spread table. The pine walls of the kitchen were glowing in the warm light from the stove. Too, he remembered how he and his companions used to go from the schoolhouse to the bank of a shaded pool. He saw his clothes in disorderly array upon the grass of the bank. He felt the swash of the fragrant water upon his body. The leaves of the overhanging maple rustled with melody in the wind of youthful summer.

He was overcome presently by a dragging weariness. His head hung forward and his shoulders were stooped as if he were bearing a great bundle. His feet shuffled along the ground.

He held continuous arguments as to whether he should lie down and sleep at some near spot, or force himself on until he reached a certain haven. He often tried to dismiss the question, but his body persisted in rebellion and his senses nagged at him like pampered babies.

At last he heard a cheery voice near his shoulder: "Yeh seem t'be in a pretty bad way, boy?"

The youth did not look up, but he assented with thick tongue: "Uh!"

The owner of the cheery voice took him firmly by the arm. "Well," he said, with a round laugh, "I'm goin' your way. Th' hull gang is goin' your way. An' I guess I kin give yeh a lift." They began to walk like a drunken man and his friend.

As they went along, the man questioned the youth and assisted him with the replies like one manipulating the mind of a child. Sometimes he interjected anecdotes. "What reg'ment do yeh b'long teh? Eh? What's that?"

THIS IS AMERICA

Th' 304th N'York? Why, what corps is that in? Oh, it is? Why, I thought they wasn't engaged t'-day—they're 'way over in th' center. Oh, they was, eh? Well, pretty nearly everybody got their share a fightin' t'-day. By dad, I give myself up fer dead any number 'a times. There was shoot-in' here an' shootin' there, an' hollerin' here an' hollerin' there, in th' damn' darkness, until I couldn't tell t' save m' soul which side I was on. Sometimes I thought I was sure 'nough from Ohier, an' other times I could a' swore I was from th' bitter end of Florida. It was th' most mixed-up dern thing I ever see. An' these here hull woods is a reg'lar mess. It'll be a miracle if we find our reg'ments t'-night. Pretty soon, though, we'll meet a-plenty of guards an' provost-guards, an' one thing an' another. Hol! there they go with an off'cer, I guess. Look at his hand a-draggin'. He's got all th' war he wants, I bet. . . . Thunder, I wish we was sure 'a findin' our reg'ments t'-night. It's goin' t'be long huntin'. But I guess we kin do it."

In the search which followed, the man of the cheery voice seemed to the youth to possess a wand of a magic kind. He threaded the mazes of the tangled forest with a strange fortune. In encounter with guards and patrols he displayed the keenness of a detective and the valor of a gamin. Obstacles fell before him and became of assistance. The youth, with his chin still on his breast, stood woodenly by while his companion beat ways and means out of sullen things.

The forest seemed a vast hive of men buzzing about in frantic circles, but the cheery man conducted the youth without mistakes until at last he began to chuckle with glee and self-satisfaction. "Ah, there yeh are! See that fire?"

The youth nodded stupidly.

"Well, there's where your reg'ment is. An' now, good-by, ol' boy, good luck t' yeh."

WAR AND PEACE

The Civil War is likewise the scene of this powerful story, one of the best ever written on the theme of men in battle.

CORPORAL HARDY

BY RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

IN THOSE DAYS, during the haying season, it was my duty to keep the men in the fields supplied with sufficient cooling drink to enable them to support the heat and burden of the day. According to our established custom, this cooling drink consisted of cold water from the spring, flavored, for some obscure New England reason, with molasses, and it had to be freshly renewed every hour. We had plenty of ice in the icehouse, but there was a stubborn tradition that ice water was 'bad' for men working in hayfields under the hot sun.

So every hour I carried down a brown jug containing the innocent mixture of 'molasses 'n' water' to the hands, each one of whom would pause in his work, throw the jug over his upper arm, drink deeply thereof, wipe the sweat off his forehead, say 'Thanks, Bub' and go on making hay. I was only ten years old, but it was no hardship to carry the jug, and it was fun to see their Adam's apples working as they drank.

This was routine practice on our Connecticut farm. Mostly the farm hands—'hired men,' we called them—came back to the house at noon and ate in the kitchen, after washing up at the pump outside. But in haymaking sea-

Richard Danielson: CORPORAL HARDY—Courtesy of *The Atlantic Monthly* by permission of the author. Copyright, 1938.

Note: The characters and situations, the incidents, even the military units mentioned in this story are entirely imaginary, and do not portray and are not intended to portray persons or events which have existed in reality.

son each man sought a patch of shade, and his meal was carried to him there, to be eaten in the fields. I suppose the men's over-heated bodies cooled off in the wisps of breeze drifting across the scorching 'mowings' more effectively and comfortably than would have been possible in a hot summer kitchen. I am sure that my father did everything he could to make their lot as comfortable and healthy as possible. He worked with them, under the same conditions, setting them an example of careful, efficient labor. He differed from his men only in the fact that he was always cleanly shaved, that he gave orders and directions, and that he wore a silk shirt even in the hay-fields. Nobody objected in the least to this token, for he was 'the owner,' and he had been to college, and everyone admitted that he was fair and square.

On such occasions, when the men were given their 'dinners' out of doors, I always carried his victuals to Mr. Hardy, because I liked to sit with him while he ate and listen to his stories. I think he enjoyed talking, in his racy Connecticut vernacular, to such a fascinated audience of one. He was a Civil War veteran, like my father, who, however, had been too young to enlist until the last year of the war and had seen almost no active service. But Mr. Hardy was a soldier. Congress had given him a medal—of honor—and all men regarded him with respect.

As I look back and remember his stories, I think he must have been the most modest man I have ever known. Certainly he never thought of himself as a hero. He would accept no pension. 'I'm able-bodied. I can work, can't I?' But alas, he was not really able-bodied. He had been grievously wounded several times, and in 1895, when I fetched and carried for him and sat at his feet, it was pitiful to see his valiant efforts to fork hay on the wagon or do the other farming tasks which require muscular

strength. He was thin and bent, but his face was brown and clean and his blue eyes bright and indomitable.

My father employed Mr. Hardy whenever there was work to give him, and treated him—I did not, at that time, know why—differently from the other hired men. He was poor, he lived alone, he was unsuccessful, and in New England then we rated people by their comparative ‘success.’ But he worked stoutly and asked no favors of anyone. It was generally conceded that Mr. Hardy, if a failure, was nevertheless a good man.

I remember the last day I served him. I brought him his dinner in a basket—cold meat ‘n’ potatoes, ‘n’ bread ‘n’ butter, ‘n’ cold coffee, ‘n’ pie. He was seated in the shade of an oak tree, leaning against a stack of hay. I put the food down beside him and sat down, hugging my knees and rocking back and forth. It was pleasant there, with the smell of the hay and the drone of the bees, and the good, warm feeling of the earth.

Mr. Hardy lay back against the haymow. ‘Thanks, Jackie,’ he said. ‘I don’t seem to be hungry today. It’s hot and this tree don’t give much shade. Why, dammit, it’s like that mean little oak tree down to Chancellorsville.’

I said, ‘Oh, Mr. Hardy, you’ve told me about Antietam and the Wilderness, but you’ve never told me about Chancellorsville. What was it like?’

He said slowly, ‘I ain’t never told nobody about Chancellorsville, and I don’t aim to tell nobody—grown-up, that is. But I’d kind of like to tell somebody that don’t know nothing—like you—about it, for the first and last time. You’ll forget it, and it would kind of ease my mind.’

II

Mr. Hardy hoisted himself a little higher on the haymow and made a pretense of eating some bread and meat.

‘Chancellorsville,’ he said, ‘was a bad battle, an awful

bad battle. We didn't fight good and they was too many of them and I lost my captain.'

'Who was he?' I asked.

'Why,' he said, incredulously, 'you oughta know that! He was Captain William Armstrong, commandin' Company B, 39th Connecticut. 'N' his twin brother, Ezra, was lootenant. He was younger by an hour or so, and they was identical twins. They never was two men as much alike—in looks, that is, for they was quite unlike inside. The lootenant was always stompin' around an' shoutin' an' wavin' his arms, an' the captain, he was always quiet an' soft spoken an' brave an' gentle. He was a good man—he was an awful good man. I guess he was the best man I ever knowed.'

He paused and took a sip of his cold coffee. Then he said, 'Why, when we come to leave town to go in the cars to Hartford and then to Washington, their father—he was old Judge Armstrong, who lived in that big place up on Armstrong Hill—the Judge come up to me and says, "Nathan, you look after my boys," he said. "They're younger than you be. You kind of keep an eye on them, for my sake," he says. "They is good boys," he says. "I will, Judge," I says. "I'll do my best." An' he says to me, "I know you will, Nathan Hardy."

'But tell me, Mr. Hardy,' I broke in, for I was not interested in the Armstrong twins, 'what happened at Chancellorsville?'

'It was a bad battle, as I said. Them Rebs come charging out of the woods, hollerin' and yellin' and helligolar-rupin', and they was too many of them. The lootenant, he kept stomping up and down, shouting, "Never give ground, boys! Stay where you are! Take careful aim! Never retreat!" Those was his words. I will never forget them, because he meant them. But my captain—I was next to him—says, "They're too many; we can't stop 'em. Tell

the men to retreat slowly, firing as often as they can reload." Just then it hit him right in the chest. *Thunk!* was the noise it made; just like thet—*thunk!* I caught him as he fell, and the blood began to come out of his mouth. He tried to speak, but he was vomiting blood dreadful, so all he could do was to make faces, and his lips said, "Tell Elizabeth . . ." and then he died. I put him down and noticed we was under a mean little oak tree on the edge of our trenches.

'Then they was around us, hairy men with bayonets, stabbin' and shootin' and yellin', and we soldiers had kind of drifted together in groups and the lieutenant was shouting, "Don't retreat, men!" and he got hit right in the knee and fell down; and so I picked him up and put him across my shoulder and started for the rear. He kep' hittin' me in the face and swearing. "You damn coward! You left my brother there and you're making me retreat!" I says to him, "Ezra, be reasonable; I'm takin' you to an ambulance. You ain't fit to fight, and as soon as I can I'm goin' back to bury William. They ain't goin' to shovel him into no trench," I said. So he stopped hitting at me.

'I was strong then, and I must a carried him what seemed a mile or a mile and a few rods when we come to some stretcher men near a house, and I said, "You take this officer to the nearest surgeon. They got to saw his leg off." And they said, "We ain't carryin' no wounded. We're a burial detail." I said, pulling my pistol out, "You will be if you don't carry this man. I'm kind of tuckered, but I ain't too tuckered to shoot." So two of them carried him, and I went along with my pistol till we come to a place where surgeons was carving men up and I handed over the lieutenant. He come to as I did so, and said, "You scoundrel, you made me retreat. I'll never forgive you!" I said, "Ezra, they're going to saw your leg off and you'll never fight again, but I'll bury William if it's the last thing

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I do!" He says, "Is that a promise?" And I says, "That's a promise. But it ain't a promise to you—it's one I made to your pa."

'So I stayed with him and helped hold him while they sawed his leg off. They havin' run out of chloroform, it took four of us to hold him. And when it was over he was unconscious, and they put him in a cart with some other and took him away. So I went back to the house where the burial men were loafing. It was pretty ruined, but I found a shingle that was almos' clean and I wrote on it, in the light of a fire, 'cause it was dark then:

CAPT. WILLIAM ARMSTRONG
COMMANDING CO. B, 39TH CONNECTICUT

He was an awful good man

'Then I borrowed a spade from this burial party. We had an argument about it, but I persuaded them with my pistol and I started off toward the Rebel lines. I hadn't gone very far when I come to a place which was thick with men moanin' and screamin' and lots that wasn't sayin' nothing at all. I didn't want to walk on them an' I couldn't help them, having nothing on me but a shingle and a spade and a pistol, an' I decided I couldn't find the captain in the dark anyhow, so I set down and tried to sleep, for I was tuckered. . . . But they was one man bothered me. He kep' callin' out, "Won't someone for Jesus Christ's sake kill me? Won't someone kill me?" And he kep' it up so long I knew he couldn't die and was in pain. So I crept around till I located him and I says, "Is it bad, brother?" And he says, "For Christ's sake kill me. I can't die." So I felt around in my pockets and found a sulphur match and looked at him and he was all torn to pieces. And I said, "I don't blame you. I'll do it." And he says, "God bless you." So I took out my pistol and put it right between his eyes

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and shot him. Then I threw away my pistol. I set there the rest of the night waitin' for the dawn. It was a long time comin'.

III

'When it come gray, I started out with my shingle and my spade and I went along till I was challenged by the Rebel pickets and sentries. I answered, "Union burial detail. I'm comin' for to bury my captain." They begun shootin' at me and I don't know as I blame them. I was comin' out of the mist and they couldn't see that I was alone an' wasn't armed. So they shot real hard, and one bullet struck me in the left thigh and I fell down. Fortunately I had a belt, and I sat up and took it off and strapped it real tight over my wound, and my britches was tight at the waist so they didn't come down, and I got up and went on.

'They stopped shootin' and a man with a bayonet got up and said, "Yank, you're my pris'ner." And I said, "I know I be, but I ain't your pris'ner till I bury my captain." And I held up my shingle and spade. He said, "Where's he lie?" And I said, "About quarter mile from here and maybe a few rods, under a mean little oak tree; and," I says, "you take me there and I'll bury him and then I'm your pris'ner. They ain't goin' to stuff my captain into no ditch," I says. He says, "You may be crazy, Yank, or you may be a spy. You come with me an' I'll turn you over to the captain."

' "Your captain alive?" I asks.

' "I reckon so," he says.

' "Mine's dead," I says, "and I aim for to bury him."

'So he tuk me away with his bayonet in my back and the blood was squilchin' in my boot, but I got along to where his captain was and the captain asked questions, and the Rebel soldier, he tol' all he knew, an' the captain says,

"Where's he lie?" An' I says, "By a mean little oak, where our lines was yesterday mornin'."

'An' the captain says, "That ain't far away. I'll send a detail to bury him." I says, "Ain't nobody goin' to bury the captain but me," I says. "After that, I'll be your pris'ner."

"They was a young man dressed up all pretty with gold braid on his uniform, and he laughed kind of loud and he says, "Saves us the trouble of buryin' him!" an' the captain turns on him, real stern, and says, "Lootenant, this is a brave soldier," he says, "who come back under fire and was wounded to bury his company commander and give himself up as pris'ner. I will not have him insulted or laughed at," he says. Then he turns to me an' says, "What is your name an' rank?"

"Corporal Nathan Hardy, Co. B, 39th Connecticut," I says.

'An' he says, "Corporal, you and I an' these men," turn-in' around to the five or six Rebs who was listenin', "will go together to find your captain."

'So we went and I found him, underneath that mean little oak tree, and he looked dreadful. His eyes was open and they was an awful lot of blood on his shirt where his coat was torn open, and he was lyin' all sprangled out an' undignified. An' the first thing I done was to straighten him out. I spit on my sleeve and wiped the blood off his mouth the best I could. An' I closed his eyes an' buttoned his coat an' crossed his arms. They was kind of stiff, but I done it, an' I brushed him off and layed him out regular.

'Then I started diggin', an' it would have been easy if it hadn't been for my leg and all the blood was in my boot. Six foot four or thereabouts it was, and three foot deep—not as deep as I wanted, but I couldn't dig no deeper, I was so tuckered. But it was an honest grave, for I was real handy with a spade in them days. Then I stood up and

said, "Will two o' you Rebs hand the captain to me?" Which they done, and I laid him in the grave. An' as I stood lookin' down at him lyin' there, I says to myself, "Ain't nobody goin' to shovel no dirt on the captain's face—nobody, nobody, nobody at all, not even me!" So I took my coat off and laid it over him, coverin' up his face best I could. I didn't want to go to no Rebel prison in my shirt, but I wouldn't have no one shovel dirt on the captain.

"Then the two Rebs pulled me out of the grave, real gentle and considerate. An' then I noticed they was a Rebel general there settin' on a blood horse. How long he bin there I don't know. He looked at me and see I was wounded and peaked, and he says, stern an' hard, "Captain, what's the meanin' of this? This man's wounded and weak," he says. "Do you force wounded men to bury the dead?"

"The captain went over to him and began talkin' to him low and earnest, seemed like, all the time I was fillin' in the grave. An' when I had patted the mound even, so it looked good, and had stuck the shingle in the new earth at the head of the grave, I come over to where the general was, limpin' and leanin' on my spade, an' I saluted—couldn't help it; I kind of forgot he was a Rebel—an' I says, "General, I'm your pris'ner. I buried my captain. I ain't a great hand at askin' favors, an' your captain and these Rebs has been real good to me. But I wanta ask one more. I was raised Episcopal, which was unusual in our town, and so was the captain. I'd kind of like to say a prayer before I surrender . . ."

IV

Here Mr. Hardy seemed to doze for a little. 'Where was I?' he asked, rousing after a few minutes.

'You had just gone up to the general and asked if you could say a prayer before you surrendered.'

'Yes, yes, so it was. The general said, "Corporal Hardy, I am an Episcopalian too, and you shall say your prayer."

'So he dismounted and took off his hat, and he and I kneeled down by the grave, and it was awful hard for me to kneel. And when we was there kneelin' I looked up for a minute and all them Rebs was standin' with their caps off and their heads bowed, nice and decent, just like Northern people. An' then I had a dreadful time, for to save my life I couldn't remember a prayer, not a line, not a word. I had heard the burial service often enough and too often, what with Pa and Ma an' all kinds of relations, but my brains was all watery an' thin, seemed like, an' I couldn't remember nothin' at all. I don't know how long 't was till somethin' come driftin' into my mind. It wa'n't from the burial service; 't was somethin' we used to chant in Evenin' Prayer. So I says it, loud as I could, for I was gettin' awful feeble.

' "Lord," I says, "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word . . ." An' I couldn't remember or say any more. The general, he helped me to my feet, spade an' all, an' I looked him in the face and, by creepers, they was tears in his beard. Soon as I could speak I says, "General, you've been real good to me and I thank you. An' now I'm your pris'ner, wherever you want to send me."

'An' he says, "Corporal Hardy, you will never be a pris'ner of our people as long as I live and command this corps."

'An' I broke in, awful scared he had misunderstood, and I says, "General, you don't think I was prayin' for me to go in peace! I'm your pris'ner; I'm not askin' for no favors. I was thinkin' of the captain—and me too, perhaps, but not that way. I can go anywhere now. I—"

'He cut me short. "Corporal Hardy," he says, "I know

to Whom you was prayin' and why, an' I haven't misunderstood you at all. Captain," he says, "I want a detail of six men an' a stretcher and a flag of truce to take this brave soldier an'—an' Christian gentleman back to the Union lines; an' I want this message, which I have dictated and signed, delivered to the commanding officer to be forwarded through channels to the Secretary of War or the President. Those people can hardly decline this courtesy, under the circumstances. . . . Wait, Carter, I wish to add a few lines." So he put the paper against his saddle and he wrote for some time.

"Then, kind of in a dream, I heard the Rebel captain say, "Sir, if the General permits, I would like to lead this detail to the Union lines and ask to be blindfolded and deliver your message to the Division Commander."

'An' the General says, "Captain, I am very glad you made that request, and I commend your behavior. It is only fittin' that the officer escortin' Corporal Hardy with my message should be of field rank, and I shall put in my order for your promotion. You are a pretty good soldier, yourself," he says—only he didn't say it that way.

'All this time I was kind of waverin' around, but I heard most all they said; and because I was feeble from losing blood an' the battle an' buryin' the captain an' a kind of feverish feelin', things begun to spin around, and I started walkin' this way and that way with my spade, tryin' to stand up, knowin' I couldn't much longer. I heard someone yell, "Catch him!" An' the next thing I knowed I was in a bed of straw and they was probin' for the bullet in my leg. Then I don't remember nothin' till I woke up in a bed, a clean bed, with a nice-lookin' woman leanin' over me, wipin' my head with a cold, wet towel. I says, "Where am I?"

'An' she says, "You're in the hospital of the Sanitary

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Commission in Washington. An' oh, Corporal Hardy," she says, "I'm so glad you're conscious, for today the President is comin' to give you the Medal of Honor." An' I says, "Listen, Sister, I gotta get out of here. I don't care for no President or no medal—I gotta bury the captain. He's lyin' down there under a mean little oak. Gimme my clothes," I says; "I want a spade and a shingle." An' she says, "Corporal, you buried your captain an' buried him fine. That's why the President is comin' to see you. Now you just drink this and go to sleep for a while, and I'll wake you when the President comes."

'So I drank it and kind of slept, and when I woke up there was the ugliest man I ever see, leanin' over and pinnin' something to my nightshirt, an' he says, "Corporal Hardy, even the enemy call you a brave soldier and a good man. Congress has voted you this medal. God bless you," he says.'

v

Mr. Hardy yawned and closed his eyes, and leaned against the haymow. He had told the tale he had to tell—once, to one person.

'But, Mr. Hardy,' I said, 'what happened to the lieutenant, and who was Elizabeth?' I wanted the story all tied up in ribbons.

'Who?' he said. 'The lootenant? Oh, Ezra come back and married Elizabeth and they went to live in Massachusetts. Seems he went aroun' sayin' he couldn't live in no town where people pointed at him and thought he had run away leavin' his dead brother. Naturally no one done so or thought so. But, for all his stompin' and shoutin', he was sensitive, an' he bore me a grudge for takin' him away. I don't see as how I could-a done different. I'd

promised the old Judge I'd look after his boys an' I've allus aimed to keep my promises.'

Just then my father came up to us. It was unlike Mr. Hardy to sit in the shade while other men had started to work again, and Father looked worried. 'How are you feeling, Nathan?' he asked.

'Why, John, I'm plumb tuckered out, and that's a fact. I don't know as I can do much more work today. Seems like I never did fare good under these mean little oak trees,' and he glanced sharply at me with an expression that was almost a wink. We shared a secret.

Father looked startled, as if he thought Mr. Hardy's wits were wandering.

'I tell you what, Nathan,' he said, 'you've had all the sun you need. I'll send the wagon and they'll take you up to the house, where you can be cool and rest for a while.' And, for once in his life, Mr. Hardy made no protest over having 'favours' done for him. Father took me aside. 'Jackie,' he said, 'you run up to the house and tell your mother to make the bed in the spare room ready, and then you go to the village and tell Dr. Fordyce he's wanted. I don't like Nathan's looks.'

Before I started running I glanced at Mr. Hardy, and I saw what Father meant. He was pale and flushed in the wrong places, though I hadn't noticed it at all when he was telling me about Chancellorsville.

So Mr. Hardy was put to bed in the spare room, and given such care and aid as we knew how to give. For several days he lay quietly enough, and, as I look back on it after all these years, I think that the weight and burden of his long, valiant struggle must suddenly have proved too great. He couldn't go on forever. Mr. Hardy was tuckered out.

Then for some time he alternated between unconsciousness and a mild delirium. He kept mumbling phrases:

'Take that quid out o' your mouth. 'T ain't soldierly!'. . . 'Ain't nobody goin' to bury the captain but me.' I knew what lots of his bewildered sayings meant, but there were many which were obscure. I sat with him every day for an hour or so when the rest of the household were busy, and I had instructions to call my elders if Mr. Hardy needed help or became conscious.

One day he opened his eyes and said, 'Here I am and I'm real easy in my mind—but I can't just remember what I said.' I went out and called my parents, who told me to stay outside. But I listened and I heard Mr. Hardy say, 'Call the boy in. He knows what I want said and I can't remember. He's young and 't won't hurt him and he'll forget.' So Mother beckoned me to come in and I said, 'What can I do, Mr. Hardy?'

'You can say what I said for the captain when I knelt down with the general.'

So I knelt down, and, having the parrot-like memory of childhood, I said, 'You knelt down and so did the general, and then you couldn't remember any of the words of the burial service, but you did remember something that was sung in the evening, and you said, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word . . ." And I began to cry.

'That's right,' he said very faintly, 'that's right; that's it. Yes, Captain. . . .'

My mother gathered me up and took me out and held me very close, rocking back and forth with me while I wept out how I loved Mr. Hardy and what a good man he was.

And that was why I was sent to my aunt and cousins at New London, where I could swim and fish and forget about battles and wounds and Mr. Hardy. But I didn't forget.

WAR AND PEACE

No loss was more poignantly felt by the South during its conflict with the North than the death of Stonewall Jackson in battle. He died murmuring to himself some words from a favorite hymn, "Let us pass over the river and rest in the shade of the trees."

IN WHICH GENERAL JACKSON ACCOMPANIED BY HIS FOOT CAVALRY CROSSES JORDAN

By MARTHA KELLER

The air of heaven was black with smoke,
Black with battle, loud with lead,
When Thomas Jonathan Jackson spoke,
And these were the words that Jackson said,

As the blood of his arm ran over his breast
And he lay and bled with his hand in Lee's:
"Let us pass over the river and rest—
Rest in the shade of the trees."

*By roads and ridges, creeks and crags,
Where men would follow, he led them on,
Led the rebels in bloody rags
From dawn to dark and dark to dawn.
With bandages for their battle flags—
They followed Jackson to hell and gone.*

Martha Keller: GENERAL JACKSON CROSSES JORDAN—Reprinted by permission of the Rutgers University Press from BRADY'S BEND AND OTHER BALLADS by Martha Keller. Copyright 1946.

THIS IS AMERICA

The arm he lost was a mortal loss.
(He lost his left, but Lee his right.)
The one more river he had to cross
Was wicked water and black as night.

But over Jordan, deep and wide,
As wide a water as kingdom come,
A flock of angels on either side—
Waited for to carry him home.

He was a deacon, good and grim.

*He, alone, was a mighty host,
A rebel yell and a battle hymn.*

*His were the men that marched the most.
Stonewall wasn't the word for him—*

He was a phantom, he was a ghost.

The angels waiting on either bank
Blew for him till their trumpets burst.
But he slipped so fast around their flank
That he got to heaven first.

In clouds as white as a cloud of tents,
There in a sunshine bright as braid,
He called the roll of his regiments—
And rested in the shade.

His were the men no men could beat.

(He won his battles by breaking rules.)

With empty bellies and bloody feet,

(Regulations were made for fools,)

He led them up to the judgment seat—

(Fast as horses, tough as mules.)

WAR AND PEACE

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

(November 19, 1863)

By ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THIS IS AMERICA

Whitman, lover of North and South alike,
expressed poignantly the tragedy of the
Civil War.

COME UP FROM THE FIELDS, FATHER

BY WALT WHITMAN

Come up from the fields father, here's a letter from our Pete,
And come to the front door mother, here's a letter from thy
dear son.

Lo, 'tis autumn,

Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder,

Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages with leaves fluttering in the
moderate wind,

Where apples ripe in the orchards hang and grapes on the
trellis'd vines,

(Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines?

Smell you the buckwheat where the bees were lately buzzing?)

Above all, lo, the sky so calm, so transparent after the rain,
and with wondrous clouds,

Below too, all calm, all vital and beautiful, and the farm
prosperes well.

Down in the fields all prosperes well,

But now from the fields come father, come at the daughter's
call,

And come to the entry, mother, to the front-door right away.

Fast as she can she hurries, something ominous, her steps
trembling,

She does not tarry to smooth her hair nor adjust her cap.

Open the envelope quickly,

O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is sign'd,

WAR AND PEACE

O a strange hand writes for our dear son, O stricken mother's soul!

All swims before her eyes, flashes with black, she catches the main words only,

Sentences broken, *gunshot wound in the breast, cavalry skirmish, taken to hospital,*

At present low, but will soon be better.

Ah now the single figure to me,

Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio with all its cities and farms,

Sickly white in the face and dull in the head, very faint,
By the jamb of a door leans.

Grieve not so, dear mother, (the just-grown daughter speaks through her sobs,

The little sisters huddle around speechless and dismay'd,)

See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better.

Alas poor boy, he will never be better, (nor may-be needs to be better, that brave and simple soul,)

While they stand at home at the door he is dead already,
The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better,

She with thin form presently drest in black,

By day her meals untouch'd, then at night fitfully sleeping,
often waking,

In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep longing,

O that she might withdraw unnoticed, silent from life escape
and withdraw,

To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son.

THIS IS AMERICA

In his Second Inaugural Address, March 4, 1865, Lincoln again expressed his deep grief at the continuance of the war.

MALICE TOWARD NONE

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE ALMIGHTY HAS His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses; for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

This passage from Longfellow's *The Building of the Ship* was a favorite with Lincoln, and he often recited it with deep emotion. It is a passage to stir us in many moments of crisis in our history.

THE SHIP OF STATE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

THIS IS AMERICA

Here the South speaks with a noble voice.

ODE AT MAGNOLIA CEMETERY

By HENRY TIMROD

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths today,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

WAR AND PEACE

Judge Finch was among the first to urge the reconciliation that came in time between North and South.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

BY FRANCIS M. FINCH

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep on the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat;
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

THIS IS AMERICA

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

WAR AND PEACE

Oppenheim was thinking of more than the slaves freed after the Civil War.

THE SLAVE

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

They set the slave free, striking off his chains. . . .
Then he was as much of a slave as ever.

He was still chained to servility,
He was still manacled to indolence and sloth,
He was still bound by fear and superstition,
By ignorance, suspicion, and savagery.
His slavery was not in the chains,
But in himself.

They can only set free men free. . . .
And there is no need of that:
Free men set themselves free.

A rousing and eloquent voice of the South speaks in this passage from one of his most noted orations.

THE BEST PATRIOTISM

BY HENRY W. GRADY

THE GERM of the best patriotism is in the love that a man has for the home he inhabits, for the soil he tills, for the

James Oppenheim: THE SLAVE—Reprinted by permission of the Estate of James Oppenheim by Arthur B. Spingarn, Executor.

THIS IS AMERICA

trees that give him shade, and the hills that stand in his pathway.

I teach my son to love Georgia—to love the soil that he stands on—the broad acres that hold her substance, the dimpling valleys in which her beauty rests, the forests that sing her songs of lullaby and of praise, and the brooks that run with her rippling laughter. The love of home—deep-rooted and abiding—that blurs the eyes of the dying soldier with the vision of an old homestead amid green fields and clustering trees—that follows the busy man through the clamoring world, and at last draws his tired feet from the highway and leads him through shady lanes and well-remembered paths until he gathers up the broken threads of his life—this, lodged in the heart of the citizen, is the saving principle of our government.

We note the barracks of our standing army with their rolling drums and their fluttering flags as points of strength and protection. But the citizen standing in the doorway of his home, contented on his threshold, his family gathered about his hearthstone while the evening of a well-spent day closes in scenes and sounds that are dearest—*he* shall save the Republic when the drumtap is futile, and the barracks are exhausted.

This love shall not be pent up or provincial. The home should be consecrated to humanity, and from its rooftop should fly the flag of the Republic. Every simple fruit gathered there, every sacrifice endured, and every victory won should bring better joy and inspiration in the knowledge that it will deepen the glory of our Republic and widen the harvest of humanity.

Exalt the citizen. As the state is the unit of the government, he is the unit of the state. Teach him that his home is his castle, and his sovereignty rests beneath his hat. Make him self-respecting, self-reliant, and responsible. Let him lean on the state for nothing that his own arm can

WAR AND PEACE

do, and on the government for nothing that his state can do. Let him cultivate independence to the point of sacrifice, and learn that humble things with unbartered liberty are better than splendors bought with its price. Let him neither surrender his individuality to government nor merge it with the mob.

Let him ever stand upright and fearless, a freeman born of freemen, sturdy in his own strength, dowering his family in the sweat of his brow, loving to his state, loyal to his Republic, earnest in his allegiance wherever it rests, but building his altar in the midst of his household gods and shrining in his own heart the uttermost temple of its liberty.

For some decades toward the end of the 19th century the war between white man and red continued, until finally the Indians were completely overcome. Here one of their great chieftains speaks.

WAR

BY CHIEF JOSEPH OF THE NEZ
PERCÉ TRIBE

Hear me, my warriors; my heart is sick and sad.
Our chiefs are killed,
The old men are all dead.
It is cold, and we have no blankets;
The little children are freezing to death.
Hear me, my warriors; my heart is sick and sad.
From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever!

THIS IS AMERICA

The Captain was an old Indian fighter, but Lieutenant Cohill rated him a coward. "In a stiff action," Cohill decided, "I'd probably have to kill him and take over the command."

COMMAND

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

SERGEANT UTTERBACK stiffened in his saddle, staring through the yellow sundown haze at a ragged buzzard that circled low in the darkening air ahead of the little column. The only live thing in that prairie wasteland except the three dozen saddle-weary troopers and the two officers who hated each other.

A lone buffalo off there, dead after many migratory years. Dead in some stupid way of his own devising. The thought was John Utterback's. He shifted his weary loins in the saddle and spat into the dust in boredom and apathy. At the head of the halted column, Captain Brittles uncased his glasses and raised them to his eyes in both grimy hands, his gauntlets tucked under his left arm. Mr. Cohill, riding back with the point, was about four hundred yards ahead of the captain, coming back toward him. Four lean troopers and the lieutenant outlined against the crimson backwash where the sun had died in agony twenty minutes before. The heads and arched necks of their mounts cut easily upward and easily downward across the sky as they came toward the column outlined sharply in a yellow band of light that touched them like St. Elmo's fire.

"Here's your best body of grass, sir. This slope, with a small run below for water. This slope is your bivouac."

You could smell the column as it stood there, still mounted, waiting. The warm flesh and leather and nitrogen of the horses. The heavy human rancidity of the men, unbathed for nine days. Utterback's mind fingered the roll from force of habit: Atkissons, Blunt, Cartter, Dannecker, Dortmunder, Eskuries, Ershick, Hertwole—and you could smell the green horror above them, thickening as the wind shifted.

"Mr. Cohill"—the captain lowered his glasses and looked intently at his second in command—"do you see the rise there to the left behind you across the valley? What are those lumped shapes on the forward slope?"

Nathan Brittles was a gray man that no sun could redden for long. His eyes were agate-gray and his hair was dust-gray, and there was a grayness within him that was his own manner of living, which he discussed with no man and no man questioned. Narrow-hipped and straight-backed. Hard and slender in the leg. Taut, so that when he moved, it was almost as if he would twang. And he did—when he spoke. Not unpleasantly, with a whine, but sharply, like the breech spang of a Spencer.

Flintridge Cohill half circled his horse on the forehand and turned his head, "We started back when we saw them, sir. Sleeping buffalo. A small herd."

"Now that the wind has shifted, take a deep breath, Mr. Cohill. Those aren't buffalo, Mr. Cohill!" Brittles closed his glasses, cased them and swung the case behind his left hip. He was furious. The red flush of his anger throbbed in his neck muscles. "Take another deep breath, Mr. Cohill! Get it in your nostrils and then tell me what's on that other slope!"

And then everyone in the column knew what was on that slope. That they weren't buffalo—either dead or

sleeping. They were Mr. Gresham and the nine men of the 2nd that they'd come out to find—stripped naked and pin-cushioned to the ground with arrows, their feet and their right hands hacked off, their bodies purpling and sweet rotten.

Futile anger crawled within Cohill—anger at himself for his inaccuracy; anger at Nathan Brittles for catching it ruthlessly and ripping it wide open—as he always did.

“This is not a schoolroom out here, Mr. Cohill, in which you can fail and try again. I call it to your attention, Mr. Cohill, that accuracy in observation is a military virtue. Cultivate it. . . . Sergeant Utterback, dismount and unsaddle. This is the bivouac. Graze below the actual crest of the slope, off the skyline. Night grazing area between the military crest and the creek bottom. Use the picket rope, not individual pins, after darkness. Lay it on the ground.”

The captain turned slowly and looked back the long way they had come across the flat depression of Paradise Valley; looked back toward the Mesa Roja.

The amber haze of the plains, shot now with the lavender of evening, lay across the distances, Flint Cohill, watching Brittles, felt dread loneliness for a second—the emptiness of a thousand frontier miles converging on him in a vast and whirling radius. Galloping toward him on thundering hoofs, lashed by the riata of oncoming night. And he was a boy again. Back again those few brief years that would put him into the irresponsibility of boyhood once more. A boy, masquerading as a man among grown men, steel-legged in fine boots and antelope-faced trousers. Silken kerchief at his neck, gauntleted and gunned and hatted for the part he would play if they'd let him. But alone now on the empty stage, with no applause. Nothing but his aloneness and the long vista of the years ahead of him, and the echoing memory of his own anger.

at himself that still clung sullenly to his brain—to be justified, because of his youth, if he could justify it.

Why doesn't Brittles go across to the other slope now and make sure, instead of camping here? If it is Gresham and his men, and they are fresh dead, it's the Santee Sioux war party whose trace we crossed this morning that killed them. It pleased Flint Cohill to be able to think Santee Sioux instead of plain Sioux, as everybody usually did back in the States. That was Sergeant Utterback's doing—Sergeant Utterback going along that trace at noon until he found the broken rattle made of the ends of buffalo toes.

"Sioux, sir"—to Brittles—"Santee Sioux I'd say; about forty strong." There was no triumph in the way John Utterback had said it; only the patience of long service and the acceptance of a fact. Utterback had stood there on foot, looking up at the captain, the broken rattle end in his hand. A modest, thin-faced man, John Utterback. Slope-shouldered almost to deformity, but secure in the system that had made him, knowing the things that he knew, beyond all shadow of doubt and all human timidity, moving quietly within the laws of his life and fearing no man to best him or break him.

Brittles had said, "Or Cheyenne, Utterback. They make rattles much the same. Or Comanches. Or Arapaho. Mount up!"

In memory again, Cohill's silent anger lashed out at Nathan Brittles in the gathering dusk. A stickler for detail and accuracy, even probably if it sacrificed the over-all plan. That Indian trace was fifteen miles back. With the Sioux making approximately the same rate of march that they were, their wickiups would be no more than thirty miles to the northward. Less, Cohill remembered his teaching suddenly. If they were Sioux, they'd camp away from timber—with their mortal dread of ambush—

and near water. They'd be along the Paradise's upper reaches—in the dead lands.

Cohill blurted it suddenly, "Two hours' rest and we can be on the upper reaches of the Paradise by dawn, sir."

"Mr. Cohill, I have no orders to be on anyone or anything by dawn or at any other time. My orders are to find Mr. Gresham's patrol"—Brittles threw a leg off his animal and dismounted—"and finding him, to go back in to Fort Starke and report it. I think I've found him. I'll know, as soon as the moon rises and I go over and look. Take evening stables. Water in a half an hour. Saddle blankets left on until after the mounts are watered. Remember always, Mr. Cohill, that because of the liability to deterioration of the horses, cavalry is a very delicate arm of the service."

There was this in Cohill—that, spurred to the bleeding quick, he still would not talk back. But his mind raced in futile anger, *He's an old woman and he can't hold his temper. Little things infuriate him, but with a big chance like this, he's going to cut and run back in. In a stiff action, I'd probably have to kill him and take over the command.*

Brittles turned again and said, "Mr. Cohill, reading minds is an uncomfortable habit." Flint stared and moved his arm imperceptibly toward his revolving pistol. "But suppose for a moment they were Cheyennes, which they well might be, instead of Santee Sioux, they wouldn't be in the dead lands, you see. They'd head for the timber along the lower Mesa Roja branch. So would Arapaho. Kiowas or Comanches would bivouac right in the open timber . . . and they all make rattles out of buffalo toes! Pass the word to Sergeant Utterback that dinner call will be at six-thirty, but the trumpeter will still not sound calls. Mr. Cohill, there is no short cut to the top of the glory

heap. So we'll not run all over the West tonight looking for one."

To some of them for the rest of their lives, the full moon, rising red gold on the horizon, would bring back what they saw that night, and what they heard, for the dead can whisper restlessly when the cool evening air contracts stiffened diaphragms. By the empty cartridge cases, Gresham's men had sold out dearly—sold out until the panther rush flattened and shredded them across the forward slope of the rise in a ferocious effort to rip their white dignity from them by savage mutilation.

"Whoever did it never wants to meet Mr. Gresham's patrol again," Sergeant Utterback growled; "that's why they lopped off their hands and feet to handicap them in case they meet in the Hereafter. They respected them as fighting men—every mother's son is left bald-headed, so he can cross the Shadow Waters without trouble."

The burial shovels were chattering in the hillside shale. Captain Brittles said, "Utterback, do you still think Santee Sioux?"

Sergeant Utterback stood quietly looking off toward the southwest. The moonlight was a limitless white wash across the sea of mist.

"No, sir. Not now, sir."

"Why not?" Brittles snapped. "Speak up!"

Flint Cohill turned toward them, listening intently.

"I made the march from Bent's Fort to Santa Fe with Steve Kearny, and I know an Apache arrow when I see one, sir, even a thousand miles from where they're made."

"Your Sioux of this noon could have brushed with an Apache war party"—Brittles nodded toward the southwest—"and come by Apache arrows that way."

"No." Utterback shook his head. "This job is two days old. It wasn't this morning's Sioux. It's an Apache job."

"How do you reason that?"

"Mostly"—Utterback smiled faintly—"because the captain knows it's Apache work, too, not Sioux work."

Brittles looked at his first sergeant, studying his eyes carefully. "I shall want to move the command out by ten tonight. We go back in to Fort Starke with this word as fast as we can get in."

"Yes, sir."

"When the graves are cairned, Sergeant Utterback, fall the burial party in for services."

". . . for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever, amen."

The moon was a high and small and frozen crystal above the column as it moved out for Fort Starke. Thirty miles already that day, with no knowing how many night miles Brittles would pile up on top of them. Plenty. The order was to halt fifteen minutes in the hour, dismount and unbit for grazing. The order was to trot five minutes after every half hour of walking, to avoid animal fatigue from bad carriage in the saddle, and the liability to sore backs. The order was to dismount and lead, ten minutes in every hour. Walk, trot, lead, halt and graze—and at two in the morning Brittles halted on the Paradise for twenty-five full minutes for watering call.

Flintridge Cohill trudged along, leading, alkali white to mid-thigh. His spurs, dust muffled, sounded like silver dollars clinked deep in the pocket of a greatcoat. He could feel the resentment in the men—resentment at the night march. It was a hard and a sullen thing, and it was there in an occasional angry sneeze, in the dust coughing that became general after a while in spite of long intervals, in a deep and throaty curse rolled into the night on dry saliva.

Cohill could feel the swing and thrust of Sergeant Utterback's legs beside him; he could smell Utterback's

rank gaminess above his own, cut by the sweet brownness of the sergeant's eating tobacco, all of it washed hot and cleanly sulphurous by a horse ahead. All of it rushing back again, to be breathed again against the cooling curtain of the dying night.

"Pass the word to mount." It came down the column like cards falling from a table edge, and Utterback, swinging up, stood high for a second in his stirrups. "He's heading up north."

"How's that, sergeant?"

"North," Utterback said.

Cohill pulled his hat brim down under the dying moon and looked high to the horizon, toward Mesa Roja. "You're right." He meant to put a question into it, but if he put one in, Utterback ignored it.

Cohill sat with it for a moment, settling himself to the cold saddle, turning, looking back at the dust-white masks of the faces in the moonlight. The lean-jawed faces and the hard faces. The brutal faces and the weak. The hopeful faces and the finished faces—Jordine, Knight, Lusk, Mallory, Mittendorffer, Norton and Opdyke—and as far as he could see the faces back of him, he knew that they knew that the Old Man was heading up north, and that they questioned it. The flat top of Mesa Roja was dead ahead on the line of march. And it didn't make sense. If they were going back in, fast, to Fort Starke to report an Apache war party—going back in in a straight line across their own nine-day circle by a forced night march—Mesa Roja should bear on their left shoulders, not between their mounts' ears.

And then Cohill knew, and his mind was cold and taut with the knowledge, and he was ashamed suddenly for the traditions that had made him, but that could so fail other men.

Brittles had an Apache war party up from the south-

west and Gresham's death at their hands to report. So he was forcing the march in to Starke, but in the midst of forcing it, he was taking good care that he gave this morning's Santee Sioux a wide berth. He wouldn't fight if it was handed to him! He was afraid to fight—afraid of himself probably. Knew himself for what Cohill was finding him out to be—superannuated, petty, nerve-racked and afraid.

What we all come to understand sooner or later, Mr. Cohill, is that we're not out here to fight Indians. We're out here to watch them and report on them for the Indian Bureau. We fight only if they attack us. I refer you to departmental standing orders, which are most explicit.

Gresham fought, damn you. He had no choice but to fight.

Mr. Gresham was young. Probably he was extremely rash.

And you are old, and not fit for this job any longer. If they are really Apaches, it's your duty to cut straight in to Starke and report it. But if they turned out to be those same Santee Sioux—as they well might, for all you really know to the contrary—you could force their attack on a technicality and wipe them out in punishment on the way in. This stupid way—we march all day and march all night, and we're still miles from home, with worn and sullen men and tired animals, and nothing to show for it but a sop to your old man's caution. Cavalry is a delicate arm.

Cohill was conscious that his lips were moving contemptuously with his silent monologue. He covered them with his hand as Utterback turned and looked at him.

"Sergeant, how did you know the captain thought they were Apaches that killed Mr. Gresham's detail?"

"I've been his first sergeant for a long time. You get to know."

"I see. Do I get to know?"

"Mr. Cohill, the captain's been out here a good many years."

"You're not answering me, is that it? If it's all the same to me, you fell up a tree?"

"No use talking. It ain't learned ever. It's lived. It's a feeling, after all's said and done, sir."

"And you're sure yourself it's an Apache party?"

"Reasonably, only I wouldn't hold to it alone. But I'm dead sure when I know Captain Brittles is sure too. He earns the difference in our pay, sir."

Cohill threw up his head in annoyance. Five hours on the way now. A shade less than three left to dawn. They'd make the foot of the mesa and bivouac there probably, hitting the trail again in the afternoon. What a fool procedure, when the whole command could have been freshened by a night's sleep and grazing after the burial detail.

The moon grew colder and slid down the sky behind them. Knees were thick now and sanded with fatigue, and there was the clamminess of dank sweat in their shirts that their bodies no longer warmed. Mist tatters wove above the prairie, girth high, and in the hollows chilled them with the hand of death. Flintridge heard his name passed softly down the column, "Mr. Cohill," and he kneed out to the right and cantered forward.

Brittles sat straight in his saddle, cut there like stone, outlined against the night sky, nose and chin and shoulder—an aging man, riding out his destiny. "Mr. Cohill, this is officer's call. Listen carefully. I have Sergeant Sutro ahead of me with the point. You will relieve him with eight men, and push forward fast. Do you recall the ford on the Mesa Roja branch?"

"I do, sir."

THIS IS AMERICA

"There is a knoll on the mesa side—a knoll that the trail crosses from the mesa top."

"I remember."

"Be there prior to dawn. Build a bivouac fire on your arrival."

"Do what, sir?"

"I want to know it, when you get there. And I want everyone else for miles around to know it, too. Build a bivouac fire. A squad fire. No larger."

"But I can send a file back to tell you when I arrive."

"Disabuse yourself of the idea that this is a debating society, Mr. Cohill. In the event of an attack on your position, you will hold the knoll top, fighting on foot. Always hold your fire at dawn to the last possible moment. Remember, the dawn light works for you, but it can fool you in the first half hour in this country. Move out, Mr. Cohill. You're the bait on my hook. Wriggle . . . and keep alive!"

High overhead under the rim of Mesa Roja there was an eagle scream in the chilled darkness. The whipsaw blade of it grated down Flint Cohill's damp spine. His lips were drawn thin across his dry teeth. "Don't stand still, Skinnor. Move a little all the time. Move always. Slap the mounts. Keep moving them too." Soft. Words lashed whisper-high across the knoll—whisper-high and rowel-sharp.

The little squad fire burned brightly, and the tired animals held the echo of its gold in the moist jewels of their eyes. Skinnor and Blankenship were with the horses, moving them, keeping them circling their picket pins, ready to cut them free and stampede them. Corporal McKenzie and his five men lay just beyond the wash of light, fanned out behind their flung saddles, waiting and watching and listening and breathing softly. Mr. Cohill was wriggling beautifully on the hook.

A great feathery exultation pressed its soft hands up-

ward under his lower ribs, catching his breath every time he drew it. Here, then, is the justification—the final heritage of soldiering—to stand steady, ready to deliver, to bleed and to draw blood. Everything else is the parade ground. And he was afraid for his first shots in anger. His fear was livid and gasping behind the drawn curtain at the back of his mind. To fire and to draw fire. To kill and to be killed. And he could hear the panic whimper of his fear behind its curtain. “Mr. Cohill, this is not a schoolroom out here.”

Some weed, some bitter prairie flower freshening on the dawn winds, feathered his nostrils, and, with association, brought back the green horror in the moonlight that they had put decently below the ground thirty miles back across the plains.

The play went on. The trap was good. Carefully acted. Cohill crossed into the firelight, and out of it again. Always moving. The natural movement of a small bivouac. Carneal put the spider on, crisping and richening the clean air with the smell of frying bacon.

Neither Sioux nor Apache nor any Plains Indian will fight willingly at night, for a warrior killed in darkness wanders up and down the outer world forever, eternally blind in darkness. But in a little while the dawn would creep across from the eastward, and there on the knoll was a small white-soldier war party like two-yesterdays' party that lay bloating where they had overwhelmed it thirty miles down Paradise Valley. Fire alight and bacon cooking. Mounts unsaddled and warriors sleeping from a long night march to bring back the death news of the other party. Soft for the killing.

Down, then, from the mesa rim silently. Down in the last black darkness on shadow feet. With the ponies led carefully, so that not a stone could chip and skip and arch

on ahead in chattering cascade to herald the approach. Not a twig must snap.

Suddenly Flint Cohill could see the pewter trace of the Mesa Roja branch below him. He could see tree boles and the shiny black dampness of a stomped hoof in dew-drenched grass and the grime on the back of his own hand. And it was the dawn opening slowly, like the reflexive lid of a dead eyeball. Then a horse screamed in bowel-torn agony, and three animals were down, thrashing. Skinnor crawled out, dragging a splintered shin bone, cursing in high falsetto. And the air was alive with whipping, but no lash cracks. Just the intake gasp, unfinished, threatening. Cruel and thin as the bite of a bone saw.

"Hold your fire, Corporal McKenzie!" Cohill was belly-down in the soaking grass. Five of his horses were running free, fear driven and panic blind. Then the air ripped alive with the war shriek and the gray dawn was throbbing with a thundering rush. So close that it was on them. So close that it was over them. So close that Cohill screamed the order to fire, and they fired, and the wave broke like a brown sea wave on an emerald beach, crested before them on the slope of the knoll, curled mightily upward and crashed over and toward them with the weight of its own speed. Rolling in a spume of thrashing pony hoofs and of torn and howling throats and an agony of shattered bone.

"They are Apaches!"

Those behind broke away and to the left, and passed below the knoll, circling to re-form and roar up again toward the knoll top. Brown oiled bodies hard down on the off-side of ponies, galloping into the teeth of the dawn wind. And the men on the knoll saw them now for the Gresham massacre party, for there were yellow stripes on the legs of some, with the seat and the front cut

from the trousers; and there were sabers and yellow silken neckerchiefs and the brass buckles of belts and of bandoleers.

Round again and up again frantically into the flaming scythe of Cohill's fire. And again, as they took it, breaking and circling, but this time raggedly bunched, with free ponies racing among them. Cut down to half their number. Torn and bleeding, whirling across the whitening dawn. Battered in their strength, broken and hacked into. Shrieking now in anger and the primitive hurt of animals—frustrated tigers of the Plains.

The raucous brass file of the trumpet scratched across the gunmetal of the new day, and Nathan Brittles' main body came up out of the bottoms of the Mesa Roja branch, splashed hoof-deep across the lower ford and charging as foragers, struck them on their shattered flank, parched sabers drawn and drinking. There was a long and racing moment down the bottoms, horse to horse and man to man, below Cohill's knoll. A red moment of fury. Steel and flesh and livid madness with the black lash of the devil in it to whip it to frenzied crescendo.

Cohill stood above, his shirt black with sweat, watching the bitter finish, the last flaming action and the last free pony pistoled off its flashing hoofs. Below him on the knoll there was a writhing Apache hurling himself up off his dead hips and legs, thrashing his upper body in madness to free himself from the icy shackles of his broken spine. Noiselessly thrashing, like a snake dismembered. And to the left, there was Corporal McKenzie, lying blue-faced and quiet, his hands close to the feathered shaft that was sunk deep in his right side below the ribs—hands rising and falling with the last of his breathing. And Skinnor, with the twisted bloat of his leg stretched out naked before him, smoking evenly on his black-stubbed pipe, watching the sun wash that reddened the horizon.

"Mr. Cohill, you did that well." Nathan Brittles swung down and plunged his face and hands in the wet grass to clean them and freshen himself. He opened his matted shirt to the waist and tugged it over his head. "You may do. In time."

"You knew they were Apaches yesterday at sundown . . . and you knew they were camped on the mesa top, sir?"

"Mr. Cohill,"—Brittles swabbed his bare chest with his shirttail—"Apaches fear only man. They camp as high as they can get, no matter how far it is from water. Had you pushed forward to Mr. Gresham's slope, you would have found Mr. Gresham, not sleeping buffalo. Had your eyes been sharp, you would have seen this between the slope and last evening's bivouac." Brittles dug a hand deep into his pocket and tugged out a blood-hardened shred of Apache headband of red flannel and handed it over. "Commit it to your diary and your brain." Brittles pulled on his shirt again, "And had you been a plainsman and suspected the Apache, you would have looked at once for smoke at sundown on the highest ground—Mesa Roja."

Cohill's quick admiration was in his eyes, in his blurted words, "You came straight here, sir, to hole them out and pay them off for Gresham. You had no intention of anything else, from the start, but to force the fight." He grinned. "You even had Utterback fooled, until you turned north."

The captain stood quite still for a moment, looking Flint Cohill over very carefully, as if he had never seen him before. "The essence of command is timing, Mr. Cohill. A successful commander keeps his own counsel until the right moment. At that time he tells his subordinates everything they should know to do their part of the work properly. Nothing more. My intention was to

fool no one. Sergeant Utterback is a soldier. He keeps his mouth shut. The facts are these: My point, temporarily bivouacked at dawn today, came under sudden enemy attack. Fortunately, it was able to hold until I arrived with the main body."

Cohill drew himself up and bowed slightly. "I am familiar with departmental standing orders which allow defensive actions only, and expressly forbid the attack."

"And yet"—Captain Brittles' eyes never wavered from Cohill's—"they are in direct violation of cavalry tactics, for cavalry is very weak on the defensive. It can defend itself well only by attacking. Most young lieutenants will agree with that, whether or not they examine the reasons."

"I am desperately sorry, sir."

"Mr. Cohill, never apologize. It's a mark of weakness. There is a captain out here who tried it once to escape a Benzine Board. He escaped it, but he's been ashamed a little bit ever since. He will die a captain, in spite of his apology. The man who did for him could have worked with him and made him a soldier, if his humanity had been large enough. Mr. Cohill, I'm going to make a soldier out of you, if you don't break. You may present my respects to General Cohill when next you write your father. Mr. Cohill, take morning stables."

THIS IS AMERICA

But our Indian Wars were not the end. Still
it was necessary to defend our land and our
ideals against enemies: and still our poets
and our orators spoke boldly for us.

SONS OF BATTLE

By BERT LESTON TAYLOR

Let us have peace, and thy blessing,
Lord of the Wind and the Rain,
When we shall cease from oppressing,
From all injustice refrain;
When we hate falsehood and spurn it;
When we are men among men.

Let us have peace when we earn it—

Never an hour till then.

Let us have rest in thy garden,
Lord of the Rock and the Green,
When there is nothing to pardon,
When we are whitened and clean.
Purge us of skulking and treason,
Help us to put them away.

We shall have rest in thy season;

Till then the heat of the fray.

Let us have peace in thy pleasure,
Lord of the Cloud and the Sun;
Grant to us aeons of leisure,
When the long battle is done.

Now we have only begun it;

Stead us!—we ask nothing more.

Peace—rest—but not till we've won it—

Never an hour before.

Bert Leston Taylor: SONS OF BATTLE—Reprinted by permission of Mrs.
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WAR AND PEACE
AN APPEAL TO THE NATIONS OF
THE WORLD FOR PEACE AND FOR
THE END OF ECONOMIC CHAOS,
MAY 16, 1933

BY FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

A PROFOUND HOPE of the people of my country impels me, as the head of their Government, to address you and, through you, the people of your nation. This hope is that peace may be assured through practical measures of disarmament and that all of us may carry to victory our common struggle against economic chaos.

To these ends the nations have called two great World Conferences. The happiness, the prosperity, and the very lives of the men, women and children who inhabit the whole world are bound up in the decisions which their Governments will make in the near future. The improvement of social conditions, the preservation of individual human rights, and the furtherance of social justice are dependent upon these decisions.

The World Economic Conference will meet soon and must come to its conclusions quickly. The world cannot await deliberations long drawn out. The Conference must establish order in place of the present chaos by a stabilization of currencies, by freezing the flow of world trade, and by international action to raise price levels. It must, in short, supplement individual domestic programs for economic recovery, by wise and considered international action.

The Disarmament Conference has labored for more than a year and, as yet, has been unable to reach satisfactory conclusions. Confused purposes still clash dangerously. Our duty lies in the direction of bringing practical results through concerted action based upon the greatest

good to the greatest number. Before the imperative call of this great duty, petty obstacles must be swept away and petty aims forgotten. A selfish victory is always destined to be an ultimate defeat. The furtherance of durable peace for our generation in every part of the world is the only goal worthy of our best efforts.

If we ask what are the reasons for armaments, which, in spite of the lessons and tragedies of the World War, are today a greater burden on the peoples of the earth than ever before, it becomes clear that they are twofold: first, the desire, disclosed or hidden, on the part of governments to enlarge their territories at the expense of a sister nation, and I believe that only a small minority of governments or of people harbor such a purpose; second, the fear of nations that they will be invaded. I believe that the overwhelming majority of peoples feel obliged to retain excessive armaments because they fear some act of aggression against them and not because they themselves seek to be aggressors.

There is justification for this fear. Modern weapons of offense are vastly stronger than modern weapons of defense. Frontier forts, trenches, wire entanglements, coast defenses—in a word, fixed fortifications—are no longer impregnable to the attack of warplanes, heavy mobile artillery, land battleships called tanks, and poison gas.

If all nations will agree wholly to eliminate from possession and use the weapons which make possible a successful attack, defenses automatically will become impregnable, and the frontiers and independence of every nation will become secure.

The ultimate objective of the Disarmament Conference must be the complete elimination of all offensive weapons. The immediate objective is a substantial reduction of some of these weapons and the elimination of many others.

This Government believes that the program for immedi-

ate reduction of aggressive weapons, now under discussion at Geneva, is but a first step toward our ultimate goal. We do not believe that the proposed immediate steps go far enough. Nevertheless this Government welcomes the measures now proposed and will exert its influence toward the attainment of further successive steps of disarmament.

Stated in the clearest way, there are three steps to be agreed upon in the present discussions:—

First, to take, at once, the first definite step toward this objective, as broadly outlined in the MacDonald Plan.

Second, to agree upon time and procedure for taking the following steps.

Third, to agree that while the first and the following steps are being taken, no nation shall increase its existing armaments over and above the limitations of treaty obligations.

But the peace of the world must be assured during the whole period of disarmament and I, therefore, propose a fourth step concurrent with and wholly dependent on the faithful fulfillment of these three proposals and subject to existing treaty rights:—

That all the nations of the world should enter into a solemn and definite pact of nonaggression; that they should solemnly reaffirm the obligations they have assumed to limit and reduce their armaments, and, provided these obligations are faithfully executed by all signatory powers, individually agree that they will send no armed force of whatsoever nature across their frontiers.

Common sense points out that if any strong nation refuses to join with genuine sincerity in these concerted efforts for political and economic peace, the one at Geneva and the other at London, progress can be obstructed and ultimately blocked. In such event the civilized world, seeking both forms of peace, will know where

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the responsibility for failure lies. I urge that no nation assume such a responsibility, and that all the nations joined in these great Conferences translate their professed policies into action. This is the way to political and economic peace.

I trust that your Government will join in the fulfillment of these hopes.

ATOMIC

BY LOUIS GINSBERG

The splitting apart
Of man from man
Dooms more than splitting
The atom can.

In one blaze, will
All things be gone:
The Empire State
And the Parthenon?

And must the sudden
Atom's flash
Turn cities, statues,
And poems to ash?

Quick! The foe
In us is curled,
More fearsome than any
Foe in the world!

Louis Ginsberg: ATOMIC—Reprinted from March 31, 1947 issue of *The New York Herald Tribune*, with permission of the author and *The New York Herald Tribune*.

WAR AND PEACE
UNMANIFEST DESTINY

BY RICHARD HOVEY

To what new fates, my country, far
And unforeseen of foe or friend,
Beneath what unexpected star,
Compelled to what unchosen end.

Across the sea that knows no beach
The Admiral of Nations guides
Thy blind obedient keels to reach
The harbor where thy future rides!

The guns that spoke at Lexington
Knew not that God was planning then
The trumpet word of Jefferson
To bugle forth the rights of men.

To them that wept and cursed Bull Run,
What was it but despair and shame?
Who saw behind the cloud the sun?
Who knew that God was in the flame?

Had not defeat upon defeat,
Disaster on disaster come,
The slave's emancipated feet
Had never marched behind the drum.

There is a Hand that bends our deeds
To mightier issues than we planned,
Each son that triumphs, each that bleeds,
My country, serves Its dark command.

Richard Hovey: UNMANIFEST DESTINY—Reprinted by permission of
Dodd, Mead & Co.

THIS IS AMERICA

I do not know beneath what sky
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate;
I only know it shall be high,
I only know it shall be great.

P A R T F O U R

Seven Great
Americans



*It was born an American, I live an American,
and I shall die an American.*

— DANIEL WEBSTER

When Jefferson succeeded Franklin as Minister to France, he said, "I succeed him; no one could replace him."

FRANKLIN GETS A JOB

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF

I WAS in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it, on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it, a man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about till near the markethouse I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the dif-

ference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

Walking down again toward the river, and, looking in the faces of people, I met a young Quaker man, whose countenance I liked, and accosting him, requested he would tell me where a stranger could get lodging. We were then near the sign of the Three Mariners. "Here," says he, "is one place that entertains strangers, but it is not a reputable house; if thee wilt walk with me, I'll show thee a better." He brought me to the Crooked Billet in Water Street. Here I got a dinner; and, while I was eating

it, several sly questions were asked me, as it seemed to be suspected from my youth and appearance that I might be some runaway.

After dinner, my sleepiness returned, and being shown to a bed, I lay down without undressing, and slept till six in the evening, was called to supper, went to bed again very early, and slept soundly till next morning. Then I made myself as tidy as I could and went to Andrew Bradford the printer's. I found in the shop the old man, his father, whom I had seen at New York, and who, traveling on horseback, had got to Philadelphia before me. He introduced me to his son, who received me civilly, gave me a breakfast, but told me he did not at present want a hand, being lately supplied with one; but there was another printer in town, lately set up, one Keimer, who, perhaps, might employ me; if not, I should be welcome to lodge at his house, and he would give me a little work to do now and then till fuller business should offer.

The old gentleman said he would go with me to the new printer; and when we found him, "Neighbor," says Bradford, "I have brought to see you a young man of your business; perhaps you may want such a one." He asked me a few questions, put a composing stick in my hand to see how I worked, and then said he would employ me soon, though he had just then nothing for me to do; and, taking old Bradford, who he had never seen before, to be one of the town's people that had a good will for him, entered into a conversation on his present undertaking and prospects; while Bradford, not discovering that he was the other printer's father, on Keimer's saying he expected soon to get the greatest part of the business into his own hands, drew him on by artful questions, and starting little doubts, to explain all his views, what interest he relied on, and in what manner he intended to proceed. I, who stood by and heard all, saw immediately that one of

them was a crafty old sophister, and the other a mere novice. Bradford left me with Keimer, who was greatly surprised when I told him who the old man was.

Keimer's printing house, I found, consisted of an old shattered press and one small, worn-out font of English, which he was then using himself, composing an Elegy on Aquila Rose, before-mentioned, an ingenious young man, of excellent character, much respected in the town, clerk of the Assembly and a pretty poet. Keimer made verses too, but very indifferently. He could not be said to write them, for his manner was to compose them in the types directly out of his head. So there being no copy, but one pair of cases, and the Elegy likely to require all the letters, no one could help him. I endeavored to put his press (which he had not yet used, and of which he understood nothing) into order fit to be worked with; and promising to come and print off his Elegy as soon as he should have got it ready, I returned to Bradford's, who gave me a little job to do for the present, and there I lodged and dined. A few days after, Keimer sent for me to print off the Elegy. And now he had got another pair of cases, and a pamphlet to reprint, on which he set me to work.

These two printers I found poorly qualified for their business. Bradford had not been bred to it, and was very illiterate; and Keimer, though something of a scholar, was a mere compositor, knowing nothing of presswork. He had been one of the French prophets, and could act their enthusiastic agitations. At this time he did not profess any particular religion, but something of all on occasion; was very ignorant of the world, and had, as I afterward found, a good deal of the knave in his composition. He did not like my lodging at Bradford's while I worked with him. He had a house, indeed, but without furniture, so he could not lodge me; but he got me a lodging at Mr. Read's, before mentioned, who was the owner of his house; and,

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my chest and clothes being come by this time, I made rather a more respectable appearance in the eyes of Miss Read than I had done when she first happened to see me eating my roll in the street.

I began now to have some acquaintance among the young people of the town, that were lovers of reading, with whom I spent my evenings very pleasantly; and gaining money by my industry and frugality, I lived very agreeably, forgetting Boston as much as I could, and not desiring that any there should know where I resided, except my friend Collins, who was in my secret, and kept it when I wrote him.

Keimer wore his beard at full length, because somewhere in the Mosaic law it is said, "Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard." He likewise kept the Seventh day, Sabbath; and these two points were essentials with him. I disliked both; but agreed to admit them upon condition of his adopting the doctrine of using no animal food. "I doubt," said he, "my constitution will not bear that." I assured him it would, and that he would be the better for it. He was usually a great glutton, and I promised myself some diversion in half starving him. He agreed to try the practice, if I would keep him company. I did so, and we held it for three months. We had our victuals dressed, and brought to us regularly by a woman in the neighborhood, who had from me a list of forty dishes, to be prepared for us at different times, in all which there was neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, and the whim suited me the better at this time from the cheapness of it, not costing us above eighteenpence sterling each week. I have since kept several Lents most strictly, leaving the common diet for that, and that for the common, abruptly, without the least inconvenience, so that I think there is little in the advice of making those changes by easy gradations. I went on pleasantly, but poor Keimer suffered grievously,

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tired of the project, longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and ordered a roast pig. He invited me and two women friends to dine with him; but, it being brought too soon upon table, he could not resist the temptation, and ate the whole before we came.

I had made some courtship during this time to Miss Read, and I had a great respect and affection for her, and had some reason to believe she had the same for me; but, as I was about to take a long voyage, and we were both very young, only a little above eighteen, it was thought most prudent by her mother to prevent our going too far at present, as a marriage, if it was to take place, would be more convenient after my return, when I should be, as I expected, set up in my business. Perhaps, too, she thought my expectations not so well founded as I imagined them to be.

SAYINGS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Clean your finger before you point at my spots.

Creditors have better memories than debtors.

Here comes the orator, with his flood of words and his drop of reason.

He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals.

He that teaches himself hath a fool for a master.

If a man could have half his wishes, he would double his troubles.

If you would keep a secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some.

If you would lose a troublesome visitor, lend him money.

Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, and half-shut afterwards.

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Love your enemies, for they tell you your faults.

Love your neighbor, yet don't pull down your hedge.

Savages we call them because their manners differ from ours.

She laughs at everything you say. Why? Because she has fine teeth.

Teach your child to hold his tongue; he'll learn fast enough to speak.

There are three faithful friends—an old wife, an old dog, and ready money.

Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead.

To bear other people's afflictions, everyone has courage and enough to spare.

To find out a girl's faults, praise her to her girl friends.

The proud hate pride—in others.

Time is an herb that cures all diseases.

The way to be safe is never to be secure.

If Jack's in love he is no judge of Jill's beauty.

The most acceptable service of God is doing good to man.

Search others for their virtues, thyself for thy vices.

He that won't be counseled can't be helped.

Write injuries in dust, benefits in marble.

Many a man thinks he is buying pleasure, when he is really selling himself a slave to it.

Work as if you were to live one hundred years, pray as if you were to die tomorrow.

Here one great man pays reverent tribute
to another.

THE AIMS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

By DANIEL WEBSTER

THERE WAS in the breast of Washington one sentiment so deeply felt, so constantly uppermost, that no proper occasion escaped without its utterance. From the letter which he signed in behalf of the Convention when the Constitution was sent out to the people, to the moment when he put his hand to that last paper in which he addressed his countrymen, the Union,—the Union was the great object of his thoughts. In that first letter he tells them that to him and his brethren of the Convention, union appears to be the greatest interest of every true American; and in that last paper he conjures them to regard that unity of government which constitutes them one people as the very palladium of their prosperity and safety, and the security of liberty itself. He regarded the union of these States less as one of our blessings, than as the great treasurehouse which contained them all. Here, in his judgment, was the great magazine of all our means of prosperity; here, as he thought, and as every true American still thinks, are deposited all our animating prospects, all our solid hopes for future greatness. He has taught us to maintain the Union, not by seeking to enlarge the powers of the government, on the one hand, nor by surrendering them, on the other; but by an administration of them at once firm and moderate, pursuing objects truly national, and carried on in a spirit of justice and equity.

The extreme solicitude for the preservation of the Union, at all times manifested by him, shows not only the

opinion he entertained of its importance, but his clear perception of those causes which were likely to spring up to endanger it, and which, if once they should overthrow the present system, would leave little hope of any future beneficial reunion. Of all the presumptions indulged by presumptuous man, that is one of the rashest which looks for repeated and favorable opportunities for the deliberate establishment of a united government over distinct and widely extended communities. Such a thing has happened once in human affairs, and but once; the event stands out as a prominent exception to all ordinary history; and unless we suppose ourselves running into an age of miracles, we may not expect its repetition.

Washington, therefore, could regard, and did regard, nothing as of paramount political interest but the integrity of the Union itself. With a united government, well administered, he saw that we had nothing to fear; and without it, nothing to hope. The sentiment is just, and its momentous truth should solemnly impress the whole country. If we might regard our country as personated in the spirit of Washington, if we might consider him as representing her, in her past renown, her present prosperity, and her future career, and as in that character demanding of us all to account for our conduct, as political men or as private citizens, how should he answer him who has ventured to talk of disunion and dismemberment? Or how should he answer him who dwells perpetually on local interests, and fans every kindling flame of local prejudice? How should he answer him who would array State against State, interest against interest, and party against party, careless of the continuance of that unity of government which constitutes us one people?

The political prosperity which this country has attained, and which it now enjoys, has been acquired mainly through the instrumentality of the present government.

While this agent continues, the capacity of attaining to still higher degrees of prosperity exists also. We have, while this lasts, a political life capable of beneficial exertion, with power to resist or over-come misfortunes, to sustain us against the ordinary accidents of human affairs, and to promote, by active efforts, every public interest. But dismemberment strikes at the very being which preserves these faculties. It would lay its rude and ruthless hand on this great agency itself. It would sweep away, not only what we possess, but all power of regaining lost, or acquiring new, possessions. It would leave the country not only bereft of its prosperity and happiness, but without limbs, or organs, or faculties, by which to exert itself hereafter in the pursuit of that prosperity and happiness.

Other misfortunes may be borne, or their effects overcome. If disastrous war should sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it exhaust our treasury, future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still, under a new cultivation, they will grow green again, and ripen to future harvests. It were but a trifle even if the walls of yonder Capitol were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be all covered by the dust of the valley. All these might be rebuilt. But who shall reconstruct the fabric of demolished government? Who shall rear again the well-proportioned columns of constitutional liberty? Who shall frame together the skilful architecture which unites national sovereignty with State rights, individual security, and public prosperity?

But let us hope for better things. Let us trust in that gracious Being who has hitherto held our country as in the hollow of his hand. Let us trust to the virtue and the intelligence of the people, and to the efficacy of religious obligation. Let us trust to the influence of Washington's example. Let us hope that that fear of Heaven which ex-

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pels all other fear, and that regard to duty which transcends all other regard, may influence public men and private citizens, and lead our country still onward in her happy career. Full of these gratifying anticipations and hopes, let us look forward to the end of that century which is now commenced. A hundred years hence, other disciples of Washington will celebrate his birth, with no less of sincere admiration than we now commemorate it. When they shall meet, to do themselves and him that honor, so surely as they shall see the blue summits of his native mountains rise in the horizon, so surely as they shall behold the river on whose banks he lived, and on whose banks he rests, still flowing on toward the sea, so surely may they see, as we now see, the flag of the Union floating on the top of the Capitol; and then, as now, may the sun in his course visit no land more free, more happy, more lovely, than this our own country!

WASHINGTON

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

He played by the river when he was young,
He raced with rabbits along the hills,
He fished for minnows, and climbed and swung,
And hooted back at the whippoorwills.
Strong and slender and tall he grew
And then, one morning, the bugles blew.

Over the hills, the summons came,
Over the river's shining rim.
He said that the bugles called his name,
He knew that his country needed him,
And he answered, "Coming!" and marched away
For many a night and many a day.

Nancy Byrd Turner: WASHINGTON—Reprinted by permission of the author.

THIS IS AMERICA

Perhaps when the marches were hot and long
He'd think of the river flowing by,
Or, camping under the winter sky,
Would hear the whippoorwill's faroff song.
Working or playing, in peace or strife,
He loved America all his life!

The praise of Lincoln fills whole libraries.
The better one knows him, the greater he
seems.

TOM LINCOLN'S SON

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

"Tom Lincoln's gawky lad," they said, "Won't set the world
agog;

He's homely as a stable door and knotty as a log;
Cares not a whit for who says what about his ways and looks—
Full length you'll find him, after work, a-moonin' over books."

"Aye," said another, "so they tell, and grudges half a word.
But knows the ways of woodcraft well as any man I've heard.
He swings a mighty ax, I'm told, that sets the trees a-shake;
And when he splits a rail—that rail is split, and no mistake!"

So . . . nothing much for speed or looks, according to their
tale,

But held his tongue, and read his books, and split a splendid
rail.

He'd never set the world aflame, they reckoned, every one—
And yet, he'd maybe make his mark, would Thomas Lincoln's
son!

Nancy Byrd Turner: TOM LINCOLN'S SON—Reprinted by permission of
the author.

SEVEN GREAT AMERICANS
LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE
PEOPLE

By EDWIN MARKHAM

When the Norn-Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the strenuous heavens and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to wear for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains, and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving-kindness of the wayside well—
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the groves's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came,
From prairie cabin up to Capitol,
One fair Ideal led our chieftain on.
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.

Edwin Markham: LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE—Reprinted by permission of Virgil Markham.

THIS IS AMERICA

He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with a mighty heart:
And when the step of Earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

LINCOLN, THE HUMAN AND HUMOROUS

BY MAX J. HERZBERG

“WITH THE FEARFUL STRAIN of war upon me, if I did not laugh I should die,” said Lincoln once to a Congressman who had come to consult with the President about a dark war disaster.

News of this had just reached Washington, and yet he had been received by Lincoln with a humorous anecdote. The Congressman had sternly rebuked Lincoln for unbecoming levity, and Lincoln’s manner had changed instantly as he revealed how underneath the cheerfulness

Max J. Herzberg: LINCOLN, THE HUMAN AND HUMOROUS—Reprinted from the *Woman’s Home Companion* by permission of the author. Copyright, 1943, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company.

that he habitually assumed lay constant and gnawing anxiety about the course of the war. Occasional laughter was to Lincoln almost literally a life-saver in the profound melancholy that was his usual mood.

Lincoln's humor generally took the form of the funny story. In an age that particularly loved the pointed and pungent anecdote he was the best of them all. Carl Sandburg says, "A walking, stalking library of stories he was." When Lincoln had to make a reply to bad logic or bad manners, slander or flattery, personal attacks or improper requests, compliments or blunders, sarcasm or impertinence, he did so almost invariably in a humorous parable, drawn up instantly in the bucket of his remarkable memory from a never-failing well of instances and anecdotes.

The Congressman referred to was not the only one who objected to these stories that Lincoln used as rejoinder. Senator Ben Wade came in one day to tell the President in how many different ways he had been conducting the war improperly. "Wade," said Lincoln, stretching his legs, "you remind me of a story." Wade jumped up angrily. "Stories! stories!" he exclaimed. "The country is going to the dogs, we're losing the war, and all you do is tell stories! Mr. President, you would tell stories if you were only a mile from hell!" "Well, Wade," Lincoln replied, "a mile is almost exactly the distance from here to the Capitol!"

It is said that Lincoln's own favorite story about himself was one which told how two Quakeresses were comparing him with Jefferson Davis. "I think Jefferson will win the war," said the first woman. "Why does thee think so?" asked the other. "Jefferson is a praying man," she declared. "And so is Abraham a praying man," rejoined the second woman. "Yes, that is true," acknowledged the first Quakeress. "But the Lord will think Abraham is joking."

Although many are inclined to think of Lincoln as a remote idealist, not very well aware of the realistic world around him, he was, of course in actuality, a shrewd observer of men and an adroit politician. He once remarked, with a cynical turn of thought not very often to be found in his sayings, "I have endured a great deal of ridicule without much malice, and have received a great deal of kindness not quite free from ridicule."

The practical side of his nature was revealed in his attitude toward that opposition which developed against him, as his first administration proceeded, among the senators and representatives at Capitol Hill. One friend of his visited Washington and after talking to a number of these men came to Lincoln greatly disturbed. "Everybody seems to be against you," he told the President. "It's not quite so bad as that," answered Lincoln, who took down a Congressional directory and checked Congressmen and their attitudes in detail. It was soon evident how intimate was his knowledge of the political situation.

"That reminds me of a story," said Lincoln. "Two Irishmen came to America and they started out on foot into the country. They traveled along until they came to a piece of woods. As they walked along they thought they heard a noise, and they deployed out on either side of the road to find out what it was. They were unable to do so, and finally one called out to the other, 'Pat, Pat, let's go on; it's nothing but a domned noise.' That's what the opposition to me is," concluded Lincoln; "a domned noise."

Generals and cabinet officers seem to have been about as much of an annoyance to Lincoln as office-seekers were. But even from them he managed to extract his fun. When Barnum exhibited General Tom Thumb and Admiral Nutt, his celebrated midgets, in Washington, Lincoln went to see them. Meeting Barnum he remarked, "Bar-

num, you have some pretty small generals, but I think I can beat you." When he received word that a brigadier-general and twelve Army mules had been captured by the Confederates, he exclaimed, "Too bad! Those mules cost us two hundred dollars apiece!"

Lincoln didn't like General George B. McClellan, and McClellan later reciprocated to the extent of running against Lincoln for the Presidency. As a general McClellan insisted on a "waiting campaign," and after a while Lincoln wrote him this letter:

"My dear McClellan: If you don't want to use the Army I should like to borrow it for a while. Yours respectfully, A. Lincoln."

After the Battle of Antietam Lincoln went to the front with his friend Hatch of Illinois. They looked from a hill-top at the vast camp below. "Hatch, what's all this?" demanded Lincoln. "Why," said his friend, "that's McClellan's bodyguard." Impatiently, Lincoln once ordered McClellan to give him more detailed accounts of everything that happened. Angrily, McClellan at once sent him this telegram: "President A. Lincoln, Washington, D. C. We have just captured six cows. What shall we do with them? George B. McClellan." The President replied promptly: "General George B. McClellan, Army of the Potomac. As to the six cows captured—milk them. A. Lincoln."

Probably without foundation is this reported dialogue between Lincoln and McClellan: "Mr. President, do you think I'm a fool?" "Why no . . . Of course I may be mistaken."

Lincoln himself had had some military experience during the Black Hawk War, but he always referred to it

with a chuckle. He was drilling a company of twenty men, he related once. He desired to pass through a gateway that was too narrow for the line of march. "I could not for the life of me," he said, "remember the word of command for getting my company endwise. So as we came near the gate I shouted, 'The company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again at the other side of the gate.'"

When Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, failed to give him the action he desired, Lincoln told him a story too. "An old woman I once knew out in Illinois," he told him, "ordered her husband to 'git after them skunks'; she made him sit on the porch all night with a shotgun. In the morning he brought her two dead rabbits. 'Thar's two of them skunks I killed,' he reported. 'Them ain't skunks,' said the old woman; 'them's my pet rabbits!' Now, Mr. Welles," remarked Lincoln, "The Navy has been hunting pet rabbits long enough. Suppose you send it after some skunks."

Edwin Stanton, Secretary of War, had wanted the Presidency himself; and he never felt any sense of inferiority in his dealing with Lincoln—nor did Lincoln seem to mind. Abruptly Stanton turned down all kinds of requests that Lincoln sent him; and when petitioners complained, Lincoln would look at them quizzically and remark, "Well, I never did have much influence with this administration."

Among the most difficult of White House visitors to deal with were those who came to intercede for soldiers condemned to death because they had broken Army regulations. The sister of one such man waited for many hours to see Lincoln, whose kind-heartedness was such that he used any pretext to give a pardon. The White House attendants ordered her to leave, and she stood weeping on a staircase. There a visitor found her and urged her

in a whisper to follow him and force herself upon the President's attention. It was six o'clock, and the President had not had time to eat lunch, but he listened to her patiently. "My poor girl," he said at last, "you seem honest and truthful, and you don't wear hoop-skirts. I will pardon your brother."

Less favorable was his comment on a new gown of Mrs. Lincoln's. "Whew, our cat has a long tail tonight," he remarked, as he noticed the train that his wife swished behind her. Then, as he glanced at the low-cut neck, he added. "Mother, in my opinion you would be in better style if some of that tail were nearer the head!"

Madame Lillie de Hegermann-Lindencrone, famous singer, once came to the White House to sing for Lincoln, notoriously no lover of music. But the President was very kind to her. "Music is not much in my line," he said, "but you warble yourself into a man's heart. I think I might become a musician if I heard you often, but so far I know only two tunes." " 'Hail, Columbia'?" asked the prima donna; "You know that, I'm sure." "Oh, yes, I know that, because I have to stand up and take off my hat." "And the other one?" "The other one? Oh, that's the one when I don't stand up." This was at a time when "Hail, Columbia" was our national anthem.

Office-seekers were a never-ceasing bother, and one day, when his doctor was treating him for an annoying rash, Lincoln purposely allowed a politician out for a job to come in and see him. "That rash is all over me," he said, winking at the doctor. "What do you think I've got?" "I'm afraid it may be smallpox," replied the doctor gravely. "Well, good-bye," said the officer-seeker. "Stop, I want to talk to you," urged Lincoln. "You know some folks couldn't take my election; some couldn't take my rough Western manners. But now at last I've got some-

thing everybody can take!" "Good-bye!" said the man as he hurried out.

Sometimes people came into the White House with no selfish object in view—they merely wanted to see Lincoln. One handsome lady came all the way from Dubuque, Iowa, for that purpose and, on Gideon Welles's intercession, was admitted. "Well, in the matter of looking at one another," said the President, "the advantage is all mine."

Lincoln of course had no illusions regarding his own appearance, and once explained how he had become the owner of a certain large jackknife. He was accosted by a stranger, who said to him, "Excuse me, sir, but I have an article which belongs to you," and he handed him the jackknife. Lincoln asked for an explanation. "This knife," the stranger stated, "was given to me years ago with the injunction that I was to keep it until I found a man uglier than I was. Allow me to say, sir, that you are fairly entitled to it."

Another story on the same subject that he liked to tell described how he once stood before a mirror and saw, as he said, "What an awfully ugly man I was. The fact grew on me, and I made up my mind that I must be the ugliest man in the world. This thought so maddened me that I resolved, should I ever see an uglier, I would shoot him on sight. Not long after this Andy—" naming a lawyer who was present "—came to town, and the first time I saw him I said, 'There's the man.' I went home, took down my shotgun, and prowled around the street waiting for him. He soon came along. 'Halt, Andy,' I called out, as I pointed the gun at him; 'say your prayers, because I'm going to shoot you!' 'Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter? What have I done?' asked Andy. 'Well, I took an oath that if I ever saw an uglier man than I was, I'd shoot him on the spot. You are uglier, sure; so, make ready

to die.' 'Mr. Lincoln, do you really think I'm uglier than you are?' 'Yes,' I assured him. 'Well, Mr. Lincoln,' said Andy looking me square in the face, 'if I am uglier, fire away.'"

Lincoln did not have any more pride of ancestry than of appearance, and once remarked, "I don't know who my grandfather was, and I am much more concerned to know what his grandson will be." Someone once asked him whether his wife's family, the Todds, spelled their name with one *d* or two *d*'s. He replied, "God is satisfied with one *d*, but the Todds need two." A lady once demanded a colonelcy for her son, reciting a long list of ancestors who had fought in various wars of the United States. Lincoln refused her request, with the comment, "I guess, madam, your family has done enough for the country. It's time we gave somebody else a chance." A Prussian count similarly tried to impress Lincoln when he came to him with a request for a high position in the American Army. He recited a long list of the achievements of his ancestors for several centuries. "Well," Lincoln interrupted, "that need not trouble you. That will not be in your way if you behave yourself like a soldier."

Lincoln's humility and his gift for retort were exhibited in his encounter with a foreign diplomat who was admitted to his presence at the White House and found the President blacking his shoes. "What, Mr. President," he inquired, "you black your own shoes?" "Yes," Lincoln answered, "whose do you black?"

Lincoln, incidentally, once explained his frequent colds by saying that there was so much of him on the ground.

At a dinner party, somebody kept on extolling a certain historian, a writer on ancient Greece. Lincoln kept on remarking that he found this historian very difficult reading. At last the historian's eulogist said in some annoyance, "But you surely must admit, Mr. President, that

no scholar of our generation has plunged more deeply into the fount of learning!" "Yes, or come up drier," said Lincoln.

Lincoln in the White House loved to recall his amusing experiences as a young lawyer and on his early campaigns. A visitor once mentioned a judge he knew. "That judge," Lincoln recalled, "held the strongest ideas of rigid government and close construction of any man I ever met. It was said of him on one occasion that he would hang a man for blowing his nose into the street, but he would quash the indictment if it failed to specify which hand he blew it with."

Lincoln remembered another Illinois judge who had been hearing a long, dull case all of a hot afternoon. When the opposing lawyers had completed their addresses to the jury, the judge arose to charge them. "Gentlemen of the jury," he began, savagely brushing a pair of hungry flies from his shiny bald head, "you have heard all the evidence. If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you, your verdict will be for the plaintiff. But on the other hand, if you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. But if you are like me, and don't believe what either of them has said, then I'll be hanged if I know what you will do."

A gentleman driving along the road to Springfield was accosted by Lincoln with the inquiry, "Will you have the goodness, sir, to take my overcoat to town?" "With pleasure," replied the stranger, "but how will you get it again?" "Oh, very readily," replied Lincoln, "as I intend to remain in it." This must make Lincoln one of our earliest hitch-hikers.

An old inhabitant of some town in which Lincoln had spoken came to him after one of his addresses and said,

"Abe, that was a right smart speech, but there were some things that you said in it that were outside my reach." "I'm sorry to hear that," Lincoln replied. "I once had a dog that had the same trouble with fleas."

On one of his Congressional campaigns Lincoln attended some services conducted by a certain Rev. Peter Cartwright. At one point in the devotional exercises Cartwright called on all to stand who wished to go to heaven. All stood but Lincoln. Then he asked all to rise who did not desire to go to hell. Again Lincoln remained seated, and Cartwright commented in severe tones, "I am surprised to see Abe Lincoln back there unmoved by these appeals. If Mr. Lincoln does not want to go to heaven and does not want to escape hell, perhaps he will tell us where he does want to go." "I am going to Congress," said Lincoln.

When an auditor in one of his audiences arose and cried out excitedly, "God Almighty and Abe Lincoln will surely save the country!" Lincoln replied drily, "My friend, you are half right."

Once, when a jury was being drawn, the opposing lawyer challenged a man because of his acquaintance with Lincoln. Such an objection was in those days regarded as a personal reflection on any attorney, and the presiding judge promptly disallowed the challenge. But when Lincoln rose to examine the jurors in turn, he gravely followed his opponent's lead and began to ask each man in turn whether he knew the opposing counsel. After two or three had answered in the affirmative, the judge interrupted by saying, "Now, Mr. Lincoln, you are wasting time. The mere fact that the juror knows your opponent does not disqualify him." "No, your honor," answered Lincoln, "but I am afraid that some of the gentlemen may *not* know him, which would place me at a disadvantage."

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One may recall Lincoln's injunction that "no man has a good enough memory to be a successful liar," his description of Harriet Beecher Stowe as "the little woman who wrote the great book," and his hyperbolical account of something which was "as thin as the soup that was made by boiling the shadow of a pigeon that had starved to death." Perhaps too one ought to report an instance of Lincoln hero-worship that came to the attention of a University of Wisconsin professor. "Lincoln," wrote a freshman, "was born in a log cabin that he built with his own hands."

William Dean Howells called Mark Twain
"the Lincoln of our literature."

MARK TWAIN'S SCHOOLDAYS

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

IT WAS DECIDED that Little Sam was now ready to go to school. He was about five years old, and the months on the farm had left him wiry and lively, even if not very robust. His mother declared that he gave her more trouble than all the other children put together.

"He drives me crazy with his didoes when he is in the house," she used to say; "and when he is out of it, I am expecting every minute that some one will bring him home half dead."

He did, in fact, achieve the first of his "nine narrow escapes from drowning" about this time, and was pulled out of the river one afternoon and brought home in a limp and unpromising condition. When with mullein

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tea and castor oil she had restored him to activity, she said:

"I guess there wasn't much danger. People born to be hanged are safe in water."

She declared she was willing to pay somebody to take him off her hands for part of each day and try to teach him manners. Perhaps this is a good place to say that Jane Clemens was the original of Tom Sawyer's Aunt Polly, and her portrait as presented in that book is considered perfect. Kind-hearted, fearless, looking and acting ten years older than her age, as women did in that time, always outspoken and sometimes severe, she was regarded as a "character" by her friends, and beloved by them as a charitable, sympathetic woman whom it was good to know. Her sense of pity was abnormal. She refused to kill even flies, and punished the cat for catching mice. She would drown the young kittens, when necessary, but warmed the water for the purpose. On coming to Hannibal, she joined the Presbyterian Church, and her religion was of that clean-cut, strenuous kind which regards as necessary institutions hell and Satan, though she had been known to express pity for the latter for being obliged to surround himself with such poor society. Her children she directed with considerable firmness, and all were tractable and growing in grace except Little Sam. Even baby Henry at two was lisping the prayers that Sam would let go by default unless carefully guarded. His sister Pamela, who was eight years older and always loved him dearly, usually supervised these spiritual exercises, and in her gentle care earned immortality as the Cousin Mary of Tom Sawyer. He would say his prayers willingly enough when encouraged by his sister Pamela, but he much preferred to sit up in bed and tell astonishing tales of the day's adventure—tales which made prayer seem a futile corrective and caused his listeners to wonder why the

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lightning was restrained so long. They did not know they were glimpsing the first outcroppings of a genius that would one day amaze and entertain the nations. Neighbors hearing these things remonstrated with Mrs. Clemens.

"You don't believe anything that child says, I hope."

"Oh yes, I know his average. I discount him ninety per cent. The rest is pure gold." At another time she said: "Sammy is a well of truth, but you can't bring it all up in one bucket."

A certain Mrs. E. Horr was selected to receive the payment for taking charge of Little Sam during several hours each day, directing him mentally and morally in the meantime. Her school was then in a log house on Main Street (later it was removed to Third Street), and was of the primitive old-fashioned kind, with pupils of all ages, ranging in advancement from the primer to the third reader, from the tables to long division, with a little geography and grammar and a good deal of spelling. Long division and the third reader completed the curriculum in that school. Pupils who decided to take a postgraduate course went to a Mr. Cross, who taught in a frame house on the hill facing what is now the Public Square.

Mrs. Horr received twenty-five cents a week for each pupil, and opened her school with prayer; after which came a chapter of the Bible, with explanations, and the rules of conduct. Then the A B C class was called, because their recital was a hand-to-hand struggle, requiring no preparation.

The rules of conduct that first day interested Little Sam. He calculated how much he would need to trim in, to sail close to the danger-line and still avoid disaster. He made a miscalculation during the forenoon and received warning; a second offense would mean punishment. He did not mean to be caught the second time, but he had

not learned Mrs. Horr yet, and presently was startled by being commanded to go out and bring a stick for his own correction.

This certainly was disturbing. It was sudden, and then he did not know much about the selection of sticks. Jane Clemens ordinarily used her hand. It required a second command to get him headed in the right direction, and he was a trifle dazed when he got outside. He had the forests of Missouri to select from, but choice was difficult. Everything looked too big and competent. Even the smallest switch had a wiry, discouraging look. Across the way was a cooper shop with a good many shavings outside. One had blown across and lay just in front of him. It was an inspiration. He picked it up and, solemnly entering the schoolroom, meekly handed it to Mrs. Horr.

Perhaps Mrs. Horr's sense of humor prompted forgiveness, but discipline must be maintained.

"Samuel Langhorne Clemens," she said (he had never heard it all strung together in that ominous way), "I am ashamed of you! Jimmy Dunlap, go and bring a switch for Sammy." And Jimmy Dunlap went, and the switch was of a sort to give the little boy an immediate and permanent distaste for school. He informed his mother when he went home at noon he did not care for school; that he had no desire to be a great man; that he had no desire to be a big man; that he preferred to be a pirate or an Indian and scalp or drown such people as Mrs. Horr. Down in her heart his mother was sorry for him, but what she said was that she was glad there was somebody at last who could take him in hand.

He returned to school, but he never learned to like it. Each morning he went with reluctance and remained with loathing—the loathing which he always had for anything resembling bondage and tyranny or even the smallest curtailment of liberty. A school was ruled with a rod in

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those days, a busy and efficient rod, as the Scripture recommended. Of the smaller boys, Little Sam's back was sore as often as the next, and he dreamed mainly of a day when, grown big and fierce, he would descend with his band and capture Mrs. Horr and probably drag her by the hair, as he had seen Indians and pirates do in the pictures. When the days of early summer came again; when from his desk he could see the sunshine lighting the soft green of Holliday's Hill, with the purple distance beyond, and the glint of the river, it seemed to him that to be shut up with a Webster's spelling-book and a cross teacher was more than human nature could bear. Among the records preserved from that far-off day there remains a yellow slip, whereon in neat oldfashioned penmanship is inscribed:

MISS PAMELA CLEMENS

Has won the love of her teacher and schoolmates by her amiable deportment and faithful application to her various studies.

E. Horr, TEACHER

If any such testimonial was ever awarded to Little Sam, diligent search has failed to reveal it. If he won the love of his teacher and playmates it was probably for other reasons.

Yet he must have learned, somehow, for he could read presently and was soon regarded as a good speller for his years. His spelling came as a natural gift, as did most of his attainments, then and later.

It has already been mentioned that Mrs. Horr opened her school with prayer and scriptural readings. Little Sam did not especially delight in these things, but he respected them. Not to do so was dangerous. Flames were being

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kept brisk for little boys who were heedless of sacred matters; his home teaching convinced him of that. He also respected Mrs. Horr as an example of orthodox faith, and when she read the text "Ask and ye shall receive" and assured them that whoever prayed for a thing earnestly, his prayer would be answered, he believed it. A small schoolmate, the baker's daughter, brought gingerbread to school every morning, and Little Sam was just "honing" for some of it. He wanted a piece of that baker's gingerbread more than anything else in the world, and he decided to pray for it.

The little girl sat in front of him, but always until that morning had kept the gingerbread out of sight. Now, however, when he finished his prayer and looked up, a small morsel of the precious food lay in front of him. Perhaps the little girl could no longer stand that hungry look in his eyes. Possibly she had heard his petition; at all events his prayer bore fruit and his faith at that moment would have moved Holliday's Hill. He decided to pray for everything he wanted, but when he tried the gingerbread supplication next morning it had no result. Grieved, but still unshaken, he tried next morning again; still no gingerbread; and when a third and fourth effort left him hungry, he grew despairing and silent, and then wore the haggard face of doubt. His mother said:

"What's the matter, Sammy; are you sick?"

"No," he said, "but I don't believe in saying prayers any more, and I'm never going to do it again."

"Why Sammy, what in the world has happened?" she asked, anxiously. Then he broke down and cried on her lap and told her, for it was a serious thing in that day openly to repudiate faith. Jane Clemens gathered him to her heart and comforted him.

"I'll make you a whole pan of gingerbread, better than

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that," she said, "and school will be soon out, too, and you can go back to Uncle John's farm."

And so passed and ended Little Sam's first schooldays.

EULOGY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT (Speech at Dedication of Theodore Roosevelt Memorial)

BY FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

THIS MEMORIAL, the corner stone of which I laid, and in the dedication of which I am privileged to participate this afternoon, is typical of Theodore Roosevelt. It reflects the universality of his mind and of his interests. Its decorations—in place or in planning—tell part of the story of his life, his work and his play; they depict the construction of the Panama Canal in which he was the dominating spirit; the Treaty of Portsmouth, which ended the Russo-Japanese War; the quest for scientific knowledge which carried him into the African jungle; symbolic figures of fauna and flora to tell generations to come of his interest in nature and in conservation—all bear witness to his intense vitality and to his varied contributions to our national culture. The Roosevelt Memorial Commission has been faithful in executing its trust.

The quotations on these walls, too, bring us their message out of the rich storehouse of his written words.

"Conservation means development as much as it does protection"—a text which ought to be emblazoned in every treatise on the care and perpetuation of our national resources.

Or this: "The nation behaves well if it treats the natural resources as assets which it must turn over to the next generation increased, and not impaired, in value."

From his writings in the realm of statecraft we find this: "A great democracy must be progressive or it will soon cease to be great or a democracy." It is his warning

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to us of this day and generation that eternal progress is still the price of liberty.

It is fitting that this memorial perpetuating the life and work of one who stirred such great interest in the field of natural history should itself be an adjunct of the American Museum of Natural History. My friend, the late Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, so long the head of this noble institution for the increase and diffusion of scientific knowledge, and for many years a devoted colleague of him in whose honor we are gathered today, advocated this memorial soon after Theodore Roosevelt's death.

Each and every one of us feels sorry today that Professor Osborn could not have lived to take part in this, the culmination of his great desire; we know that his spirit is with us.

This memorial of such noble architectural proportions is withal intimate and vital. Above all things it is useful. There was an intimate quality about Theodore Roosevelt which all of us who knew him recall at this hour. We think of him not as an abstract being dwelling apart on the heights but rather as a friendly soul pervading this very hall which we are dedicating in his memory.

Theodore Roosevelt possessed talents and abilities unusual even among leaders of men. Whatever he did, he did with all of his might.

With this spirit of vital activity, be it also remembered that he received the Nobel Peace Prize. In him was combined a passion for righteousness and that strong sense of justice which found expression in the "Square Deal." Race, creed, color were not determining factors with him. He took a man for what he was.

"A man who is good enough to shed his blood for his country," said he at Springfield, Illinois, on a Fourth of July, "is good enough to be given a square meal after-

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wards. More than that no man is entitled to, and less than that no man shall have."

In his first Message to Congress he had written: "The most vital problem with which this country, and, for that matter, the whole civilized world has to deal, is the problem which has for one side the betterment of social conditions, moral and physical, in large cities, and for another side the effort to deal with that tangle of far-reaching questions which we group together when we speak of 'labor.'"

This creed for social justice may be found in these quotations from later messages:

"In the vast and complicated mechanism of our modern civilized life, the dominant note is the note of industrialism; and the relations of capital and labor, and especially of organized capital and organized labor, to each other, and to the public at large, come second in importance only to the intimate questions of family life."

"The corporation has come to stay, just as the trade union has come to stay. Each can do and has done great good. Each should be favored as long as it does good, but each should be sharply checked where it acts against law and justice."

We still remember how those whom he denounced with righteous wrath winced under the stigma of such flashing epithets as "malefactors of great wealth," "the wealthy criminal class," and the "lunatic fringe." He had a gift for pungent phrases and boiled down his whole political philosophy into such a homely and popular maxim as "speak softly but carry a big stick." No wonder that John Morley said in 1904: "The two things in America which seem to me most extraordinary are Niagara Falls and President Roosevelt."

With clearness of vision, of energy, of unfaltering faith, he labored through his entire strenuous career to trans-

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form politics from a corrupt traffic to a public service. With a very passion for justice and equality before the law, he sought with voice and pen, with every resource at his command, to obtain for men everywhere their constitutional guarantee of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

I have purposely emphasized the many-sidedness of his character. That extraordinary range of interests makes difficult the task of anyone who would adequately summarize his career and achievements. Varied as were his political activities, the scope of his literary interests was no less extended. His volumes on American history, on current problems, and on his own experiences as hunter and explorer captured the interest of the American people.

We know how he loved the great outdoors. He loved the life of the boundless plains which he had known as a rancher in the West. He found strength in the wilderness. He knew the birds and animals and trees and plants and flowers.

And so he worked and wrought and wrote. His familiarity with literature, with history and biography, was reflected alike in his private writings and in his public utterances. Who but he could have given Bunyan's "Man-with-the-Muckrake" the emphasis which he gave it thirty years ago so that the term "muckraker" passed into the language and is current with us to this day?

He enriched and enlarged and extended our cultural horizon. Out of the rich experiences he had known, his mind received a cast which later was reflected when he infused action and life and color into what before his time had been a somewhat dull and drab statecraft.

Everything about him was big, vital, national. He was able to see great problems in their true perspective because he looked at the nation as a whole. There was noth-

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ing narrow or local or sectional about him. It is not for me here today to speak of the final place which history will accord Theodore Roosevelt; but we know and the Nation knows and the world knows that Theodore Roosevelt was a great patriot and a great soul.

When he died, the secretary of his class at Harvard, in sending to his classmates a notice of his passing, added this quotation from *Pilgrim's Progress*:

"After this it was noised abroad that Mr. Valiant-for-truth was taken with a summons by the same post as the other, and had this for a token that the summons was true, 'That his pitcher was broken at the fountain.' When he understood it, he called for his friends and told them of it. Then he said, 'I am going to my Father's, and though with great difficulty I have got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who now will be my rewarder.'"

One of our greatest judges was Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. While he was still alive he received this glowing tribute.

JUSTICE HOLMES

BY BEVERLY SMITH

WHEN Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes resigned, at the age of ninety-one, after thirty years as a member of the United States Supreme Court, Herbert Hoover said:

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"I know of no American retiring from public life with such a sense of affection and devotion of the whole people."

For strict accuracy, however, the words of Mr. Hoover must, with deference, be amended to read "affection and devotion of those who know him." The people as a whole know surprisingly little about Justice Holmes. Jurists all over the world honor him. They know that his book, *The Common Law*, still stands as a classic after fifty years; that his name will be linked in American Constitutional history with that of John Marshall, and that he has given to legal thinking a new realism and vitality which will be increasingly felt in the years to come. But to most of us he remains little more than a name. Lawyers find this hard to believe. A lawyer friend of mine said to me:

"But Holmes is the greatest living American. Of course everybody knows about him."

The conclusion does not necessarily follow. We Americans regard the Supreme Court with reverence. We rise up in anger when any reflection is cast upon it. But we have, generally, only the vaguest notion of its membership and powers. And that vagueness extends even to Holmes, its most brilliant member for thirty years past. I have talked with that abused citizen, "the man in the street." I have asked all kinds of people, in casual conversation, what they could tell me about Justice Holmes.

Here are some of the answers:

From a policeman: "Maybe he's over at General Sessions. Supreme Court? No, I never heard of him." From an aisle manager in a department store: "Gee, I don't know. Why don't you ask the manager up in the office?" From a poorly dressed man on a park bench: "What are you tryin' to do, kid me? Holmes is the judge who just retired from the Supreme Court." From a delicatessen dealer: "Never heard of him. What you want to

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know for? Write an article? Why don't you write about my store—it's the cleanest in town." And from a bright young mechanic a reply that might have pleased Holmes himself: "Sure, he's on the Supreme Court. He's one of the young judges that always disagrees with the old birds."

Of all the replies, more than four-fifths were the brief "Never heard of him." Possibly I struck an exceptionally rich vein of ignorance. I don't think so. They seemed to be the usual run of people. Certainly all could have answered correctly in a split second on Jimmy Walker, Greta Garbo, Al Capone, or Babe Ruth.

Justice Holmes would not wish it otherwise. He has no desire to be a popular idol. At the very prospect, I imagine, he would express his dissent in Civil War language which would sear the printed page and cause the sound apparatus of a news reel camera to burst into flame. He does not give interviews. He is not interested in publicity. It is inconceivable to him that anyone should be interested in his life apart from his legal writings. When biographers ask him for details he says, "Since 1865 there have been no biographical details."

Yet it seems a pity that we should not know a little more about this man while he still lives among us. He has lived a grand life. As a soldier—in the Civil War he was often wounded, twice seriously; as a thinker, and as a judge, his courage has never faltered. He has kept bright the American ideal of freedom of thought and speech, and labored to make the Constitution a living instrument of guidance rather than a dead hand to hold us back. And, with all the weight of his learning, he is one of the gayest, wittiest, most charming men alive.

Americans, busy with the conquest of a continent, have during the last century honored their men of action rather than their thinkers. From this, perhaps, has grown

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up the idea that doing much thinking is tiresome and unprofitable. Thought is a bore, and the thinker, we suspect, is a dull dog, a grind, an impractical theorist. This tradition, it seems to me, has diverted many of the best young American minds into so-called "practical" pursuits. Nowadays we are beginning to believe that we should be better off if some of our leaders had devoted less energy to action and more to thought. A glance at the life of Holmes ought to dispel the foolish idea that thought is "dull." Thinking can be the hardest work in the world. But Holmes has shown that it can also be a glorious and exciting adventure.

And when he, who knows so well the heroism of the battlefield, says that thinking may be heroic, we believe him.

"To think great thoughts you must be heroes as well as idealists," he writes. "Only when you have worked alone—when you have felt around you a black gulf of solitude more isolating than that which surrounds the dying man, and in hope and in despair have trusted to your own unshaken will—then only will you have achieved. Thus only can you gain the secret, isolated joy of the thinker, who knows that, a hundred years after he is dead and forgotten, men who never heard of him will be moving to the measure of his thought—the subtle rapture of a postponed power, which the world knows not because it has no external trappings, but which to his prophetic vision is more real than that which commands an army."

Holmes's influence upon all who have known him cannot be explained by his ideas alone, nor by the vigor and flash of the prose in which he clothes his philosophy. There is about him a personal charm as strong as magic.

It resides partly in his fine physical presence. The tall, soldierly figure, only recently a little stooped with age.

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The snowy whiteness of his hair, his bushy eyebrows, his jauntily flowing mustaches. The aquiline features, the gray-blue eyes, now stern, now snapping with inner laughter. And with this is his manner, the courtliness of a vanished day. There is a flattering assumption, even to the very young, that you are his equal, man to man.

The magic works upon all kinds of men. It has been felt by statesmen—Theodore Roosevelt, Lord Bryce, Viscount Morley, Jusserand; by judges—Charles Evans Hughes and Louis D. Brandeis; by philosophers and professors, by students who have served as his secretaries. The intellectuals vie with one another in their eulogies, each feeling that he understands Holmes a little better than the others.

And when you talk with his neighbors in the little village of Beverly Farms, Mass., where Holmes has passed his summers since he was a boy, you find that they feel the same way about him. They are proud of the eminent visitors who come to see the justice, but somehow he has gracefully made them feel that he likes his old neighbors just a little bit better than he does all the statesmen and professors and diplomats.

One day I was talking with James Emo, watchman at the railroad crossing near Justice Holmes's summer home. He was telling me how the justice, taking his morning constitutional, stopped every day to chat with him. He did not speak of the justice as a celebrity, but as a friend whom it had been great good luck to know.

"The justice was interested in Rex, my Newfoundland dog, which used to be with me here at the crossing," Mr. Emo explained. "He would always ask me about Rex's health and habits. Wanted to know whether Rex could tell from the whistle which way the train was coming from, and talked about how Rex, when the train was

coming on the near track, would get up and move over about twenty feet."

From the way Mr. Emo's face lighted up, I could see that Holmes's inquiries had given him a new and special interest in Rex. Just so I have seen a professor's face light up when Holmes showed an interest in an essay on the nature of certain points in the Constitution. Just so, throughout his long years, the vividness of Holmes's interest in life has kindled the interest of other men. . . .

On March 9, 1841, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, a young Boston physician later to be noted as the author of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, wrote to his sister to announce the birth on the preceding day of his first son. The child, he suggested, might some day be a member of Congress or President, but at the moment was "scratching his face and sucking his right forefinger."

Think for a moment of the changes which that child, now our Justice Holmes, has witnessed in his lifetime. In 1841 America was a sparsely populated rural nation of twenty millions, its cities scattered chiefly along the Atlantic seaboard. Chicago was a village and the West was a wilderness. Texas was an independent state, and the gold rush which opened up California was in the undreamed-of future.

But Boston was already coming into its golden age. Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whittier, and Lowell walked its streets and hobnobbed with Holmes, Sr., at the Parker House. It was in such a tradition, and under the influence especially of Emerson, that young Holmes grew up.

He graduated from Harvard in 1861, and that summer marched away for Virginia with the 20th Massachusetts—the regiment which was to stand among the first half dozen in the North in percentage of losses.

Holmes saw his share. Wounded twice at Ball's Bluff,

the second bullet missing the heart by half an inch. The surgeons guessed the wound was mortal, but he recovered and was invalided home. Back again for the mud, rain, scurvy, dysentery, and heartbreaking reverses of the Peninsular campaign. Wounded again at Antietam. Shot through the neck and left for dead on the battlefield. Picked up at night by some farmer boys, nursed back to life, and invalided home again. Back once more with his company in the fall, and in the spring, at Chancellorsville, his foot shattered by shrapnel. There was talk of amputation, but the foot healed and still again he returned to the front.

He was not wounded again. Apparently the Confederate marksmen gave him up as a bad job. What was the good of wasting bullets on him? He always came back, anyway.

Never did life open up more pleasantly and temptingly for a young man than for Holmes after the war. He was the young hero, an officer, tall, dashing, and debonair. Good looks, social position, son of a famous author. The ladies doted on him; the men sought him out as a drinking companion. And Holmes liked it. No man enjoyed a good drink, a good dinner, a good play and the conversation of charming women more than he. But life meant more to him than this.

The war had given Holmes something which he could never have found in the genteel Brahmin tradition. Battle had brought him up with a jolt against the realities which no pretty literature can express. He himself has said it best:

"In our youth our hearts were touched with fire. It was given us to learn at the outset that life is a profound and passionate thing."

And it was with passion that he flung himself into the study of the law. He knew well that its study can be

dry and technical, its practice a sordid scramble for clients, a winning of cases which were better lost. But he knew too, as he has said, that "Every calling is great when greatly pursued." This idea is central in his philosophy. He recurs to it again and again. Whatever you do, do it with all your might: "The joy of life is to put out one's power in some natural and useful or harmless way. There is no other. And the real misery is not to do this."

During the next fifteen years, as student, practicing lawyer, and contributor to the reviews, Holmes went after the law with all his might. His friends were afraid that he was working himself to death. He wasn't content to learn the rules; he tracked down the history of the rules to find how they originated, and why, and whether they had outlived their usefulness. Grappling with the endless perplexities of the law, he fought to see clearly its purpose and meaning in the lives of men.

The mighty judges and scholars of England, who had always been rather sniffish toward American efforts at legal learning, sat up one day in 1881, pushed aside their port, and rubbed their eyes. Here was a book, *The Common Law*, by an American, a young fellow named Holmes, who actually had something to say. Here was a new view of the common law. The law was not a set of sacred and eternal principles magically drawn by the judges from a mass of dead precedents. The law was a body of rules based on experience, living and growing to serve man's changing destiny.

In this book Holmes anticipated the modern teachings of the law by a generation. He brought the law down to earth, carved it to human proportions, gave it a new vitality to serve man's needs.

The book was as good as a passport to membership in any court in the world, and in the following year, 1882, his own state honored him for it. Holmes was appointed

justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. He was then forty-one years old. "To think of it," his father commented. "My little boy a judge and able to send me to jail if I don't behave myself." Holmes remained a member of the court for twenty years, the last three years of the period as chief justice.

Conventional Boston was just a trifle puzzled by the new justice. Unquestionably an aristocrat, they agreed, but with queer democratic leanings. He consorted with all kinds of people. Why, he seemed to consider the individual more important than his social position! He believed the rights of labor were as important as the rights of property!

He was invariably courteous to the members of the bar, but sometimes the courtesy only half concealed a biting impatience with pomposity, verbosity, and pretense. He once advised a long-winded attorney to take a course of reading in French novels, and thus learn the value of innuendo. The bar was also scandalized to learn that the justice sometimes went to a burlesque show. On one such occasion, it was reported, after a joke from the stage calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of a top sergeant, Justice Holmes was heard to say devoutly to himself:

"Thank God I am a man of low tastes."

But the bar knew, and everyone knew, that there was no chink in the bright armor of Holmes's personal integrity. And the wiser minds knew that the highest court of Massachusetts was honored by the presence of one of the great legal thinkers of the ages.

On December 2, 1902, President Theodore Roosevelt appointed Chief Justice Holmes of Massachusetts a member of the United States Supreme Court. In a speech of farewell to members of the Boston Bar, after mentioning the difficulties of the task that lay before him, Holmes ex-

pressed his faith, as so often, in a military figure of speech:

"But, gentlemen, it is a great adventure, and that thought brings with it a mighty joy. To have one's chance to do one's share in shaping the laws of the whole country, spreads over one the hush that one used to feel when awaiting the beginning of a battle . . .

"We will not falter. We will not fail. We will reach the earthworks if we live, and if we fail we will leave our spirit in those who follow, and they will not turn back. All is ready. Bugler, blow the charge."

How nobly he has fulfilled that high resolve only those who understand the nature of the judicial process can appreciate. Judges do little that can be described in the headlines. Abrupt and obvious changes in the laws are made only by the legislatures. The judges can only fill the gaps in the clear meaning of statute and precedent.

This much can be said: Holmes's influence has always been on the side of individual freedom of thought and speech—"not free thought for those who agree with us, but freedom for the thought we hate"—and in favor of allowing legislatures a considerable freedom of experiment in legislation. To him the Constitution is not a straitjacket. "To rest upon a formula is a slumber that, prolonged, means death." Only by trial and error can mankind learn on this earth.

Because of the brilliance of some of his dissenting opinions there is a popular belief that Justice Holmes has almost always disagreed with his colleagues. He has even been called the Great Dissenter. As a matter of fact he dissented in only about one tenth of the cases that came before the Supreme Court in his thirty years of service. In nine-tenths of his opinions he agreed with the majority.

Another mistaken belief is that Holmes is a radical. "He's not a radical; he's not a conservative," one of his

friends told me. "He's just an honest, intelligent man." The conservative wants to change nothing; the radical wants to change everything; Holmes sees change as the law of life and growth and wants only to see that it comes about in an orderly fashion and "according to the rules."

His greatest service of all perhaps has been to give judges everywhere a new *method of approach* to the law. The law is not man's master but his servant. It must grow and change to fit his ever-changing needs. "It is revolting," he has written, "to have no better reason for a rule of law than that so it was laid down in the time of Henry IV. It is still more revolting if the grounds upon which it was laid down have vanished long since, and the rule simply persists from blind imitation of the past."

Judges must not be enslaved by words and formulas, he finds. They must "think *things*."

Nor does Holmes allow formulas to interfere with his way of life. If he had followed a conventional social life he could never have accomplished so much work or ranged so widely in his reading. The routine glitter of Washington official life does not appeal to him.

He would rather play solitaire, or ride out to Rock Creek Park to note the changing colors of the flowers, or go to the Smithsonian Institution with Justice Brandeis to study the new biological specimens, or stroll about the National Zoo, watching the bears get fat and roaring with laughter as he listens to Dr. William M. Mann, director of the Zoo, who tells what he says are the best animal stories in the world.

He does not let social convention dictate his friendships. He does not like every Tom, Dick, and Harry. In fact, he is extremely discriminating. But the discrimination is not based on wealth or social class or race or education. He looks straight through all these things for the quality in the man himself. Honesty, naturalness, straight-

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forwardness, courtesy, common sense—these always appeal to him. And when he likes a man, that man likes him. His servants fairly worship the ground he walks on—which is a pretty good endorsement for any man.

One of Holmes's favorites used to be John Mallow, a barber who had a shop above the Old Corner Bookstore in Boston. The justice, before leaving Washington to go north for his summer vacation, would let his hair grow quite long so that he could have the pleasure of John's ministrations and conversation. The learned Justice of the Supreme Court, who had been bored during his life by so many eminent and pretentious men, would sometimes linger in the chair for more than an hour chuckling at John's talk.

One day Holmes asked John where he would like to go on his vacation. John named a little place in Vermont which he and his wife had longed to revisit.

"Then that is just where you are going," Holmes said. "Let me know all that it costs."

To talk with Justice Holmes is an adventure. "He is today, as ever, the best company in Washington," said Chief Justice Charles E. Hughes recently. His talk carries a special exhilaration. "If this man, so brave and wise, so old and yet so youthful, finds life so good," you think to yourself, "it must be good."

One great piece of good luck Justice Holmes has had in his life. He found in Miss Fanny Dixwell, whom he married in 1872, his match and true companion. Her wit and high spirit were the equal of his own. She died in 1929, after fifty-seven years of a marriage which their friends said was like a honeymoon to the end.

They began their marriage living in a flat over a drug store in Boston, Mrs. Holmes cooking the breakfast. Later she was hostess at the most brilliant and entertaining dinner parties in Washington. Never did she let the dig-

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nity of the Supreme Court put a damper on her spirits. She liked to go to fires. In their early days in Washington, when a fire engine came past the house, she would say, "Come on, Wendell, let's go." And she and the Justice of the Supreme Court would race hand in hand after the engines.

She kept her husband amused and guessing to the last. She did not hesitate to call him sharply to account occasionally, especially about his clothes and his health. All his suits, she declared, had been purchased before the Civil War. As for his health, he did not seem interested. Today, when he is asked to what he attributes his extraordinary age and vigor, he replies, "To bad air and lack of exercise." But when Mrs. Holmes insisted on some point affecting his welfare, he would always obey, except in one thing: He would not eat tapioca pudding. He had too much of it as a child, apparently. He still refers to it scornfully as "stickjaw."

Holmes's wit is not easily reproduced on paper. It is spontaneous and flows from the circumstances of the moment. Justice William R. Day, one of Holmes's colleagues, was a frail, tiny mite of a man. One day his son, a big six-footer, appeared before the Supreme Court and argued his case ably. Holmes scribbled a note and passed it along to his fellow judges: "A block off the old chip."

One day a burglar was arrested in the home of a Washington woman. The next evening she was telling Holmes about it. "I went right down to the jail and talked to that burglar," she said earnestly. "I told him how evil his way of life was. I told him how much happier he would be if he reformed. I talked to him for two hours."

"Poor man," murmured Holmes. "Poor man!"

As befits a student of words and an old soldier of the Army of the Potomac, he has a striking artistry in the use of profanity, when he is among intimates. But he

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yields the palm here to his old friendly enemies, the Confederates. "Young feller," he said one day to a friend, "you will never appreciate the potentialities of the English language until you have heard a Southern mule driver search the soul of a mule."

He is intensely American. Nothing so exasperates him as the man who praises everything European as superior to everything American. He has a deep feeling for the romance, power, and spirit which carved this nation out of the wilderness. He wants this country to be, truly, the land of the free and the home of the brave. But there is nothing of the jingo or the narrow nationalist about his attitude. He appreciates the greatness in the traditions of other lands, and is deeply read in their literatures.

The extent of his reading is almost incredible. He has been at it since boyhood. When you read voraciously every day for eighty years you cover a lot of territory. He has absorbed the literature of the Greeks and the Romans, sometimes in translations but "the purple passages in the original"; Dante and Rabelais and Shakespeare, Montesquieu and Darwin—the list is endless, and it stretches straight down to the present day. Ernest Hemingway, Milt Gross, Anita Loos, the light verse of James Montague and Samuel Hoffenstein, share his interest with heavy tomes of philosophy, psychology, and the law.

He likes young people and refreshes himself from their youth. Each year he has a new secretary, a young man selected from the honor graduates of the Harvard Law School. A year with him is a liberal education, eagerly sought after. And Holmes, indeed, seems to learn as much from these young men as they do from him. They are his liaison with the future. And he is demanding of their best energies. The young men, while they are his secretaries, must not become engaged to marry. "But I," he says, "reserve the right to die or resign."

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He is not much inclined to give advice to the youngsters. He rather doubts its value, holding that every man must work out his own philosophy. "The advice of the elders to young men," he once said, "is very apt to be as unreal as a list of the one hundred best books." A very eminent American told me, "Holmes's greatest influence is by his example. He is a gentleman and a civilized man. That is something very rare in the world. He is a thinker, and thinkers are more needed in America today than ever before in our history."

Holmes has never been interested in wealth or power. He has said, "Happiness, I am sure from having known many successful men, cannot be won simply by being counsel for great corporations and having an income of \$50,000 a year. . . . To an imagination of any scope the most far-reaching form of power is not money; it is the command of ideas."

Holmes's retirement from the bench has not greatly altered his way of life. He still passes his winters in Washington and his summers at Beverly Farms on the Massachusetts coast. His reading, his adventures among new ideas, his talks which are so rich for his old friends, continue as before.

On his ninetieth birthday, March 8, 1931, Justice Holmes was presented with a symposium of essays written by his friends. A microphone was brought into his study and he was persuaded to speak briefly in reply.

"In this symposium," he said, "my part is only to sit in silence. To express one's feelings as the end draws near is too intimate a task.

"But I may mention one thought that comes to me as a listener-in. The riders in a race do not stop short when they reach the goal. There is a little finishing canter before coming to a standstill. There is time to hear the kind voices of friends and to say to oneself, 'The work is done.'

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"But just as one says that, the answer comes: 'The race is over, but the work is never done while the power to work remains.'

"The canter that brings you to a standstill need not be only a coming to rest; it cannot be, while you still live. For to live is to function. That is all there is in living.

"And so I end with a line from a Latin poet who uttered the message more than fifteen hundred years ago: 'Death plucks my ear and says, "Live, I am coming."'"

(The great jurist passed away on March 6, 1935.)

Franklin D. Roosevelt was the most widely heard speaker of his day, and many people wondered how he prepared his great addresses. Robert E. Sherwood, famous playwright and Pulitzer Prize Winner, gives here "the inside story" of Roosevelt's speechmaking and a view of his personality. He was close to Mr. Roosevelt in the critical years of his administration.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, THE VOICE OF AMERICA

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

AS I HAVE SAID, Hopkins did not originate policy and then convince Roosevelt it was right. He had too much intelligence as well as respect for his Chief to attempt the role of mastermind. He made it his job to provide a sounding board for discussions of the best means of at-

Robert E. Sherwood: FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, THE VOICE OF AMERICA—From ROOSEVELT AND HOPKINS by Robert E. Sherwood. Copyright, 1948, by Robert E. Sherwood. Published by Harper & Brothers.

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taining the goals that the President set for himself. Roosevelt liked to think out loud, but his greatest difficulty was finding a listener who was both understanding and entirely trustworthy. That was Hopkins—and this was the process that Rosenman and I watched over and over again in the preparation of the speeches and messages in which Roosevelt made known his policies to the nation and to the world. The work that was put in on these speeches was prodigious, for Roosevelt with his acute sense of history knew that all of those words would constitute the bulk of the estate that he would leave to posterity and that his ultimate measurement would depend on the reconciliation of what he said with what he did. Therefore, utmost importance was attached to his public utterances and utmost care exercised in their preparation. In the previous chapter I have mentioned the Cleveland speech which took a night and a day to prepare, but such speed in preparation was unusual, even for a campaign speech, which was necessarily a creature of the moment. The important speeches sometimes required a week or more of hard labor, with a considerable amount of planning before the intensive work started. I don't know what was the record number of distinct drafts of a single speech but it must have been well over twelve, and in the final draft there might not be one sentence that had survived from the first draft. There were of course numerous routine speeches of a ceremonial nature which were not considered of major significance—but, in wartime, even in these Roosevelt was aware that he had a world audience and that everything he said might be material for the propaganda which flooded the air waves. If such a speech were opening a Bond Drive, a first draft would be prepared in the Treasury Department; if it were launching a new campaign for funds for the Red Cross, the Community Chest, National Brotherhood

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Week, etc., the organization concerned would send in suggestions as to what it wanted the President to say. This submitted material was almost always so rhetorical, so studiously literary, that it did not sound at all like Roosevelt's normal style and it had to be subjected to the process of simplification or even oversimplification that he demanded. He was happiest when he could express himself in the homeliest, even tritest phrases, such as "common or garden," "clear as crystal," "rule of thumb," "neither here nor there," "armchair strategists," or "simple as ABC."

When he wanted to give a speech for some important purpose, whether it was connected with a special occasion or not, he would discuss it first at length with Hopkins, Rosenman and me, telling us what particular points he wanted to make, what sort of audience he wished primarily to reach and what the maximum word limit was to be (he generally put it far too low). He would dictate pages and pages, approaching his main topic, sometimes rambling so far away from it that he couldn't get back, in which case he would say, "Well—something along those lines—you boys can fix it up." I think he greatly enjoyed these sessions, when he felt free to say anything he pleased, uttering all kinds of personal insults, with the knowledge that none of it need appear in the final version. When he stopped dictating, because another appointment was due or it was time to go to bed, we would go to the Cabinet Room in the West Wing and start reading through all the assembled material. The President kept a special "Speech Folder" into which he put newspaper clippings that he had marked, indicating either his approval of some sentiment expressed or indignation that such falsehood should get into print (he could not always remember what the marking signified). There were also all sorts of letters from all sorts of peo-

ple, known and unknown, containing suggestions as to what he should say, and there were random bits of his own dictation, thoughts that had suddenly occurred to him during preceding days and weeks which might be useful sometime. All of this material was sifted, and added to the newly dictated material with the aid of scissors and paste and a few connecting clauses, until something resembling a coherent speech was put together and fair copies of it made. It was generally two or three times too long. When the President was free to see us again, we handed him this draft and he looked immediately at the last page to see its number, whereupon he announced that at least ninety-two per cent of it must be cut. He then started to read through it, pausing frequently to dictate "Insert A," "Insert G," etc. Each time he decided to dictate something he said, "Grace—take a law," a line he gladly borrowed from the Kaufman-Hart-Rodgers musical show, "I'd Rather Be Right," in which George M. Cohan played the part of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The President himself had never seen this show but he enjoyed what he heard about it.

When he had finished dictating inserts, the speech was far longer than it had been and farther from any coherent form. We then returned to the Cabinet Room and started a second draft. This process went on day and night. Sometimes, while the work was in progress, events would intervene—for instance: on a Sunday evening in July, 1943, we were at Shangri-la finishing up a speech devoted primarily to home-front problems—price stabilization, rationing, manpower, etc.—when news came of the fall of Benito Mussolini, and the speech had to be started all over again; this, however, was a pleasure for all.

Most of Roosevelt's work on speeches was done during the evening. We would gather for the standard cocktail ceremony in the Oval Study at 7:15. The President

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sat behind his desk, the tray before him. He mixed the ingredients with the deliberation of an alchemist but with what appeared to be a certain lack of precision since he carried on a steady conversation while doing it. His bourbon old-fashionedes were excellent, but I did not care for his Martinis, in which he used two kinds of vermouth (when he had them) and sometimes a dash of absinthe. Hopkins occasionally talked him into making Scotch whisky sours, although he didn't really like them. The usual canapes of cream cheese or fish paste on small circles of toast were served, also popcorn. Roosevelt was an extremely mild drinker—he did not have wine with meals except at large, formal dinners, and I don't recall ever having seen him drink brandy or other liqueurs or a highball; but he certainly loved the cocktail period and the stream of small talk that went with it.

Dinner was generally served in the Study about 7:45. It ill becomes a guest to say so, but the White House cuisine did not enjoy a very high reputation. The food was plentiful and, when simple, good—but the chef had a tendency to run amuck on fancy salads. There was one favorite in particular which resembled the productions one finds in the flossier type of tea shoppe: it was a mountain of mayonnaise, slices of canned pineapple, carved radishes, etc. It was served frequently and each time the President merely looked at it and shook his head and murmured sadly, "No, thank you." Once when this happened, Sam Rosenman laughed and said, "Mr. President, you've been in this House for eight years, and for all I know you'll be here eight years more—but they'll never give up trying to persuade you to find out what that salad really tastes like." Roosevelt was always grateful for delicacies, particularly game, which friends sent in to enliven his diet. I never heard him complain about food or anything else in the way of service, but he did com-

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plain bitterly about the security supervision of every article of food sent to him. Once he said, "I happen to be very fond of roasted peanuts. But if somebody wanted to send me a bag of peanuts, the Secret Service would have to X-ray it and the Department of Agriculture would have to open every shell and test every kernel for poison or high explosives. So, to save trouble, they would just throw the bag away and never tell me about it." Deeply moved by this, Rosenman and I went to the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and 15th Street and bought a large bag of peanuts and sneaked it in to the President. He put it under his coat and ate the whole contents.

After dinner he sat on the couch to the left of the fireplace, his feet up on the stool specially built for him, and started reading the latest speech draft. Grace Tully sat next to him, taking more dictation until Dorothy Brady or Toinette Bachelder came in to relieve her. Sometimes Roosevelt read the speech out loud, to see how it sounded, for every word was judged not by its appearance in print but by its effectiveness over the radio. About 10 o'clock, a tray with drinks was brought in. The President sometimes had a glass of beer but more often a horse's neck (ginger ale and lemon peel). He was by now yawning and losing interest in the speech and he usually went to bed before eleven. During these evening sessions, the telephone almost never rang. Now and then a dispatch might be brought in, which Roosevelt would read and pass on to Hopkins without a word or a change of expression, but otherwise one would have thought this house the most peaceful, remote retreat in a war-wracked world.

After leaving the Study, we would spend most of the night in the Cabinet Room producing another draft which would go to the President with his breakfast in the morning. Sometimes we would send a call for help to Archi-

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bald MacLeish, Librarian of Congress, who would come in late at night to help bring a diffuse speech into focus. More than once, before the White House windows were blacked out after Pearl Harbor, Mrs. Roosevelt saw the lights burning in the Cabinet Room at 3:00 a.m. and telephoned down to tell us we were working too hard and should go to bed. Of course, the fact was that she herself was sitting up working at that hour.

We had to get up early in the morning to be ready for a summons in case the President wanted to work on the speech before his first appointment. We generally had breakfast on trays in Hopkins' room and it was rarely a cheerful gathering. The draft that had been completed a few hours previously looked awful in the morning light and the judgment on it that we most often expressed was, "I only hope that the reputation of Franklin Delano Roosevelt does not depend on this terrible speech."

After the session in the President's bedroom, Rosenman and I went over to the Cabinet Room to await the summons. The signal bells announced the President's approach to his office and we stood by the French windows leading out to the colonnade and watched him go by in his armless, cushionless, uncomfortable wheelchair, pushed by his Negro valet, Chief Petty Officer Arthur Prettyman. Accompanying him was the detail of Secret Service men, some of them carrying the large, overflowing wire baskets of papers on which he had been working the night before and the dispatches that had come in that morning. When Fala came abreast of the wheelchair as it rolled along, Roosevelt would reach down and scratch his neck. This progress to the day's work by a crippled man was a sight to stir the most torpid imagination; for here was a clear glimpse of the Roosevelt that the people believed him to be—the chin up, the cigarette holder tilted at what was always described as "a jaunty angle"

and the air of irrepressible confidence that whatever problems the day might bring, he would find a way to handle them. The fact that this confidence was not always justified made it none the less authentic and reassuring.

When I saw the President go by on these mornings, I felt that nobody who worked for him had a right to feel tired. That was not an unusual feeling: it went all through the wartime Administration in Washington, extending to all sorts of people, some of whom disagreed with him politically and most of whom never laid eyes on him. It was, I think, Henry Pringle who, when working in a government agency shortly after Pearl Harbor, suggested as a wall slogan for bureaucrats' offices: EXHAUSTION IS NOT ENOUGH!

The speeches had to be checked and counterchecked with various departments and agencies, most of all with the Army and Navy; many speeches that were sent over to the War Department came back with corrections and suggestions penciled in the handwriting of General Marshall. The work of the so-called "ghost writers" consisted largely of the painstaking, arduous verification of facts and figures. We felt, "The NEW YORK TIMES can make mistakes—but the President of the United States must not make mistakes." This constant thought imposed a harrowing responsibility. After 1940, the White House had its resident statistician—Isador Lubin, the Commissioner of Labor Statistics, who was constantly available and incalculably valuable to Roosevelt and to Hopkins in checking every decimal point.

Although the speeches were usually seen in advance by the War and Navy Departments and sometimes (though not always) by the State Department, they were kept otherwise under close wraps of secrecy. There were always various eminent officials who wanted to know what the President was going to say. They were particu-

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larly anxious to make sure that he was going to include the several pages of material that they had submitted on their own particular departments. They knew they could get nowhere with Hopkins in their quest of inside information; so they concentrated on Rosenman, who would fob them off with the misstatement that, "The President is weighing that in his mind right now." We used to derive enjoyment from the thought of various important personages around Washington listening to the Presidential broadcasts and then, as the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" broke out at the finish, cursing, "He didn't use a *word* of that stuff that I sent him." It was even more enjoyable to picture the amazed expression of some anonymous citizen in Council Bluffs who had written a letter to the President and then heard something from that letter incorporated in a Fireside Chat.

On the final two days of preparation of a speech Roosevelt would really buckle down to serious work and then what had seemed a formless, aimless mess of words would begin to assume tautness and sharpness. He studied every implication for its effect on various groups in the nation and on allies and enemies and neutrals. He paid a great deal of attention to the punctuation, not for its correctness but for its aid or hindrance to him in reading the speech aloud. Grace Tully liked to insert a great many commas, and the President loved to strike them out. He once said to her, "Grace! How many times do I have to tell you not to waste the taxpayers' commas?" He liked dashes, which were visual aids, and hated semicolons and parentheses. I don't think he ever used the sonorous phrase, "And I quote—." If he had to have quotation marks, he did not refer to them, knowing they would appear in the printed version.

In the final draft of a speech, every word was counted and Roosevelt finally decided the precise number that he

would be able to crowd into thirty minutes. His sense of timing was phenomenal. His normal rate was 100 words a minute, but he would say, "There are some paragraphs in this speech that I can take quickly so I can handle a total of 3,150 words"—and that did not mean 3,162. At other times, he would feel that he had to be deliberate in his delivery and the words would have to be cut to 2,800. This cutting was the most difficult work of all because, by the time we had come to the ninth or tenth draft, we felt sure the speech had been boiled down to the ultimate monosyllable. Roosevelt's estimates were rarely off more than a split second on his broadcasts. Speeches before audiences were difficult to estimate, of course, because crowd responses are unpredictable, but he was generally accurate even on these. In the Teamsters' speech, the roars of laughter and applause were so frequent and prolonged that the speech ran some fifteen minutes overtime, but that did not upset Roosevelt at all despite the fact that, since it was a campaign speech, the Democratic National Committee had to pay the heavy excess charges.

When a speech was finally closed up, about six o'clock in the evening, the President was wheeled over to Dr. McIntire's office for the sinus treatments that were a regular part of his day. Then he went upstairs for cocktails and dinner, after which he chatted or worked on his correspondence or his stamp albums, without seeming to give much attention to the final reading copy of his speech which was typed on special limp paper, to avoid rustling noises as he turned the pages, and bound in a black leather loose-leaf folder. But when he started to broadcast he seemed to know it by heart. When he looked down at his manuscript, he was usually not looking at the words he was then speaking, but at the next paragraph to determine where he would put his pauses and which

of his large assortment of inflections he would employ. As one who has had considerable experience in the theater, I marveled at the unfailing precision with which he made his points, his grace in reconciling the sublime with the ridiculous, as though he had been rehearsing these lines for weeks and delivering them before audiences for months. Those who worked with him on speeches were all too well aware that he was no slave to his prepared text. He could and did ad-lib at will, and that was something which always amused him greatly. During the days of preparation, Hopkins, Rosenman and I would sometimes unite in opposition to some line, usually of a jocose nature, which the President wanted to include. It was our duty to make every effort to avoid being yes men and so we kept at him until we had persuaded him that the line should be cut out; but, if he really liked it well enough, he would keep it in mind and then ad-lib it, and later would be full of apologies to us for his "unfortunate slip of the tongue." He was almost always immensely good humored about the arguments we offered him—he liked to appear persecuted and complain that "They won't let me say anything of my own in my own speech." There were times, however, when he was worn out and angered by something else and then he would be cantankerous with us because we were the only convenient targets; we learned that on such occasions it was best to shut up and to revive our arguments later after he had had some rest and felt more amiable. Referring again to my experience in the theater, I can testify that he was normally the most untemperamental genius I have ever encountered: That is one of the reasons why he was able to sleep so well at night.

During the campaign of 1940, Carl Sandburg came to call at the White House and had a long talk with the President, who said to him, "Why don't you go down to

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Missy LeHand's office and dictate some of the things you've just been saying to me?" Sandburg did so and said, among other things:

The Gettysburg speech of Abraham Lincoln or the farewell address of Robert E. Lee to his Army, would be, in our American street talk, "just a lot of words," unless we look behind the words, unless we see words throwing long shadows—and out of the shadows arises the mystery of man consecrated to mystic causes. . . .

If we go back across American history we find that as a nation among the other nations of the world this country has never kept silence as to what it stands for. For a hundred and fifty years and more we have told the world that the American Republic stands for a certain way of life. No matter what happened to the map of Europe, no matter what changes of government and systems went on there, no matter what old thrones and dynasties crashed to make way for something else, no matter what new philosophies and orbits of influence were proclaimed, America never kept silence.

Despite his strenuous avoidance of solemnity, and the frivolousness and irrelevance of his small talk when he was off the record, Roosevelt knew that he was the voice of America to the rest of the world. In the darkest days before and after Pearl Harbor he expressed the hopes of civilized humanity. Churchill's was the gallant voice of the unconquerable warrior, but Roosevelt's was the voice of liberation, the reassurance of the dignity of man. His buoyancy, his courage, his confidence renewed hope in those who feared that they had forever lost it. Roosevelt seemed to take his speeches lightly, but no one knew better than he that, once he had the microphone before

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him, he was speaking for the eternal record—his words were, as Sandburg said, “throwing long shadows.”

In a foreword to an anthology of Roosevelt speeches, Harry Hopkins wrote:

Roosevelt made many great speeches. But some were not so good. He occasionally did not try, because he was frankly bored. A President of the United States has to speak many times on subjects which do not interest him. He would prefer to read a book or go to bed.

This was particularly true of the last two years of Roosevelt's life, when he made just as few speeches as possible and rarely appeared to take a great deal of interest in those that he did make. The time of challenge when words were the only weapons had at last passed and great and terrible events were speaking for themselves. He seemed to relax to save himself for the time when events would cease and words would again become the instruments of international politics.

P A R T F I V E

Fact and
Fancy



America is a tune. It must be sung together.

—GERALD STANLEY LEE

There is poetry even in the place-names of
America, Benét found.

A M E R I C A N N A M E S

B y S T E P H E N V I N C E N T B E N É T

I have fallen in love with American names,
The sharp names that never get fat,
The snakeskin-titles of mining-claims,
The plumed war-bonnet of Medicine Hat,
Tucson and Deadwood and Lost Mule Flat.

Seine and Piave are silver spoons,
But the spoonbowl-metal is thin and worn,
There are English counties like hunting-tunes
Played on the keys of a postboy's horn,
But I will remember where I was born.

I will remember Carquinez Straits,
Little French Lick and Lundy's Lane,
The Yankee ships and the Yankee dates
And the bullet-towns of Calamity Jane.
I will remember Skunktown Plain.

I will fall in love with a Salem tree
And a rawhide quirt from Santa Cruz,
I will get me a bottle of Boston sea
And a blue-gum nigger to sing me blues.
I am tired of loving a foreign muse.

Stephen Vincent Benét: AMERICAN NAMES—From SELECTED WORKS
OF STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT, published by Rinehart & Company, Inc.
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Rue des Martyrs and Bleeding-Heart-Yard,
Senlis, Pisa, and Blindman's Oast,
It is a magic ghost you guard.
But I am sick for a newer ghost,
Harrisburg, Spartanburg, Painted Post.

Henry and John were never so
And Henry and John were always right?
Granted, but when it was time to go
And the tea and the laurels had stood all night,
Did they never watch for Nantucket Light?

I shall not rest quiet in Montparnasse.
I shall not lie easy at Winchelsea.
You may bury my body in Sussex grass,
You may bury my tongue at Champmédy.
I shall not be there. I shall rise and pass.
Bury my heart at Wounded Knee.

AMERICAN WIT AND WISDOM

Pithy Sayings of our Sages, Statesmen, and Humorists

No man ever saw a gray hair on the head or beard of
any Truth. —Nathaniel Ward.

Liberty, when it begins to take root, is a plant of rapid
growth. —Washington.

The sacred rights of mankind are not to be rummaged
for among old parchments or musty records. They are
written, as with a sunbeam, in the whole volume of hu-
man nature, by the hand of the Divinity itself, and can
never be erased or obscured by mortal power.

—Alexander Hamilton.

FACT AND FANCY

The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time. —Jefferson.

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is free to combat it. —Jefferson.

Be sure you are right. Then go ahead. —Davy Crockett.

The man who makes no mistakes does not usually make anything. —Edward J. Phelps.

Hitch your wagon to a star. —Emerson.

The greatest meliorator of the world is selfish, huckstering trade. —Emerson.

They can conquer who believe they can. —Emerson.

Self-trust is the first secret of success. —Emerson.

Skill to do comes of doing. —Emerson.

To be great is to be misunderstood. —Emerson.

The only way to have a friend is to be one. —Emerson.

Blame is safer than praise. —Emerson.

Shallow men believe in luck. —Emerson.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. —Emerson.

We do not quite forgive a giver. —Emerson.

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

—Emerson.

Life is not so short but that there is always room for courtesy. —Emerson.

Every hero becomes a bore at last. —Emerson.

It is the one base thing, to receive and not to give.

—Emerson.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds.

—Emerson.

Glittering generalities!—Rufus Choate, speaking of the *Declaration of Independence*.

Glittering generalities! They are blazing ubiquities!

—Emerson.

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It takes two to speak the truth—one to speak, and another to hear.
—*Thoreau.*

I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude.
—*Thoreau.*

Some circumstantial evidence is very strong—as when you find a trout in the milk.
—*Thoreau.*

Goodness is the only investment that never fails.
—*Thoreau.*

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never happen.
—*Lowell.*

All life is an experiment. —*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Life is a great bundle of little things.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Life is a fatal complaint, and an eminently contagious one.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Every man must educate himself. His books and teacher are but a help; the work is his.
—*Webster.*

There is always room at the top. —*Webster.*

You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time; but you can't fool all of the people all of the time.
—*Phineas T. Barnum.*

In all the affairs of human life, social as well as political, I have remarked that courtesies of a small and trivial character are the ones that strike deepest to the grateful and appreciating heart.
—*Clay.*

I am not a politician, and my other habits are good.
—*Artemus Ward.*

Alas, she married another; they frequently do. I hope she is happy because I am.
—*Artemus Ward.*

My son, observe the postage stamp! Its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there.
—*Josh Billings.*

FACT AND FANCY

I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. —*Lincoln.*

Let us have faith that Right makes Might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it. —*Lincoln.*

He serves his party best who serves his country best. —*Rutherford B. Hayes.*

Party honesty is party expediency. —*Grover Cleveland.*

Though the people support the government, the government should not support the people. —*Grover Cleveland.*

Truth is the most valuable thing we have. Let us economize it. —*Mark Twain.*

Let us so endeavor to live that when we come to die even the undertaker will be sorry. —*Mark Twain.*

Wrinkles should merely indicate where smiles have been. —*Mark Twain.*

A man may have no bad habits and have worse. —*Mark Twain.*

Let us be thankful for the fools. But for them the rest of us could not succeed. —*Mark Twain.*

Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but a cabbage with a college education. —*Mark Twain.*

To be good is noble; but to show others how to be good is nobler and no trouble. —*Mark Twain.*

Make it a point to do something every day that you don't want to do. This is the golden rule for acquiring the habit of doing your duty without pain. —*Mark Twain.*

If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you. This is the principal difference between a dog and a man. —*Mark Twain.*

A highbrow is a person educated beyond his intelligence. —*Brander Matthews.*

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Keep moving. —*American saying.*

It's better to be a has-been than a never-was.

—*American saying.*

A critic is a legless man who teaches running.

—*Channing Pollock.*

Prosperity is only an instrument to be used, not a deity to be worshipped. —*Calvin Coolidge.*

One should be either sad or joyful. Contentment is a warm sty for eaters and sleepers. —*Eugene O'Neill.*

Not one student in a thousand breaks down from overwork. —*William A. Neilson.*

Nothing so educates us as a shock. —*Will Durant.*

An idealist is one who on noticing that a rose smells better than a cabbage, concludes that it is also more nourishing. —*H. L. Mencken.*

The ordinary American does not assume the duty to remain in the position in which he was born. He assumes as a part of his inheritance that he will have the right continually to go forward. —*Harold J. Laski.*

Among the most important customs of any people is the way it employs words. The language of the United States is English, but it is English modified to meet the demands of a new land and a new people. Even in the United States our speech-ways differ, as Falk Johnson shows.

HOW WE GOT OUR DIALECTS

BY FALK JOHNSON

— I —

DESPITE a general uniformity of language in the United States, a newcomer in many regions can be spotted at

Falk Johnson: HOW WE GOT OUR DIALECTS—Reprinted from *The American Mercury*. Copyright January, 1947, by The American Mercury, Inc.

once by the way he talks. He may say *car* if he is from the Midwest, *cah* if from New England, and *ca* if from the South—all of them variations on the pronunciation of the single letter *r*. Aside from his quirks in pronouncing individual letters, he may give himself away by peculiarities of elision, slurring, stress, intonation or rate of speech.

Then if he talks long enough, he is bound to come up with unfamiliar words. If he is a Georgian, it may be *bodacious* for "bold and audacious." If a Rhode Islander, he may speak of a see-saw as a *dandle*. Or if he is an Arizonan, he may refer to a prank as a *ranikaboo*.

These peculiarities of vocabulary and pronunciation raise several questions about our language. How did local differences get started? What effect are they now having upon our language? Will they decrease, making our language more uniform? Or will they increase, eventually developing several new languages and dividing America into linguistic compartments like those of Europe?

These questions have fascinated American linguists for a long time. As early as the eighteenth century some enthusiastic scholars started to gather data on regional variations in our speech. Until 1889 these men usually worked sporadically and alone. In that year, they formed a cooperative organization, the American Dialect Society, and later began a nationwide campaign for volunteers to help collect localisms.

In recent years, grants from philanthropic foundations have enabled our linguists to set out with paid and well-equipped staffs to explore the speech of the land scientifically. The most ambitious of these research programs is one which plans to map the geographic speech peculiarities in all North America. Begun in 1931 and still in process, this study is sponsored by the American Council of Learned Societies and several universities. It is at work

on a mammoth *Linguistic Atlas of the United States and Canada*, and a series of supplementary studies based on a continental survey. Headed by Dr. Hans Kurath of Michigan University, the staff has already published the section of the *Atlas* for New England, and has completed surveys of the Atlantic Seaboard and portions of the Great Lakes region.

Only professional philologists are sent into the field. Those who gathered material on New England and the South, for example, were trained scholars who had consulted with European linguistic geographers and made several trial surveys to perfect the special techniques required for this work.

In the field, these experts interview only a small percentage of the local residents, but the residents are selected as meticulously as those interviewed in the Gallup Poll. They are chosen to represent in the correct ratio such differences in location, age, education, and ancestry as are likely to affect language. In order to encourage natural speech, the interviews are held in homes, fields, stores, and offices; and the questions are so arranged that they seem to be merely key points in a series of friendly talks. These conversations are guided by a worksheet with 807 questions. The field worker may talk as long as twenty hours with an individual, and in addition prepare a phonograph recording of characteristic pronunciations.

After records and worksheets are sent in from the field, the editors of the *Atlas* subject each individual's pronunciation and vocabulary to a thorough laboratory analysis, breaking them down into their component parts. They try to detect the slightest variations in language from individual to individual, from age group to age group, and from district to district.

From such investigations answers to the fundamental questions about our dialects have begun to emerge. For

one thing, we have begun to learn how we got our local speech differences.

— II —

The origin of our dialects is partly illustrated by the story of *angledog*, a New England word for "earthworm."

Field workers for the *Atlas* found that not many New Englanders use the word; it is common in only a few communities, and it is used only by older people. An 81-year-old farmer told the field worker, "*Angledog* was the only term I heard until I was grown up." A housewife of 74 said, "We often call 'em *angledogs*; my mother always did." And a spinster somewhere between 70 and 80 declared, "My father always said *angledog*. I don't know why."

From this information it began to look as if *angledog* were a relic, a word that stuck in one locality after disappearing from the surrounding areas. And it seemed to be disappearing here, too. Only persons more than 70 years old reported it, and they recalled it chiefly as a holdover from childhood. Certainly the word had disappeared from or had never reached most New England communities. Interviewers for the *Atlas* went from the New York state line to the northern tip of Maine, but they found the usage of *angledog* concentrated in one small area—the lower valley of the Connecticut River. Only rarely did they find the word anywhere else.

Why? Why was *angledog* used chiefly in communities of one district? And why did it sometimes pop up in a few places widely separated from this district?

Members of the *Atlas* staff studied the histories of all the communities in which the word was found. They traced back the histories of the families that used it. And they discovered that wherever they found the word there

had been at least a few settlers from Windsor, Connecticut, or nearby towns. It looked, therefore, as if *angledog* had come from Windsor. But why had the word previously been used only in the vicinity of Windsor?

Again the investigators went through town and family histories, and again they discovered a common origin for many of the settlers—the southwestern part of England, somewhere around Devonshire. The next step was to consult the *English Dialect Dictionary*, a huge work based on literally tons of reports gathered by volunteer collectors. It was found that *angledog* had been reported from only one region in England—Devonshire. It was obvious that the word had been brought to Windsor by colonists from Devonshire, that this Connecticut localism was without question an imported English localism.

The theory that many American dialects began as transplanted British dialects is not new. Scholars in the last century suggested it and gathered a good deal of evidence to support their suggestions. But only in recent years, as investigators have traced back to England innumerable words like *angledog*, has the theory become generally accepted.

But our language has received dialectal transfusions from other sources. From the Indians, for example, the Southerners got *pone*, meaning “cornbread.” From European countries immigrants have brought hundreds of words which are now localisms. An instance of this is *smearcase*, a word meaning a soft cheese, which is found in several areas settled largely by Germanic people and is seldom understood elsewhere. *Smearcase*, incidentally, is a partly-anglicized word which shows how pronunciation may change when two dialects or languages are spoken in the same place. The German word is *Schmierkase*, and a complete anglicization would be *smearcheese* or *smear*

cheese. Thus *smearcase* is about halfway between the original and anglicized forms.

Transplanting from British dialects and from native and European languages is only a part of the story of how we got our dialects. Many local words—like the Southerner's telescoping of "bold and audacious"—cannot be traced back to any other dialect or language. They are our own creations.

Take *slab*, for instance. It is used in some parts of the West and Midwest to designate a concrete highway, but in this sense it has not been reported in any other American or British dialect. It is local and original—a dialectal innovation. No doubt *slab*, which is short and picturesque, arose partly because "concrete highway" is a cumbersome and unimaginative expression—one lacking in bodacity. It came into use to fill a gap in our language.

So did *you-all*. It came into the language to supply a badly needed separate form for the plural of *you*. H. L. Mencken has pointed out that in the South "the true plural is commonly indicated by *you-all*, which, despite a Northern belief to the contrary, is seldom used in the singular save by the most ignorant."

As a matter of fact, the uneducated Southerner's feeling for the plurality of the expression is so strong that he sometimes says *you-alls*. *The Dictionary of American English*, one of the major subsidized studies of our language, has extracted an example from a magazine published in 1869: "During the war we all heard enough of 'we-uns' and 'you-uns,' but 'you-alls' was to me something fresh."

This need for a plural form of *you* has led, not only to *you-all*, but also to such innovations as *youse guys*, *you folks*, and *you people*; and it has caused many languages, including French and German, to provide plural forms for *you*.

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At the same time that innovations are coming into the language, relics are leaving it. This fluctuating gain and loss of words is a process going on constantly in every area. In some regions it tends to create new dialects; in others it tends to bring about greater uniformity of speech.

Why these opposite results?

The answer involves understanding of differentiation and standardization. The two forces are always working against each other in the shaping of language, differentiation tending to tear it into smaller and smaller pieces while standardization unifies it.

— III —

Consider differentiation first. If natural barriers or inadequate transportation cut off a place from the outside, then transplanting is stopped, innovations cannot be spread, and words which disappear on the inside may not disappear on the outside. As a result, the speech in the two places becomes more and more diverse and finally divides into two languages.

A few thousand years ago differentiation divided the Indo-European language into Latin, Greek, German and more than a half-dozen other tongues. Then it divided Latin into Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian and Rumanian; and it divided Old German into Icelandic, English, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, Dutch and Modern German. After the Renaissance, printing lessened the linguistic isolation of many communities and limited the effectiveness with which differentiation worked.

Nevertheless, the force is not obsolete; it has divided modern British English into 42 dialects—3 in Ireland, 9 in Scotland, and 30 in England and Wales. And it has made some of these dialects so dissimilar that a Lincolnshire farmer has difficulty understanding a Lancashire miner.

As a sample of these multiplying localisms, look at what

differentiation has done throughout New England to a common word, *earthworm*. It has made more than a score of words out of it, some of them unintelligible to an outsider:

dirtworm, mudworm, muckworm, groundworm, angleworm, angling worm, angler, angledog, fishworm, fishing worm, easworm, eastworm, easterworm, eelworm, rainworm, redworm, simplex worm, nightwalker, nightcrawler, nightprowler, crawler and bait.

This force of differentiation, which for thousands of years has been tearing languages into smaller and smaller pieces, has diminished recently, though it is not yet spent. Standardization, however, has become the dominant force in our language. It is the tendency which gradually makes the Southerner, after he has been in the North a while, feel self-conscious whenever he says *you-all*. Later it makes him avoid the expression.

Today, of course, the forces contributing to standardized speech are more powerful than ever before. Mass entertainment by radio and motion pictures, mass education, mass reading of national publications and mass traveling—all tend to build up uniform speaking habits. As a result, some of our many minor dialects—like that of the Gullah Negroes living on islands off the coast of South Carolina—have started to disappear, and our major dialects are few. For example, Dr. Kurath, in his forthcoming *A Word Geography of the Eastern States*, shows only three major speech regions along the Coast—the New England, Middle Atlantic and South Atlantic. Preliminary studies indicate that the Middle West and West are even more uniform.

Now it is possible for a person to go anywhere in the United States and be understood immediately—though he

may evoke a few smiles now and then. Sometimes it is possible for a person to be a thousand miles from home and still not be recognized as an outsider.

The forces for standardization are so strong that only a cataclysm of the first magnitude—something like an atomic war, pulverizing our mass society and making men live in small detached groups—can halt this trend toward uniformity.

We speak and write an English varying somewhat from that of England, but when was language lovelier on the tongue or more imaginative than in Poe's dreamlike journey in the ocean-deeps?

THE CITY IN THE SEA
By EDGAR ALLAN POE

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently,
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free:
Up domes, up spires, up kingly halls,
Up fanes, up Babylon-like walls,

FACT AND FANCY

Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers,
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathèd friezes interwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves,
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye,—
Not the gaily-jewelled dead,
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas!
Along that wilderness of glass;
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea;
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene!

But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave—there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide;
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven!
The waves have now a redder glow
The hours are breathing faint and low;
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

THIS IS AMERICA

The never-say-die spirit of America is vigorously expressed in this famous poem.

OPPORTUNITY

By EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing—!" he snapped and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Emerson here utters a truth we need especially in an age where all men and women are likely to think alike: Dare to be yourself.

SELF-RELIANCE

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON

TRUST THYSELF: every heart vibrates to that iron string.
Accept the place d'vine providence has found for you,

the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not minors and invalids in a protected corner nor cowards fleeing before a revolution, but guides, redeemers, and benefactors, obeying the Almighty effort and advancing on Chaos and the Dark.

What pretty oracles nature yields us on this text in the fact and behavior of children, babes, and even brutes! That divided and rebel mind, that distrust of a sentiment because our arithmetic has computed the strength and means opposed to our purpose, these have not. Their mind being whole, their eye is as yet unconquered, and when we look in their faces we are disconcerted. Infancy conforms to nobody; all conform to it; so that one babe commonly makes four or five out of the adults who prattle and play to it. So God has armed youth and puberty and manhood no less with its own piquancy and charm, and made it enviable and gracious and its claims not to be put by, if it will stand by itself. Do not think the youth has no force, because he cannot speak to you and me. Hark! in the next room his voice is sufficiently clear and emphatic. It seems he knows how to speak to his contemporaries. Bashful or bold then; he will know how to make us seniors very unnecessary.

The nonchalance of boys who are sure of a dinner, and would disdain as much as a lord to do or say aught to conciliate one, is the healthy attitude of human nature. A boy is in the parlor what the pit is in the playhouse; independent, irresponsible, looking out from his corner on such people and facts as pass by, he tries and sentences

them on their merits, in the swift, summary way of boys, as good, bad, interesting, silly, eloquent, troublesome. He cumber himself never about consequences, about interests; he gives an independent, genuine verdict. You must court him; he does not court you. But the man is as it were clapped into jail by his consciousness. As soon as he had once acted or spoken with *éclat* he is a committed person, watched by the sympathy or the hatred of hundreds, whose affections must now enter into his account. There is no Lethe for this. Ah, that he could pass again into his neutrality! Who can thus avoid all pledges and, having observed, observe again from the same unaffected, unbiased, unbribable, unaffrighted innocence,—must always be formidable. He would utter opinions on all passing affairs, which being seen to be not private but necessary, would sink like darts into the ears of men and put them in fear.

These are the voices which we hear in solitude, but they grow faint and inaudible as we enter into the world. Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

Whoso would be a man, must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions. Every decent and well-spoken individual affects and sways me more than is right.

FACT AND FANCY

I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways. If malice and vanity wear the coat of philanthropy, shall that pass? If an angry bigot assumes this bountiful cause of Abolition, and comes to me with his last news from Barbadoes, why should I not say to him, "Go love thy infant; love thy wood-chopper; be good-natured and modest; have that grace; and never varnish your hard, uncharitable ambition with this incredible tenderness for black folk a thousand miles off. Thy love afar is spite at home." Rough and graceless would be such greeting, but truth is handsomer than the affectation of love.

Ask yourself: Is Frost thinking only of fences on farms?

MENDING WALL

By ROBERT FROST

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That sends the frozen ground-swell under it,
And spills the upper boulders in the sun;
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.
The work of hunters is another thing:
I have come after them and made repair
Where they have left not one stone on a stone,
But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,
To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,
No one has seen them made or heard them made,
But at spring mending-time we find them there.
I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;

Robert Frost: MENDING WALL—From COMPLETE POEMS OF ROBERT FROST, 1949. Copyright, 1930, 1949, by Henry Holt & Company, Inc.

THIS IS AMERICA

And on a day we meet to walk the line
And set the wall between us as we go.
To each the boulders that have fallen to each.
And some are loaves and some so nearly balls
We have to use a spell to make them balance:
"Stay where you are until our backs are turned!"
We wear our fingers rough with handling them.
Oh, just another kind of outdoor game,
One on a side. It comes to little more:
There where it is we do not need the wall:
He is all pine and I am apple orchard.
My apple trees will never get across
And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.
He only says, "Good fences make good neighbors."
Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder
If I could put a notion in his head:
"Why do they make good neighbors? Isn't it
Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.
Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
What I was walling in or walling out,
And to whom I was like to give offense.
Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That wants it down!" I could say "Elves" to him,
But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather
He said it for himself. I see him there,
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top
In each hand, like an old stone savage armed.
He moves in darkness, as it seems to me,
Not of woods only and the shade of trees.
He will not go behind his father's saying,
And he likes having thought of it so well
He says again, "Good fences make good neighbors."

FACT AND FANCY

Great has been the contribution of Negroes in America to our poetry and folklore. These poems and tunes are familiar to all.

NEGRO SPIRITUALS

I. Go Down, Moses

When Israel was in Egypt's land,
Let my people go;
Oppressed so hard dey could not stand,
Let my people go.

CHORUS

Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt land,
Tell ole Phar-oh,
Let my people go.

Thus spoke the Lord, bold Moses said,
Let my people go;
If not I'll smite your first-born dead,
Let my people go.

No more shall dey in bondage toil,
Let my people go;
Let dem come out wid Egypt's spoil,
Let my people go.

II. Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

I looked over Jordan and what did I see,
Comin' for to carry me home?

THIS IS AMERICA

A band of angels comin' afteh me,
Comin' for to carry me home.

CHORUS

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.

If you git there befo' I do,
Comin' for to carry me home,
Jus' tell 'em I'm a-comin' too,
Comin' for to carry me home.

I ain't been to heb'n, but I been tol',
Comin' for to carry me home,
De streets in heb'n am paved wid gol',
Comin' for to carry me home.

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Comin' for to carry me home;
But still my soul am hebenly-boun',
Comin' for to carry me home.

Millions have muttered lines from this humorous masterpiece to themselves at a sad moment in some game they were watching.

CASEY AT THE BAT

BY ERNEST L. THAYER

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day;
The score stood two to four, with but an inning left to play.

FACT AND FANCY

So, when Cooney died at first, and Burrows did the same,
A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest,
With that hope that springs eternal within the human breast,
For they thought, "If only Casey could get a whack at that,"
They'd put up even money now, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake,
And the former was a puddin', and the latter was a fake,
So on that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the
bat.

But Flynn let drive a "single" to the wonderment of all,
And the much-despised Blakey "tore the cover off the ball."
And when the dust had lifted and they saw what had occurred,
There was Blakey safe at second, and Flynn a-huggin' third.

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,
It rumbled in the mountain-tops, it rattled in the dell;
It struck upon the hillside and rebounded on the flat;
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;
There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's
face.

And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with
dirt,

Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his
shirt;

Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

THIS IS AMERICA

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through
the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—
“That ain’t my style,” said Casey, “Strike one!” the umpire
said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled
roar,
Like the beating of storm waves on a stern and distant shore;
“Kill him! Kill the umpire!” shouted some one on the stand.
And it’s likely they’d have killed him had not Casey raised a
hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey’s visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
He signaled to the pitcher, once more the spheroid flew;
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said: “Strike two!”

“Fraud!” cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered
“Fraud!”
But one scornful look from Casey, and the audience was awed;
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles
strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn’t let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey’s lips, his teeth are clenched in
hate,
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey’s blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are
light;

FACT AND FANCY

And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout,
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

Hutchens is a noted literary critic, but perhaps he still enjoys seeing a home run made even more than reading a book.

CONFESSIONS OF A BASEBALL FAN

BY JOHN K. HUTCHENS

IT WAS A SUMMER DAY in 1913, and the sun shone hot and bright on the old West Side baseball park in Chicago, then the home of the Cubs. I was 8 years old, and I had been waiting a long time for this, the first major league game I would ever see.

Coming in on the train that Sunday afternoon from the suburb where we lived, my father had said: "Now don't expect too much. The Cubs aren't much good this year." I knew the Cubs were no longer great—the wonderful Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance machine had broken up a year or so before—and I knew also that my father was making a joke. Any time the Cubs were playing the Giants you could expect a good deal. The fans sitting near us on the train had said so. The Giants, they had said, were a lot of —, in particular their manager, John J. McGraw.

Now we were in the park, and there was McGraw himself, squat and truculent, coaching at third base, jeering at my heroes on the field and at the crowd behind him. And the crowd was yelling back. It was reminding Fred

John K. Hutchens: CONFESSIONS OF A BASEBALL FAN—Reprinted from *The New York Times Magazine*, July 14, 1946 by permission of *The New York Times* and the author.

Snodgrass, Giant outfielder, of the muff that had cost the Giants the world series with the Red Sox the preceding autumn, and Fred Merkle of his failure to touch second base and the pennant that boner lost for the Giants in 1908. The afternoon wore on, golden and exciting. Dust and drama, speed and skill, big Jeff Tesreau's spitball cracking past confused Chicago batters until, finally, our Frank (Wildfire) Schulte slid under Chief Meyers, the Giant catcher, with the winning run in the last inning while straw hats sailed onto the field, the crowd told Mr. McGraw what it thought of him and his — — — ball club, and an 8-year-old in the grandstand sat back exhausted, limp with vicarious triumph.

So I became a baseball fan.

No baseball fan has to explain his mania to any other baseball fan. They are a fraternity. It is less easy, often it is hopeless, to try to explain it to anyone else. You grow technical, and you do not make sense. You grow sentimental, and you are deemed soft in the head. How, the benighted outsider asks you with no little condescension, can you grow sentimental about a cold-blooded professional sport?

But there it is, the sentiment, and I suspect it is a greater factor in baseball than in any other sport. My own youthful days in the Chicago ball parks were spent in the company, so to speak, of great men, the memory of whom has been as balm in more complicated times. Not all of them, I later discovered, were admirable characters, but on the ball field they were artists, and to watch them was at once pleasurable and instructive.

One quickly learned, for example, though not aware at the time of the analogy, that the race is to the swift. He learned it by watching Tyrus Raymond Cobb go from first base to third on a bunt. He got an inkling of the nature of showmanship by seeing Hal Chase, the peerless

first baseman, make the easy chances look hard and the hopeless ones look easy. He grasped the essence of the professional performer—timing and economy—whenever Walter Johnson took the mound and with that easy, side-arm delivery fired his fast one past batters who were lucky to reach him for a foul.

Yes, I confess with no embarrassment whatever to a mental file of action pictures that can stir me even now: Tris Speaker streaking back from short center field to deep center to pull down the long drives; Honus Wagner, bowlegged and clumsy-seeming at the plate, lunging at the ball—and connecting with it, even in his old age; the consummate grace of Napoleon Lajoie, the second baseman, then also at the end of his career; Jimmy Archer, the catcher, throwing from a crouch and picking surprised runners off first base; Joe Jackson bringing his big black bat around in a grooved swing that was the perfection of hitting style; Cobb riding high into third base, spikes flashing in that terrific hook slide. . . . The list could go on for a long time, but you see what I mean.

However, there is more than nostalgia in this, else one would rest comfortably on his memories of other times, like an old grad boring the undergraduates at a twenty-fifty reunion. But a fan who is a fan keeps going to ball games, year in, year out.

The game is always there. It has continuity. Unlike football with its raucous flurry of autumn week-ends, it not only is on view for five and a half months of the year but it lives through the winter in the Hot Stove league. No other sport is so conducive to long conversations replete with angles, figures, personalities and the stuff of argument in the home and at the soda fountain. From world series to spring training, a long stretch by the calendar, is—for the fan—a brief while in which to pore over old

score cards, peruse baseball's Bible, *The Sporting News*, and prepare himself for the next marathon.

Awaiting it, he knows that the game he sees in the spring will be familiar to him. That's another thing I like about it. The face of it will not have been altered through the winter by a lot of new rules. The general style of play has indeed changed over the years—and not altogether, I think, for the better. Personally, being of the old school, I favor the run-at-a-time strategy as opposed to the powerhouse production of runs needled by the lively ball. To me, the spectacle of Cobb stretching a double into a triple was always more exhilarating than a Ruthian homer.

But—and this is part of the game's continuity—any honest fan will admit that the giants have had worthy successors. A Babe Ruth fades; a Joe DiMaggio and a Ted Williams saunter up to the plate. A Johnson runs down; a Lefty Grove and later a Bob Feller step onto the mound. Newcomers do not crowd out the memory of old masters, but they at least carry on the great tradition. And, though it may be heresy to say so, some of them may be even better.

The tradition, in the case of my generation, especially in Chicago, was once put to a fearful test. That, of course, was the Black Sox scandal that broke a year after the 1919 world series in which—incredibly—eight players on one of the greatest teams ever assembled sold out to the gamblers. You would have had to be one of us to know the downright agony of it. Any of us could have been the sobbing kid who reputedly stood outside the court house and cried out to the great Jackson, "Say it ain't so, Joe!" Throughout that winter of 1920-21 we muttered bitterly of the betrayal. But in the spring we came around. There were still Cobb, Sisler, Hornsby, Collins, Johnson—and the mighty pitcher transformed into an outfielder, George

Herman Ruth. We sat again in the sun behind third base. There were still heroes.

Some of my early fanaticism, I admit, has passed with the years. It was an off-day, in my baseball-smitten youth, when I could not recite the hitting, pitching and fielding averages of any given member of the White Sox and the Cubs, and fill in around the edges with such personal data as their superstitions, weights, heights and home towns, together with their minor league records before they came up from the bushes. There isn't time now for all that. Still, when I know that I am going to spend an afternoon at what sports writers used to call the ball orchard, I feel a touch of the old excitement. For two or three hours, under happy conditions, I will be watching a drama compounded of craft and power, enacted by people who for the most part know their trade.

As I say, it isn't quite so thrilling to me as in the old days, when every player on the home team was one of nature's noblemen and every fellow in a visitor's uniform a personal enemy. Not every game I see nowadays strikes me as being a nine-inning Trojan War, to be refought later in endless detail on the way home. But I would say, and the experts can make of this what they will, that I have never seen a ball game that I regretted having taken the trouble to go to.

For one of the good things about being a baseball fan is that you don't have to be an expert. (If I ever had any illusions about being one, I got over them one afternoon when, sitting beside Red Barber in the broadcasting booth at Ebbets Field, I heard that greatest of baseball reporters discussing fine points I had missed entirely.) You have to know the fundamentals, of course, and you ought to have some background on individual players; but that is all that is really necessary. Unless you are a Dodger fan, or

otherwise violently partisan by nature, you can sit there and relax.

Indeed, now that I no longer am either unduly elated or depressed by the result of a game, much of my pleasure in baseball comes from simply being in a ball park. It is a cheerful place; a fine-looking and a gay one, too, with the sun ablaze over green grass, flags fluttering in the breeze of a summer afternoon, the crack of bat on ball, the echoing chatter of players and the droning hum of a big crowd. All around you are people who have come there to enjoy themselves.

Very important, this sociable air. A race track swarms with sweaty oafs intent on getting something for nothing and sullen if they fail. A fight crowd is exciting and excited, and vaguely pathologic. But a baseball crowd, excepting the stray cranks and exhibitionists, is a neighborly lot. Despite the shadow of 1919, it can be quite certain—as a race or fight crowd cannot be—that what it is seeing is honestly performed. Its members get acquainted easily, trade observations casually, as becomes a land of free speech. They want to see the home team win, but they are generous to the opposition, even in Brooklyn. They make a lot of noise, they let off steam via the Bronx cheer and the boo, but they seldom mean it. Almost never does a ball park hear the fight crowd's bloodcry.

So, for an afternoon, I sit in pleasant surroundings, including the sun, and enjoy myself and my associates in the fraternity of fandom. As the game goes on I not only like it for what it is but I get to thinking of other games and other players, and I like that, too. Bobby Doerr goes back of second to rob Charlie Keller of a single to center, and I remember other great keystone sackers I have seen, Eddie Collins and Gehringer and Hornsby, and so on around the diamond and through the day. I like the sudden, sharp yell of the crowd when a batter catches hold of

FACT AND FANCY

one with the tying run at first, and the electric tension that goes through a park when a runner and an outfielder's throw are staging a race for the plate. I like the peanut butcher's yapping chant up and down the aisles. In short, I like being for a brief while in a good-natured place that is a self-sufficient little world of its own. This can probably be called escapism. All right, then, it is escapism.

If memory serves, seeing a ball game was not always so pastoral. In the stands, as on the field, things are more orderly than I seem to remember they were at that old West Side park in Chicago. And that is all right with me, now. I do not find Mr. Williams, of Boston, a villain when he busts one into the right-field stand. I find him a great ball player, and I suspect I enjoy the sight the more for the detachment with which I view it.

I suspect also, however, that no one ever recovers absolutely from the kind of early conditioning I had. Picking up the sports page in the morning, I can still feel something like a pang if the Cubs or the White Sox lost a ball game the day before. And if they both lost, I can even feel slightly depressed until about 10 A.M.

One of Mark's earlier pieces—and still one of his funniest, especially if you have ever lived on a farm.

HOW I EDITED AN AGRICULTURAL PAPER

BY MARK TWAIN

I DID NOT TAKE temporary editorship of an agricultural paper without misgivings. Neither would a landsman take command of a ship without misgivings. But I was in circumstances that made the salary an object. The regular editor of the paper was going off for a holiday, and I accepted the terms he offered, and took his place.

The sensation of being at work again was luxurious, and I wrought all the week with unflagging pleasure. We went to press, and I waited a day with some solicitude to see whether my effort was going to attract any notice. As I left the office, towards sundown, a group of men and boys at the foot of the stairs dispersed with one impulse, and gave passageway, and I heard one or two of them say, "That's him!" I was naturally pleased by this incident. The next morning I found a similar group at the foot of the stairs, and scattering couples and individuals standing here and there in the street, and over the way, watching me with interest. The group separated and fell back as I approached, and I heard a man say, "Look at his eye!" I pretended not to observe the notice I was attracting, but secretly I was pleased with it, and was purposing to write an account of it to my aunt. I went up the short flight of stairs, and heard cheery voices and a

ringing laugh as I drew near the door, which I opened, and caught a glimpse of two young rural men, whose faces blanched and lengthened when they saw me, and then they both plunged through the window with a great crash. I was surprised.

In about half an hour an old gentleman, with a flowing beard and a fine but rather austere face, entered, and sat down at my invitation. He seemed to have something on his mind. He took off his hat and set it on the floor, and got out of it a red silk handkerchief and a copy of our paper.

He put the paper on his lap, and while he polished his spectacles with his handkerchief, he said, "Are you the new editor?"

I said I was.

"Have you ever edited an agricultural paper before?"

"No," I said; "this is my first attempt."

"Very likely. Have you had any experience in agriculture practically?"

"No; I believe I have not."

"Some instinct told me so," said the old gentleman, putting on his spectacles, and looking over them at me with asperity, while he folded his paper into a convenient shape. "I wish to read you what must have made me have that instinct. It was this editorial. Listen, and see if it was you that wrote it:

"Turnips should never be pulled, it injures them. It is much better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree."

"Now, what do you think of that—for I really suppose you wrote it?"

"Think of it? Why, I think it is good. I think it is sense. I have no doubt that every year millions and millions of bushels of turnips are spoiled in this township alone by being pulled in a half-ripe condition, when, if they had sent a boy up to shake the tree—"

"Shake your grandmother! Turnips don't grow on trees!"

"Oh, they don't, don't they! Well, who said they did? The language was intended to be figurative, wholly figurative. Anybody that knows anything will know that I meant that the boy should shake the vine."

Then this old person got up and tore his paper all into small shreds, and stamped on them, and broke several things with his cane, and said I did not know as much as a cow; and then went out and banged the door after him, and, in short, acted in such a way that I fancied he was displeased about something. But not knowing what the trouble was, I could not be any help to him.

Pretty soon after this a long cadaverous creature, with lanky locks hanging down to his shoulders, and a week's stubble bristling from the hills and valleys of his face, darted within the door, and halted, motionless, with finger on lip, and head and body bent in listening attitude. No sound was heard. Still he listened. No sound. Then he turned the key in the door, and came elaborately tip-toeing towards me till he was within long reaching distance of me, when he stopped, and after scanning my face with intense interest for a while, drew a folded copy of our paper from his bosom, and said:

"There, you wrote that. Read it to me—quick! Believe me. I suffer."

I read as follows: and as the sentences fell from my lips I could see the relief come, and I could see the drawn muscles relax, and the anxiety go out of the face, and rest and peace steal over the features like the merciful moonlight over a desolate landscape:

"The guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in rearing it. It should not be imported earlier than June or later than September. In the winter it should be kept in a warm place, where it can hatch out its young.

FACT AND FANCY

"It is evident that we are to have a backward season for grain. Therefore it will be well for the farmer to begin setting out his corn-stalks and planting his buck-wheat-cakes in July instead of August.

"Concerning the pumpkin.—This berry is a favorite with the natives of the interior of New England, who prefer it to the gooseberry for the making of fruit-cake, and who likewise give it the preference over the raspberry for feeding cows, as being more filling and fully as satisfying. The pumpkin is the only esculent of the orange family that will thrive in the North, except the gourd and one or two varieties of the squash. But the custom of planting it in the front yard with the shrubbery is fast going out of vogue for it is now generally conceded that the pumpkin as a shade tree is a failure.

"Now, as the warm weather approaches, and the ganders begin to spawn"—

The excited listener sprang toward me to shake hands, and said:

"There, there—that will do. I know I am all right now, because you have read it just as I did, word for word. But, stranger, when I first read it this morning, I said to myself, I never, never believed it before, notwithstanding my friends kept me under watch so strict, but now I believe I *am* crazy; and with that I fetched a howl that you might have heard two miles, and started out to kill somebody—because, you know, I knew it would come to that sooner or later, and so I might as well begin. I read one of them paragraphs over again, so as to be certain, and then I burned my house down and started. I have crippled several people, and have got one fellow up a tree, where I can get him if I want him. But I thought I would call in here as I passed along and make the thing perfectly certain; and now it is certain, and I tell you it

is lucky for the chap that is in the tree. I should have killed him sure, as I went back. Good-bye, sir, good-bye; you have taken a great load off my mind. My reason has stood the strain of one of your agricultural articles, and I know that nothing can ever unseat it now. *Good-bye, sir.*"

I felt a little uncomfortable about the cripplings and arsons this person had been entertaining himself with, for I could not help feeling remotely accessory to them. But these thoughts were quickly banished, for the regular editor walked in! (I thought to myself, Now if you had gone to Egypt, as I recommended you to, I might have had a chance to get my hand in; but you wouldn't do it, and here you are. I sort of expected you.)

The editor was looking sad and perplexed and dejected.

He surveyed the wreck which that old rioter and these two young farmers had made, and then said: "This is a sad business—a very sad business. There is the mucilage-bottle broken and six panes of glass, and a spittoon, and two candlesticks. But that is not the worst. The reputation of the paper is injured—and permanently, I fear. True, there was never such a call for the paper before, and it never sold such a large edition or soared to such celebrity but does one want to be famous for lunacy, and prosper upon the infirmities of his mind? My friend, as I am an honest man, the street out here is full of people, and others are roosting on the fences, waiting to get a glimpse of you, because they think you are crazy. And well they might after reading your editorials. They are a disgrace to journalism. Why, what put it into your head that you could edit a paper of this nature? You do not seem to know the first rudiments of agriculture. You speak of a furrow and a harrow as being the same thing; you talk of the moulting season for cows; and you

recommend the domestication of the polecat on account of its playfulness and its excellence as a ratter! Your remark that clams will lie quiet if music be played to them was superfluous—entirely superfluous.

“Nothing disturbs clams. Clams *always* lie quiet. Clams care nothing whatever about music. Ah, heavens and earth, friend! if you had made the acquiring of ignorance the study of your life, you could not have graduated with higher honor than you could to-day. I never saw anything like it. Your observation that the horse-chestnut as an article of commerce is steadily gaining in favor, is simply calculated to destroy this journal. I want you to throw up your situation and go. I want no more holiday—I could not enjoy it if I had it. Certainly not with you in my chair. I would always stand in dread of what you might be going to recommend next. It makes me lose all patience every time I think of your discussing oyster-beds under the head of ‘Landscape Gardening.’ I want you to go. Nothing on earth could persuade me to take another holiday. Oh! why didn’t you *tell* me you didn’t know anything about agriculture?”

“*Tell* you, you cornstalk, you cabbage, you son of a cauliflower? It’s the first time I ever heard such an unfeeling remark. I tell you I have been in the editorial business going on fourteen years, and it is the first time I ever heard of a man’s having to know anything in order to edit a newspaper. You turnip! Who write the dramatic critiques for the second-rate papers? Why, a parcel of promoted shoemakers and apprentice apothecaries, who know as much about good acting as I do about good farming and no more. Who review the books? People who never wrote one. Who do up the heavy leaders on finance? Parties who have had the largest opportunities for knowing nothing about it. Who criticise the Indian campaigns? Gentlemen who do not know a war-

whoop from a wigwam, and who never had to run a foot-race with a tomahawk, or pluck arrows out of the several members of their families to build the evening camp-fire with. Who write the temperance appeals, and clamor about the flowing bowl? Folks who will never draw another sober breath till they do it in the grave. Who edit the agricultural papers, you—yam? Men, as a general thing, who fail in the poetry line, yellow-colored novel line, sensation-drama line, city-editor line, and finally fall back on agriculture as a temporary reprieve from the poor-house. *You* try to tell *me* anything about the newspaper business! Sir, I have been through it from Alpha to Omaha, and I tell you that the less a man knows the bigger noise he makes and the higher salary he commands. Heaven knows if I had been ignorant instead of cultivated, and impudent instead of diffident, I could have made a name for myself in this cold selfish world. I take my leave, sir. Since I have been treated as you have treated me, I am perfectly willing to go. But I have done my duty. I have fulfilled my contract as far as I was permitted to do it. I said I could make your paper of interest to all classes—and I have. I said I could run your circulation up to twenty thousand copies, and if I had two more weeks I could have done it. And I'd have given you the best class of readers that an agricultural paper had—not a farmer in it, nor a solitary individual who could tell a watermelon-tree from a peach-vine to save his life. *You* are the loser by this rupture, not me, Pieplant. Adios."

I then left.

All good Americans hate injustice, and Arthur Train wrote many stories about a lawyer named Ephraim Tutt, who knew the law well and liked nothing so much as correcting injustice. Train himself was a successful lawyer, and his law is authentic.

TWO CROSS-EXAMINATIONS

By ARTHUR TRAIN

I ONCE HAD a case which, on second thought, I might have sent to Mr. Wellman for his book, not as any evidence of my ability but of the danger of that sort of cross-examination on the part of an unscrupulous prosecutor.

I had been assigned to the defense of a man named Mooney who had served a short prison term and was now charged with carrying a concealed weapon—a convenient method sometimes availed of by the police to get rid of undesirable citizens. It is enough for present purposes for me to say simply that the case against my client was of the flimsiest character, but Delaney, the policeman who had made the arrest, had urged the prosecutor to convict him if he could. Now while the only testimony against Mooney was that of the officer, who claimed that he had taken a loaded pistol from his pocket—which he may well have done after first placing it there—it was legally enough; and unless Mooney took the stand and denied that the weapon was his, the jury would have practically no choice. So I put him on the stand.

The prosecutor was my ancient enemy, Francis Patrick

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O'Brien, and the fact that I was for the defense made him more than ever zealous for a conviction. Having proved that Mooney was an ex-convict, he asked:

"You come from the Gas House district, don't you?"

"No," replied Mooney.

"Ever hear of the Gas House gang?"

"Yes, but I'm not one of them."

"Oh, you're not, eh? I didn't ask you that. Why were you in such a hurry to slip that in?"

"Because," retorted Mooney, "you were trying to make the jury think I was."

"Maybe you're right!" replied O'Brien with a grin. "Now, how many times have you been convicted of crime in other States?"

"Never!" cried Mooney indignantly, "and you can't prove it, either!"

"Well, maybe I can't prove it," admitted O'Brien, "but," he added insinuatingly, "I can inquire how many times you have committed burglaries—say in New Jersey."

Mooney, his face white, turned to the judge.

"Your Honor," he protested, "has this man got the right—"

"Answer the question," admonished Judge Babcock. "This is proper cross-examination."

"Well?" sneered the prosecutor.

"I never committed any burglary."

"No burglaries? What kind of crimes, then, have you committed?"

"None!" declared Mooney defiantly.

And then O'Brien pulled the dirtiest trick in court that has ever come to my attention. He took a copy of Inspector Byrnes' *Professional Criminals of America* and, holding it so that the jury could plainly see the title, opened it and ran his finger down a page as if reading what he had found there.

"Did you not, on September 6, 1927," he demanded, "in company with Red Birch, alias the Roach, Toni Se-velli, otherwise known as Toni the Greaser, and Dynamite Tom Meeghan, crack the safe of the American Railway Express at Rahway, New Jersey, and get away with six thousand dollars?"

Mooney leaped to his feet.

"It's a lie!" he shouted. "I never knew any such people. I never was in Rahway in my life!"

"So *you* say!" taunted O'Brien. "But don't you know that both the Roach and the Greaser swore you were there?"

"Hold on, Mr. O'Brien!" admonished Judge Babcock. "If there's an objection I'll exclude that question."

"I don't object," I answered. "Go as far as you like."

"I know nothing about any of it!" protested Mooney. "He's framing me."

Bang! went Babcock's gavel.

"That's enough!" he remarked. "You will have your chance to explain on your re-direct." But I had already made up my mind what to do and there wasn't going to be any re-direct.

"That's all," said O'Brien, ostentatiously tossing *Professional Criminals of America* on the table in front of the jury box.

"If the Court please," I said, "for some reason the district attorney has not seen fit to offer in evidence the loaded pistol which Officer Delaney has produced here and swears he found in the defendant's pocket. Unless this is done I shall move to dismiss."

O'Brien arose languidly.

"The merest oversight, Your Honor! I offer the pistol in evidence."

"I object unless it is made to appear upon the record from whose custody it is produced, how it got here, and

that it is in the same condition as when received," I said.

"Mr. Tutt is technically correct," ruled Judge Babcock. "If he insists you will have to be sworn."

"I do insist," I said.

So O'Brien with the pistol in his hand ascended the stand, took the oath, and testified that it was in precisely the same condition as when delivered to him a few days before by Delaney.

"Have you any cross-examination?" inquired His Honor.

"I have," I replied. "Are you one of the public prosecutors of this county, Mr. O'Brien?"

"I am," he snapped. "As you very well know."

"And you are sworn to prosecute those of whose guilt you are satisfied, through the introduction of legal evidence in a legal manner?"

"Correct."

"Where were you born?" I asked.

"New York City."

"Do you come from the Gas House section?"

One of the jury sniggered and the judge raised a finger in admonition.

"Your question seems rather unnecessary, Mr. Tutt."

"This is cross-examination," I answered. "But I will withdraw it.—How much did you pay for your appointment as assistant district attorney?"

Judge Babcock brought down his gavel.

"That will do. The jury will disregard the question."

"I have as much right to attack this witness's credibility as he has to attack that of my client," I asserted stoutly. "Did you not pay five thousand dollars to Michael McGurk to be delivered to Joseph Morrison in consideration of your appointment?"

"I did not!" shouted O'Brien. "Is Your Honor going to permit me to be insulted in this way?"

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But a bewildered look had settled upon the learned justice's countenance. Wasn't what was sauce for the goose sauce for the gander?

"Haven't you regularly contributed ten per cent of your salary each month to the treasury of Tammany Hall?" I persisted.

His Honor flushed. That was getting near home.

"Kindly answer the question," I said.

"I object," roared O'Brien.

"There really must be a limit to this sort of thing!" declared Babcock. "It wouldn't have any bearing on the credibility of the assistant district attorney even if he did."

One of the jurors snorted.

"If you prefer not to answer I won't press it," I remarked. "What is your salary?"

"Seventy-five hundred a year."

"What is ten per cent of that?"

"Come, come, Mr. Tutt. That is a trifling arithmetical problem," commented Babcock.

"If seven hundred and fifty dollars is a trifle," I countered.

The twelve in the box were having a grand time.

"Only a few more trifling questions, Mr. O'Brien," I went on. "Have you ever been convicted of a crime?"

"No!" he replied, but he had turned unexpectedly gray.

"Have you ever committed one?"

O'Brien choked.

"I won't force you to answer that," I continued.

But Babcock thought he saw his chance.

"Have you any basis for that question?" he demanded sharply.

I smiled at the jury and then at the bench.

"Your Honor," I said, "you and I belong to a generation which has old-fashioned ideas of honor. Honor demands

that I admit having no basis for most of the questions which I have just asked this witness; yet, in a sense, honor demanded that I should ask them, although I might later have to disown their sincerity. But, sir, I do not abandon my attack upon this witness's credibility. I have but one more question to ask him and upon his answer I stake my client's liberty. Let him answer any way he sees fit—yes, or no, I care not which—let him make any reply at all which may be officially recorded here and not hereafter be disputed or denied by him—and this jury may return a verdict against my client.—It is this; Mr. O'Brien, when you took that book in your hand—" and I lifted Byrnes' *Professional Criminals* from where it lay upon the table "—and pretended to read from its pages, were you reading something that was printed there or not? YES—or NO!"

In the silence that followed all those in the courtroom could distinctly hear the ticking of the clock upon the rear wall.

"Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Tick-tock!"—"Yes-no! Yes-no! Yes-no!"

O'Brien squirmed and gazed at the floor.

"Tick-tock! Tick-tock!" went the clock.

"Yes—or no! Yes—or no!" I echoed.

O'Brien hung on dead center. If he answered "Yes"—insisted that he had been reading from the book—I would have put it in evidence and sent him up for perjury. Yet if he answered "No"—admitted that he had made the whole thing up—that there was not a word about Mooney in the book at all—it would be almost as bad. I could see him clutching at the flimsy legal straw of refusing to answer on the ground that his reply might tend to degrade or incriminate him, but that would leave him possibly in a worse position. He'd surely lose his job.

"Tick-tock! Yes-no! Tick-tock! Yes-no! Which—what!"

O'Brien moistened his lips and swallowed twice. He coughed and fumbled for his handkerchief. After all, I could see him thinking, he had done nothing that was not strictly legal. He had not charged that Mooney was a professional crook; he had only asked him the question. You could ask anything you chose so long as you were bound by the witness's answer. Wouldn't that save him? Then that hope faded. While I might be bound by his answer in the case at bar he would be forever bound by the written record. He could never get rid of the millstone his *yes* or *no* would hang about his neck. I could have him disbarred.

"No," he muttered in a woolly voice, so low as hardly to be audible. "I—was—not—reading from the book."

"You mean—" began Judge Babcock. "You actually mean that you—" And he turned his back upon O'Brien with a look of disgust.

The Lord had delivered my enemy into my hands. I faced the jury.

"Now, gentlemen," I said, "you may convict my client if you wish. But at least you now know how the administration of justice is sometimes conducted."

Judge Babcock swung around his chair.

"Take your seat, sir!" he said to the unhappy prosecutor. "Gentlemen of the Jury, acting within my judicial discretion I wish to say that in my opinion the proof in this case does not measure up to the standard of quality required for a conviction. I direct an acquittal."

"Hearken unto your verdict as it stands recorded," intoned the clerk. "You say the defendant is not guilty and so say you all."

THIS IS AMERICA

We are all descendants of immigrants—possibly even the Indians, our first settlers. Many immigrants have told serious or humorous tales of their experiences—none more entertainingly and impressively than one of the latest of them.

THE FIRST DAY

By GEORGE AND HELEN PAPASHVILY

AT FIVE IN THE MORNING the engines stopped, and after thirty-seven days the boat was quiet.

We were in America.

I got up and stepped over the other men and looked out the porthole. Water and fog. We were anchoring off an island. I dressed and went on deck.

Now began my troubles. What to do? This was a Greek boat and I was steerage, so of course by the time we were halfway out I had spent all my landing money for extra food.

Hassan, the Turk, one of the six who slept in the cabin with me, came up the ladder.

"I told you so," he said as soon as he saw me. "Now we are in America and you have no money to land. They send you home. No money, no going ashore. What a disgrace. In your position, frankly, I would kill myself."

Hassan had been satisfied to starve on black olives and salt cheese all the way from Gibraltar, and he begrudged every skewer of lamb I bribed away from the first-cabin steward.

We went down the gangplank into the big room. Passengers with pictures in their hands were rushing around

George and Helen Papashvily: THE FIRST DAY—Reprinted from ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN by George and Helen Papashvily. Copyright, 1943, by George and Helen Papashvily.

to match them to a relative. Before their tables the inspectors were busy with long lines of people.

The visitors' door opened and a fellow with a big pile of caps, striped blue and white cotton caps with visors and a top button, came in. He went first to an old man with a karakul hat near the window, then to a Cossack in the line. At last he came to me.

"Look," he said in Russian, "look at your hat. You want to be a greenhorn all your life? A karakul hat! Do you expect to see anybody in the U. S. A. still with a fur hat? The customs inspector, the doctor, the captain—are they wearing fur hats? Certainly not."

I didn't say anything.

"Look," he said. "I'm sorry for you. I was a greenhorn once myself. I wouldn't want to see anybody make my mistakes. Look, I have caps. See, from such rich striped material. Like wears railroad engineers, and house painters, and coal miners." He spun one around on his finger. "Don't be afraid. It's a cap in real American style. With this cap on your head, they couldn't tell you from a citizen. I'm positively guaranteeing. And I'm trading you this cap even for your old karakul hat. Trading even. You don't have to give me one penny."

Now it is true I bought my karakul *coudie* new for the trip. It was a fine skin, a silver lamb, and in Georgia it would have lasted me a lifetime. Still—

"I'll tell you," the cap man said. "So you can remember all your life you made money the first hour you were in America, I give you a cap and a dollar besides. Done?"

I took off my *coudie* and put on his cap. It was small and sat well up on my head, but then in America one dresses like an American and it is a satisfaction always to be in the best style. So I got my first dollar.

Ysaacs, a Syrian, sat on the bench and smoked brown paper cigarettes and watched all through the bargain. He

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was from our cabin, too, and he knew I was worried about the money to show the examiners. But now, as soon as the cap man went on to the next customer, Ysaacs explained a way to get me by the examiners—a good way.

Such a very good way, in fact, that when the inspector looked over my passport and entry permit I was ready.

“Do you have friends meeting you?” he asked me. “Do you have money to support yourself?”

I pulled out a round fat roll of green American money—tens, twenties—a nice thick pile with a rubber band around.

“O.K.” he said. “Go ahead.” He stamped my papers.

I got my baggage and took the money roll back again to Ysaac’s friend, Arapouleopolus, the money lender, so he could rent it over again to another man. One dollar was all he charged to use it for each landing. Really a bargain.

On the outer platform I met Zurabeg, an Ossetian, who had been down in steerage, too. But Zurabeg was no greenhorn coming for the first time. Zurabeg was an American citizen with papers to prove it, and a friend of Gospadin Buffalo Bill besides. This Zurabeg came first to America twenty years before as a trick show rider, and later he was boss cook on the road with the Gospadin Buffalo Bill. Every few years, Zurabeg, whenever he saved enough money, went home to find a wife—but so far with no luck.

“Can’t land?” he asked me.

“No, I can land,” I said, “but I have no money to pay the little boat to carry me to shore.” A small boat went chuffing back and forth taking off the discharged passengers. “I try to make up my mind to swim, but if I swim how will I carry my baggage? It would need two trips at least.”

“Listen, donkey-head,” Zurabeg said, “this is America.

The carrying boat is free. It belongs to my government. They take us for nothing. Come on."

So we got to the shore.

And there—the streets, the people, the noise! The faces flashing by—and by again. The screams and chatter and cries. But most of all the motion, back and forth, back and forth, pressing deeper and deeper on my eyeballs.

We walked a few blocks through this before I remembered my landing cards and passport and visas. I took them out and tore them into little pieces and threw them all in an ash can. "They can't prove I'm not a citizen, now," I said. "What we do next?"

"We get jobs," Zurabeg told me. "I show you."

We went to an employment agency. Conveniently, the man spoke Russian. He gave Zurabeg a ticket right away to start in a Russian restaurant as first cook.

"Now, my friend? What can you do?" he asked me.

"I," I said, "am a worker in decorative leathers particularly specializing in the ornamenting of crop handles according to the traditional designs."

"My God!" the man said. "This is the U. S. A. No horses. Automobiles. What else can you do?"

Fortunately my father was a man of great foresight and I have two trades. His idea was that in the days when a man starves with one, by the other he may eat.

"I am also," I said, "a swordmaker. Short blades or long; daggers with or without chasing; hunting knives, plain or ornamented; tempering, fitting, pointing—" I took my certificate of successful completion of apprenticeship out of my *chemidon*.

"My God! A crop maker—a sword pointer. You better take him along for a dishwasher," he said to Zurabeg. "They can always use another dishwasher."

We went down into the earth and flew through tunnels

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in a train. It was like the caves under the Kazbeck where the giant bats sleep, and it smelled even worse.

The restaurant was on a side street and the lady-owner, the *hasaika*, spoke kindly. "I remember you from the tea-room," she said to Zurabeg. "I congratulate myself on getting you. You are excellent on the *piroshkis*, isn't it?"

"On everything, madame," Zurabeg said grandly. "On everything. Buffalo Bill, an old friend of mine, has eaten thirty of my *piroshkis* at a meal. My friend—" he waved toward me "—will be a dishwasher."

I made a bow.

The kitchen was small and hot and fat—like inside of a pig's stomach. Zurabeg unpacked his knives, put on his cap, and, at home at once, started to dice celery.

"You can wash these," the *hasaika* said to me. "At four we have party."

It was a trayful of glasses. And such glasses—thin bubbles that would hardly hold a sip—set on stems. The first one snapped in my hand, the second dissolved, the third to tenth I got washed, the eleventh was already cracked, the twelfth rang once on the pan edge and was silent.

Perhaps I might be there yet, but just as I carried the first trayful to the service slot, the restaurant cat ran between my feet.

When I got all the glass swept up, I told Zurabeg, "Now, we have to eat. It's noon. I watch the customers eat. It makes me hungry. Prepare a *shashlik* and some cucumbers, and we enjoy our first meal for good luck in the New World."

"This is a restaurant," Zurabeg said, "not a *duquani* on the side of the Georgian road where the proprietor and the house eat with the guests together at one table. This is a restaurant with very strict organization. We get to eat when the customers go, and you get what the customers

leave. Try again with the glasses and remember my reputation. Please."

I found a quart of sour cream and went into the back alley and ate that and some bread and a jar of caviar which was very salty—packed for export, no doubt.

The *hasaika* found me. I stood up. "Please," she said, "please go on. Eat sour cream. But after, could you go away? Far away? With no hard feelings. The glasses—the caviar—it's expensive for me—and at the same time I don't want to make your friend mad. I need a good cook. If you could just go away? Quietly? Just disappear, so to speak? I give you five dollars."

"I didn't do anything," I said, "so you don't have to pay me. All in all, a restaurant probably isn't my fate. You can tell Zurabeg afterward."

She brought my cap and a paper bag. I went down through the alley and into the street. I walked. I walked until my feet took fire in my shoes and my neck ached from looking. I walked for hours. I couldn't even be sure it was the same day. I tried some English on a few men that passed. "What watch?" I said. But they pushed by me so I knew I had it wrong. I tried another man. "How many clock?" He showed me on his wrist. Four-thirty.

A wonderful place. Rapidly, if one applies oneself, one speaks the English.

I came to a park and went in and found a place under a tree and took off my shoes and lay down. I looked in the bag the *hasaika* gave me. A sandwich from bologna and a nickel—to begin in America with.

What to do? While I decided, I slept.

A policeman was waking me up. He spoke. I shook my head I can't understand. Then with hands, and legs, rolling his eyes, turning his head, with motions, with gestures (really he was as good as marionettes I saw once in Tiflis),

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he showed me that to lie on the grass is forbidden. But one is welcome to the seats instead. All free seats in this park. No charge for anybody. What a country!

But I was puzzled. There were iron arm rests every two feet along the benches. How could I distribute myself under them? I tried one leg. Then the other. But when I was under, how could I turn around? Then, whatever way I got in, my chin was always caught by the hoop. While I thought this over, I walked and bought peanuts for my nickel and fed the squirrels.

Lights began to come on in the towers around the park. It was almost dark. I found a sandy patch under a rock on a little bluff above the drive. I cut a *shashlik* stick and built a fire of twigs and broiled my bologna over it and ate the bread. It lasted very short. Then I rolled up my coat for a pillow like the days during the war and went to sleep.

I was tired from America and I slept some hours. It must have been almost midnight when the light flashed in my face. I sat up. It was from the head lamp of a touring car choking along on the road below me. While I watched, the engine coughed and died. A man got out. For more than an hour he knocked with tools and opened the hood and closed it again.

Then I slid down the bank. In the war there were airplanes, and of course cars are much the same except, naturally, for the wings. I showed him with my hands and feet and head, like the policeman: "Give me the tools and let me try." He handed them over and sat down on the bench.

I checked the spark plugs and the distributor, the timer and the coils. I looked at the feed line, at the ignition, at the gas. In between, I cranked. I cranked until I cranked my heart out onto the ground. Still the car wouldn't move.

I got mad. I cursed it. I cursed it for a son of a moun-

tain devi. I cursed it for the carriage of the diavels in the cave. I cursed it by the black-horned goat, and when I finished all I knew in Georgian I said it again in Russian to pick up the loose ends. Then I kicked the radiator as hard as I could. The car was an old Model T, and it started with a snort that shook the chassis like an aspen.

The man came running up. He was laughing and he shook my hand and talked at me and asked questions. But the policeman's method didn't work. Signs weren't enough. I remembered my dictionary—English-Russian, Russian-English—it went both ways. I took it from my blouse pocket and showed the man. Holding it under the headlights, he thumbed through.

"Work?" he found in English.

I looked at the Russian word beside it and shook my head.

"Home?" he turned to that.

"No," again.

I took the dictionary. "Boat. Today."

"Come home—" he showed me the words—"with me—" he pointed to himself. "Eat. Sleep. Job." It took him quite a time between words. "Job. Tomorrow."

"Automobiles?" I said. We have the same word in Georgian.

"Automobiles!" He was pleased we found one word together.

We got in his car, and he took me through miles and miles of streets with houses on both sides of every one of them until we came to his own. We went in and we ate and we drank and ate and drank again. For that, fortunately, you need no words.

Then his wife showed me a room and I went to bed. As I fell asleep, I thought to myself: "Well, now, I have lived one whole day in America and—just like they say—

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America is a country where anything, anything at all can happen."

And in twenty years—about this—I never changed my mind.

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MR. WHITCOMB'S GENIE

BY WALTER BROOKS

THERE WAS THIS OLD COUPLE and their names were Mr. and Mrs. Jethro Whitcomb. They had a small farm up back in the hills with a few cows and some chickens and usually a pig. They sold most of the milk and eggs, but they smoked and pickled the pig. They had a garden and some fruit trees and every summer Mrs. Whitcomb put up three hundred cans of vegetables and fruit. So they always had plenty to eat and the milk and eggs bought them coffee and tea and flour and gas for the old truck. Of course they rolled up a total of working hours per week that would have put the average industrial worker on the ash heap in a couple of months. But it seemed a comfortable life to them, though naturally no fiesta.

Every spring, Mr. Whitcomb plowed up the garden and

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harrowed it and then Mrs. Whitcomb took over and put in her vegetables. And one day she was setting out cabbage plants when the piece of broomstick she used to poke the holes for the plants struck something hard just under the surface.

A stone, she thought and, feeling for the edge of it with her stick, pried it out. But it wasn't a stone. It seemed to be a very low oval pitcher with an odd up-curved snout and a handle at the opposite side. Under the crusted dirt it showed green like corroded brass, and a long scratch—probably made by a harrow tooth—gleamed yellow. So she threw it over in the grass and went on with her planting.

By and by she went in to get dinner and she took the brass thing with her and left it on the back steps, but she didn't think of it again until as she was washing up the dishes Mr. Whitcomb came back into the house and asked her what it was.

She told him where she'd found it. "I thought I'd try to shine it up," she said. "It would look real pretty on the parlor mantel."

Mr. Whitcomb said maybe it was some kind of Indian relic because the spring above their garden had once been the site of an Indian encampment and he had turned up a number of arrowheads there through the years. "Though I didn't suppose they had brass," he said.

"They might have got it in trade," said Mrs. Whitcomb, "though for the life of me I don't see what anybody could use it for. Such an unhandy shape."

On fine evenings the Whitcombs always sat out on the porch after supper until the sun went down and then they went to bed because they had to get up early to milk. This evening Mr. Whitcomb brought out the vinegar cruet and a rag and went to work on the pitcher. He never liked to be idle unless he was asleep. But he had hardly given

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more than a few hard rubs with the rag when around the corner of the house came the tallest and swarthiest man they had ever seen. He was just a trifle over eight feet from the soles of his sandals to the top of his turban and all he had on between was a white loincloth. He stood there before them on the grass, blotting out the sunset, and he bowed, touching his breast and his forehead with the fingers of his right hand, and then folded his arms and just stood there.

Without even a growl old Shep jumped up from where he had been lying beside Mrs. Whitcomb's chair and slunk into the house. Mr. Whitcomb sat up straight and his mouth fell open and his pipe dropped on the porch floor, but he didn't even notice it.

Mr. Whitcomb was not scared of much, but Mrs. Whitcomb was not scared of anything and she stopped rocking and said severely, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself going around like that! Go put some clothes on!"

"To hear is to obey," said the man in a voice that rumbled like thunder under the porch roof, and he turned and vanished. But in no time at all he was back and now he had on a loose white robe belted with a green sash through which was thrust a huge scimitar.

The Whitcombs looked at each other uneasily. Then Mr. Whitcomb turned again to the visitor. "Who are you?" he asked and the man said, "I am the slave of the lamp."

"What lamp?" said Mr. Whitcomb and the man said, "The lamp that thy wife found and that lies before thee on the floor."

"Are you a Quaker?" Mr. Whitcomb asked and Mrs. Whitcomb said, "That isn't a lamp—it's a pitcher."

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Whitcomb. "Maybe it's a lamp like they used in ancient times. I've seen pictures of them somewhere. Can you show us how it works?"

The man picked up the pitcher in his huge hand and

passed the other hand over it and now they saw that it was filled with oil and from the spout protruded half an inch of wick on which a little flame flickered.

"Great earth and seas!" said Mrs. Whitcomb and Mr. Whitcomb said, "How in the world did you do that?" But the man just put the lamp down in front of them and folded his arms again.

For a minute no one spoke. The Whitcombs fixed their eyes on the lamp, for somehow they felt a great reluctance to look at their guest, and to look at each other was to demand an explanation of things they didn't want to think about.

"Burns nicely," said Mr. Whitcomb. "Well enough," Mrs. Whitcomb replied, "but it's a poor contraption to what we have nowadays." Then she took a deep breath and raised her eyes to the dark face that she could happily not see too clearly because behind it the sky was flaming into orange and gold. "I suppose you are a magician," she said. "Are you with a—a circus?"

"Circus hasn't been through these parts in five years, mother," said Mr. Whitcomb, "and anyway it's too early in the season." Then he looked at the visitor. "That was a good trick with the lamp," he said. "Can you do any others?"

"Whatever you desire, master," said the man.

"Well," said Mr. Whitcomb, "I've always heard a lot about that Indian rope trick."

"You wish me to do it?" the man asked and Mr. Whitcomb said, "Well, if it isn't too much trouble." And he was going on to say that of course they couldn't afford to pay for a performance, but they'd be glad to give him some supper if he was hungry. But the man had turned away.

He drew his scimitar and cut down the clothesline that stretched over to a pole across the yard and Mrs. Whit-

comb half rose to protest, but before she could say anything he had thrown one end of the line up into the air. And it stayed there. The edge of the porch roof cut off sight of the upper end of the line and Mr. Whitcomb supposed that it must have caught on the telephone wire. But then the man caught hold of the line and began to climb up hand over hand. No telephone wire would support such a weight. Up he went, the scimitar flashing red and gold in the sunlight. The turban disappeared above the edge of the porch roof, then the robe, and last the sandaled feet. They both hurried to the porch railing and looked up. And as they did so the clothesline rustled limply down into the grass. And the man disappeared.

Mr. Whitcomb laughed shakily. "That was a neat way of getting rid of him, mother," he said.

"I wouldn't have believed it," said Mrs. Whitcomb emphatically. "I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it."

"Do you believe it?" said Mr. Whitcomb. "I don't."

They looked at each other. There didn't seem to be anything to say. "I think I'd better go in and make a good strong pot of coffee," said Mrs. Whitcomb at last.

"I guess so," said Mr. Whitcomb.

He picked up the lamp and blew it out and then gave it an absent-minded rub with the rag which he still held in his hand. And suddenly there was their visitor again, bowing and touching finger tips to breast and forehead.

"Oh, good land!" said Mr. Whitcomb, but Mrs. Whitcomb paused in the doorway and said, "We promised him supper, Jethro." She measured the man with her eye. "We'll never get him into that kitchen," she said. "I'll fix something and bring it out. You entertain him."

"Entertain him!" said Mr. Whitcomb under his breath. But he went slowly back to his chair. "Sit down," he said.

"Mrs. Whitcomb will have something for you in a few minutes."

So the man sat down cross-legged on the grass and, after Mr. Whitcomb had picked up his pipe and taken six matches to relight it, he asked him politely where he came from and the man said, "From the east, master."

"I see," said Mr. Whitcomb, "but how do you come to be in this part of the country?"

"I am the slave of the lamp," said the man, "and I come to do your bidding."

Well, Mr. Whitcomb saw that he wasn't getting anywhere with his questions and he thought, *Maybe he doesn't understand English very well and I suppose he's just sticking to the regular line of talk he gives his audiences.* So he talked about the wet spring and the prospects for a good hay crop and pretty soon Mrs. Whitcomb came out with a tray which she put down on the steps. "Maybe you can manage here," she said. "You're too big to sit in these chairs." And as the man just looked at it, "Eat it! Eat it!" she said.

Well, he ate it. He ate four fried eggs and eight slices of bacon and half a cherry pie, and washed it down with coffee; and when that was gone he ate all the bread and a whole pound of margarine.

"Good grief," said Mrs. Whitcomb, "the man must have been starving!" And she went in and brought out some cold boiled potatoes and a slice of ham and a big plate of doughnuts and the man ate them all to the last crumb.

Mrs. Whitcomb looked rather dismayed, for there was now hardly enough left in the house for breakfast. But she laughed and said, "Well, this has got to stop somewhere and I guess this is the place. I don't suppose you'll be going on any farther tonight?" she said. "We'd like to offer you a bed, but there isn't a bed big enough for you—nor a room either. But you can sleep in the barn if you

don't mind. In the hay." And as the man didn't answer she said, "Jethro, you take him out and show him." But first she said, "Give me that sword—you won't need that." So the man handed her the scimitar and then followed Mr. Whitcomb off to the barn.

Well, the Whitcombs sat up later than usual that night talking about the strange visitor. "I told him to go to sleep in there and he lay down and went right to sleep," said Mr. Whitcomb. "He don't act as if he had anywhere to go."

"He doesn't and that's a fact," said Mrs. Whitcomb. "If he didn't have such an almighty appetite it would be nice if he stayed for a while and helped with the chores. He seems willing."

Mr. Whitcomb said, "You aren't afraid of him?" and Mrs. Whitcomb said, "No, I've got a feeling about him that he's harmless. In spite of his never smiling or saying thank you."

"Well, mother, you're usually right about such things," Mr. Whitcomb said, "so we'll see in the morning. But he's a queer customer and no mistake."

So in the morning after he'd milked and turned the cows out he went into the barn, but the man was gone. So he went in to breakfast.

Mrs. Whitcomb said, "I'm just as well pleased, for it would take a lot of work to keep up with that appetite and he would have eaten us out of house and home."

Mr. Whitcomb blew on his coffee and started to drink and then he set it down and said, "Funny about that trick, though—and that lamp business. You don't suppose—"

"I certainly don't," said Mrs. Whitcomb firmly, "and you'd better not go getting ideas, Jethro."

"Just the same——" said Mr. Whitcomb, and he picked up the lamp which Mrs. Whitcomb had put in the middle of the table and gave it a rub with his sleeve. And immedi-

ately a shadow fell across the open doorway and that deep voice said, "I am here, master."

"Oh, good Lord!" said Mr. Whitcomb and he went quickly to the door and looked out. "You'd better make about ten stacks of pancakes, mother," he said. "Meanwhile I'm going to try something." And he went out to where the man was standing with his arms folded and said, "Your breakfast will be about half an hour. So see that crowbar? Well, take it over in the garden and see if you can lever that big rock out that sticks up there where Mrs. Whitcomb is planting her cabbages. There," he said when he went back, "I guess that'll keep him busy. 'Twouldn't budge for me the other day." And he sat down at the table.

When Mrs. Whitcomb had the man's breakfast ready she went to the door to call him, but he wasn't anywhere in sight. "Guess you discouraged him that time," she said. "He didn't even touch your crowbar."

So Mr. Whitcomb went to the door and, sure enough, there was the crowbar still leaning against the house and he started to say something and then stopped and grabbed Mrs. Whitcomb by the shoulder and said, "Look!" And they both looked and didn't say anything. For up in the garden where the rock had been there was a big hole. But the rock was gone.

Mr. Whitcomb shook his head. "Can't understand it," he said. "The thing must have weighed half a ton."

But Mrs. Whitcomb turned around and walked determinedly back to the house. Mr. Whitcomb followed more slowly. When he came in the door she said quietly, "Sit down and drink your coffee, Jethro."

He sat down, but he didn't drink—he just peered into his cup for a while and then he said slowly, "I don't know just how far this thing'll go, but I'm going to find out." And he reached out his hand for the lamp.

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But Mrs. Whitcomb pulled it away. "If you'll take my advice you'll take this thing out and bury it somewheres." She shook her head angrily. "It just don't bear thinking of!"

"Maybe it don't," said Mr. Whitcomb, "but if it comes to that, there's a lot of things don't bear thinking of. We don't have to think of 'em—we accept 'em. Well, I'm accepting this." He picked up the lamp and rubbed it, and when the shadow fell across the doorway he took the tray Mrs. Whitcomb had set and carried it out. "Eat this," he said, "and then go down to the lower pasture. You'll see some places where the wall needs mending. Fix that so the cows can't get out and then if you have time patch up the roof of the old barn down in the corner of the pasture. You'll find everything you need in the tool house." And he turned and went back indoors.

Well, the Whitcombs went about their work all day as usual and they saw nothing of their peculiar visitor. After supper they walked down to the lower pasture. On two sides the wall had been, for years, just a rubble of loose stones topped with brush to keep the cows in. For they had a mean neighbor on that side who would sue you for damages if you dropped a match on his land. The Whitcombs had been trying for years to get a right-of-way through this Mr. Covell's farm because if they could use his lane it would shorten their route to the village by more than half. But he wouldn't give it to them.

But now the brush on the wall had disappeared and the entire wall had been rebuilt to a height of five feet. It was laid up as straight and even as if half a dozen masons had worked on it for a week. But it was the old barn that they could not believe. Its weather-beaten sides were as loose and warped as they had always been and you could throw a cat through them anywhere, but the roof was a brand-new roof of glistening white shingles.

They looked at the wall and the roof and then they looked at each other. There was really nothing to say. But as always Mr. Whitcomb couldn't leave it at that. He sat down wearily on a rock. "But, mother," he said. "How . . . ? Why . . . ?" And Mrs. Whitcomb, who always talked less, but said more, interrupted him. "We don't know the how or why of anything, Jethro," she said, "and the thing we want to think about now is the what. What do we want done? Come—I'm going back to the house."

Mrs. Whitcomb was always more practical than Mr. Whitcomb and she went straight back and got the lamp and rubbed it and when the man appeared she said slowly as if consulting a list in the back of her mind: "Get me six new aprons and a damask tablecloth and a cut-glass water pitcher and—let me see—a sack of flour and two pounds of butter and a box of raisins and a pail of—no, we don't need any lard. Dear me, I can't think. . . . Well, I guess that will be all. No, wait!" she said, and she hesitated a minute and said, "Get me six ripe pomegranates."

"I hear and obey," said the man as she turned back into the house.

Mr. Whitcomb had heard, too, and he started to protest, but he had hardly begun to speak when there was a thump on the back steps and they looked out and there were all the things they had ordered. Mrs. Whitcomb brought them in and Mr. Whitcomb didn't protest any more when he saw how happy she was and how she stroked the fine tablecloth with her worn old fingers and how she held up the water pitcher to the light so that fire and flame danced in it as if it were filled with diamonds. So then they ate one of the pomegranates and didn't like it much and after that they were pretty tired, so they went to bed. But Mrs. Whitcomb took the water pitcher up and put it on the table where it would be the first thing she saw when she opened her eyes in the morning.

Well, Mr. Whitcomb was pretty uneasy and I guess he would have liked to wash his hands of the whole thing, but at breakfast next morning when he saw how Mrs. Whitcomb's eyes sparkled when she looked at the new water pitcher he just ate what was set before him and then went out to work without saying a word. And as soon as he was gone Mrs. Whitcomb summoned the slave of the lamp and ordered eight rolls of wallpaper with rose-buds on it. For she had wanted to repaper the dining room for ten years, but they had never had enough extra money to do it. She got a couple of sawhorses and laid a plank across them and started to mix the paste and then she thought, What a ninny I am to do this myself! and she summoned the genie and told him to paper the room. And she went out and sat in her rocker on the porch.

When Mr. Whitcomb came in for dinner at noon he found the table set in the dining room with a snowy damask tablecloth and the cut-glass water pitcher sparkling in the middle. So he put his arms around Mrs. Whitcomb and hugged her and said, "My, my, it certainly freshens the old place up, doesn't it?" And he pulled up his chair.

That afternoon Mrs. Whitcomb sat out on the porch with her mail-order catalogue and made out a list and when Mr. Whitcomb came in after milking he found a whole row of things on the porch. They were all the things that they had seen pictures of and wished they had, and Mr. and Mrs. Whitcomb just sat down among them like children among their presents on Christmas morning and picked up now one thing and now another and talked in quiet voices about how they'd use it. And then they put their arms around each other and cried a little.

After a while Mrs. Whitcomb jumped up and took Mr. Whitcomb's hand and led him out to the barn and there

was a brand-new tractor and beside it stood a new plow with two shares so that it could turn two furrows at once.

"Great earth and seas!" said Mr. Whitcomb, but he had used up most of his astonishment on all the other things and in a minute he climbed into the seat and fussed around till he got it started and then after a little experimenting in the barnyard he made Mrs. Whitcomb get up and stand on the rear axle and hold on to the fenders and he took her on a grand tour of the whole farm.

Well, the lamp altered a good many things in the next few weeks. As Mrs. Whitcomb pointed out, they could just as easily have lived in a palace with a hundred servants and eaten off gold dishes. But what is sometimes called New England caution, but is probably just the ordinary horse sense that is pretty thoroughly distributed through the rural sections of the country—this caution kept them from overdoing it.

"There's only so much work in a horse," said Mr. Whitcomb, "and if you drive him too hard he drops dead on you. This genie ain't any different." So when they had put in a bathroom, with a windmill and a tank to supply it with water, and a hot-water heater and a few other domestic luxuries like that, they limited their demands to such things as a new dress or a pound of the best tea or some good plug tobacco. Except on Mrs. Whitcomb's birthday when Mr. Whitcomb surprised her by having the genie serve a ten-course dinner complete, from caviar canapes, which they didn't like, to little pink candies in silver dishes, which they did. It was served in the front parlor and the last course was an enormous birthday cake with pink icing and seventy candles. But they both ate too much and were uncomfortable afterward.

They would have liked to put electricity in, but Mr. Whitcomb didn't know how the genie could arrange with the company and anyway he didn't quite trust him to do

a safe job of wiring. But he had him help with the farm work. He liked to have somebody to talk to when he was working and the genie was good company because he hardly ever said anything at all. When Mr. Whitcomb told him to do something he just said, "Yes, master."

This form of speech bothered Mr. Whitcomb. "You must talk as we do, Gene," he said. He called the genie Gene.

"O.K., boss," said the genie.

Well, it got along towards haying time and Mr. Whitcomb thought it would be nice to have a new barn, because the old one was no great shakes and the one in the lower pasture was just a small one. So he figured what he needed and then ordered the genie to bring it and in five minutes there was all the lumber—beams and joists and siding and shingles—stacked up neatly in a huge pile, along with kegs of nails and cans of paint and all the hardware and fittings in boxes. And Mr. Whitcomb went right to work.

The slave of the lamp dug a trench and they began laying up the foundation wall.

Well, they had a pretty good start when John Covell drove into the yard. This Mr. Covell was the mean neighbor who had the right of way the Whitcombs wanted. Covell's was the next farm below Whitcomb's, which was at the head of the valley, and it had everything Whitcomb's didn't, including hired help and two hundred cows which were milked by machine. But it did not have a genie. And so Mr. Covell's little eyes blinked rapidly when he saw the building materials and he said, "You aimin' to build, Jethro?"

"New barn," said Mr. Whitcomb.

"How'd you manage priorities?" said Mr. Covell, and Mr. Whitcomb, who hadn't thought about that, began to mumble something when the genie in his working clothes, which were the loincloth and turban, came out from

where he had been mixing mortar behind the lumber pile.

"Great roarin' Jehoshaphat!" said Mr. Covell and started for his car.

But Mr. Whitcomb laughed and said, "Wait, John, it's only my new hired man, Gene," so Mr. Covell came back slowly and Mr. Whitcomb introduced them and the genie said, "Pleased to meet you."

Mr. Covell said, "H'm," and fluttered his eyelids slyly as he looked the genie over, and Mr. Whitcomb thought, *He's wondering if he can hire him away from me. He'd give his eyeteeth for such a man if he had them, which he hasn't.* But Mr. Covell just said, "Where'd you get him?"

"He just stopped by," said Mr. Whitcomb.

"You like it here?" Mr. Covell asked the genie.

"'Tain't bad," the genie said.

"He feed you well?" asked Mr. Covell, who never bothered to be tactful with his poorer neighbors.

"Good enough," said the genie.

"Well," said Mr. Covell with a sort of giggle, "if he don't eat more'n he talks it don't cost you much to feed him, Jethro. But I'm surprised the Army didn't get him."

Well, Mr. Whitcomb didn't have anything to say to that, so he said, "What did you want to see me about, John?" and Mr. Covell said he'd started haying and would Mr. Whitcomb come over and lend a hand.

Well, at haying times, with the shortage of labor, you had to help even your enemies, and Mr. Whitcomb said he would, but he didn't have the prudence to leave it at that, but succumbed to the sin of pride and said he'd bring his new tractor if they could use it. Mr. Covell blinked more than ever, but he didn't ask any questions and pretty soon he drove off.

So that afternoon Mr. Whitcomb started out on his tractor. But before he went he told the slave of the lamp to continue work on the new barn. Remembering how

quickly the stone wall had been rebuilt, he thought the foundation would be finished long before suppertime. But he stared in utter amazement when he drove into the yard at six o'clock and saw the barn standing there complete to the last shingle and door hinge. But what really made Mr. Whitcomb uneasy was that it was all painted. And the paint was dry. He was thoroughly scared.

Well, of course Mr. Whitcomb was not the first man to be scared of a genie. Yet in all such cases it is not the genie who is the real cause for alarm. For the slave of the lamp was not malevolent. But Mr. Covell was. And one day old Tom Pratt, who was a cousin of Mrs. Whitcomb's aunt's second husband, phoned and said, "Jethro, our OPA board's been meetin' in the village and I understand they're coming out to ask you some questions today. I thought I ought to let you know."

"Questions about what?" said Mr. Whitcomb and Mr. Pratt said, "That new barn and those new tires on your tractor that haven't got any serial numbers onto them, and so on. I tell you, Jethro," he said, "there's some of 'em down here on the ration board—John Covell and Henry Sloan 'mongst 'em—that's been fixing to cause you trouble."

"Well, they're the board," said Mr. Whitcomb. "They've got a right to ask."

"Yah! That John Covell!" said Mr. Pratt. "He's had a gretch against you ever since he found out you was eight years older than him and had all your teeth. Talked about it all last winter. And he's been trying to get priorities for some lumber, too, and couldn't do it. So instead of bein' open and aboveboard about it he stirs up Henry to put in a complaint. I held out agin' 'em as long as I could, Jethro."

"I know you would, Tom, I know you would," Mr. Whitcomb said.

"And there's something about getting the draft board after your hired man, too," Mr. Pratt said. "I hope you can explain it, Jethro."

"I hope so too," said Mr. Whitcomb and hung up.

Well, by and by, Mr. Covell and Mr. Sloan and another man named Mark Pierce drove into the yard. Mr. Covell sort of hung back, but the others went up to the porch where the Whitcombs were sitting, and Mr. Sloan said, "Well, Jethro, we've got to ask you some questions about that new barn you built."

"What barn?" said Mr. Whitcomb.

Mr. Sloan looked around, but all he saw was the little white-painted house and the old rambling barn that had certainly not been built within the last half century. And he said in a puzzled way, "Why, I understood——"

"Maybe you had reference to that barn," said Mrs. Whitcomb, and she pointed down the valley. For the genie had moved the new barn down into Mr. Covell's woodlot.

So Mr. Sloan turned to Mr. Covell and said, "Why, John, ain't that on your land?"

"Wh-where'd that barn come from?" demanded Mr. Covell and his eyelids blinked so rapidly that you could hardly see them.

"I guess you'd better answer that one, John," said Mr. Pierce, and he looked at Mr. Covell suspiciously.

But Mr. Covell turned and ran for his car and after a second the others followed him. Mr. Whitcomb went along too. But Mrs. Whitcomb smiled and leaned back in her rocking chair and had the genie bring her a good strong cup of tea and a slice of fruitcake.

Well, the four men drove down to Covell's and got out and followed Mr. Covell up to the woodlot and, sure enough, there right in among the trees was the fine new barn.

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"Guess you're the one that's got to explain about priorities, John," said Mr. Pierce.

"But it's Jethro's barn!" shrieked Mr. Covell, who was now almost out of his mind with rage and bewilderment. "I tell you I saw it being built and night before last I walked up on the hill to look over and see how far Jethro'd got with it and there it was all built—right to the east of the house."

"Yeah," said Mr. Sloan sarcastically, "and I suppose Jethro put it in his wheelbarrow and brought it over here to make you a present of it!"

But Mr. Covell was beyond speech now and he just sat down on a log and gibbered at them, and Mr. Sloan and Mr. Pierce didn't say any more, but just looked worried and took Mr. Covell by the arms and led him back to the house and told his wife to put him to bed. And then they all walked back to Whitcomb's.

So they sat down on the porch and Mrs. Whitcomb brought out some cider and doughnuts and Mr. Pierce said it was a pity Mr. Covell's mind had all give way at once like that.

"Accusing you of getting black-market lumber, Jethro," he said, "when he must have been buying it himself."

"And what a crazy notion," said Mr. Sloan, "to build his barn up in the woodlot! I never see anything to beat it."

"Thought nobody'd see it up there, I expect," said Mr. Pierce. "You can't see it from the road."

So they talked for a while and the Whitcombs persuaded them not to take any action against Mr. Covell at least until his mind cleared, and they apologized for causing the Whitcombs trouble and went home. And then Mr. Whitcomb had the genie move the barn back again.

But Mr. Covell was a pretty shrewd citizen and I suspect that maybe in his day he had had some traffic with the supernatural himself, for, a couple of days later, he

came up to Whitcomb's again. He got out of his car and hardly glanced at the new barn, but came up and sat down as if nothing had happened and said, "Jethro, you know what they're saying about me down to the village?"

"No," said Mr. Whitcomb, "but I can imagine."

"They're saying I'm stark staring mad—that's what they're saying," said Mr. Covell. His eyes blinked rapidly and he blew hard through his nose and said, "It's all this hanky-panky of yours with the barn. I don't know how you did it, but ain't you harassed and mortified me enough?"

"Well, John," said Mr. Whitcomb, "you've harassed and mortified me plenty in the past."

"You mean that right of way?" said Mr. Covell and Mr. Whitcomb said, "Yes, and I mean setting the OPA onto me. And the draft board, too, I understand."

"I only did my patriotic duty," said Mr. Covell, "for you've got a young able-bodied hired man which there aren't any records of his ever having registered at the local board—"

"Young?" interrupted Mr. Whitcomb. "Why, Gene's older than the hills."

"Nonsense!" Mr. Covell snapped. "I guess you forget that I saw him with my own eyes. Why, he ain't over—"

"Just a minute," said Mr. Whitcomb and he went in the house and rubbed the lamp. When the genie appeared he looked just the same as he had before when Mr. Covell had seen him except that he had a long white beard.

Mr. Covell's eyelids were like a couple of agitated butterflies, only not as pretty, and he went over and climbed up on the porch rail where his face was on a level with the incredible whiskers and examined them and even tugged at them gingerly and then he got down and said wearily, "All right, Jethro, you win. Now what do you want of me?"

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Well, Mr. Whitcomb said that all he wanted was just common neighborly consideration.

"You mean that right of way?" said Mr. Covell and Mr. Whitcomb said "Yes."

"All right," Mr. Covell said, "you can have it, provided you can persuade Henry and Mark that the whole barn thing was maybe just a joke. Though what they're going to say the next time they come up and see there isn't any barn in the woodlot—"

"Leave it to me," said Mr. Whitcomb. "I'll guarantee there won't be any talk."

"Well," said Mr. Covell doubtfully, "if you think you can pull the wool over their eyes—"

"You saw me pull it over Gene's chin," said Mr. Whitcomb with a chuckle. "You leave it to me."

Well, the offices of the draft and ration boards were in the town hall and by 10:30 next morning the population of about the entire village was gathered in front of that building. For, piled up between the sidewalk and the front steps was a miscellany of rationed and high-priority goods, and each item had a tag on it addressed to either Mr. Sloan or Mr. Pierce.

Obviously the ignorance these gentlemen expressed as to the origin of the goods was met with deep suspicion. Mr. Sloan and Mr. Pierce were kept much too busy for a while to bother about a little thing like a disappearing barn.

Well, late one afternoon the Whitcombs were sitting on the porch. The genie was in the barn, milking. More and more of the work had been turned over to him until now Mr. Whitcomb hardly had anything to do at all and could sit on the porch in his old rocking chair and rock from dawn to dusk except when it rained. And then he took the rocker inside. But this afternoon he was restless. He would get up and go to the edge of the porch and look at the

sky and then he would go indoors and wander around aimlessly and at last Mrs. Whitcomb said, "Land sakes, Jethro, what ails you lately? You're as restless as an old gander with the earache."

"Well, Ma, I am!" said Mr. Whitcomb crossly, and then he sat down and looked worried and said, "There ain't anything to do!"

Mrs. Whitcomb nodded. "Yes," she said, "I expect that's it. Maybe you've noticed I never have Gene wash the dishes or feed the chickens or cook the meals." She rocked a few minutes in silence and then she said, "Jethro, why don't we get rid of him?"

Well, Mr. Whitcomb brightened up a lot when she said that, but he rocked for quite a while, too, before he said, "Yes, mother. Yes, I guess you've hit it. 'Tain't natural the way we've been living. And what ain't natural ain't right."

"I don't know about the right and wrong of it," Mrs. Whitcomb said, "but it isn't what we're accustomed to. And we're too old to change."

Mr. Whitcomb allowed that was true. But there were all those fine things that the genie had brought them.

"I'm not saying a word against them," Mrs. Whitcomb said. "But enough's enough. And some of it has pretty near been too much. That barn pretty near brought us trouble, Jethro. And someday if we keep on we'll find ourselves in a fix we can't get out of. Things you don't pay for don't do you much good."

Well, they talked it over for a long time and at last they agreed that they would wait a week. During that time they would make a list of all the things they thought they ever might want and then they would dismiss the slave of the lamp. They would tell him to take it to Greenland or somewhere, because it would do no good just to bury it—they'd be sure to dig it up again someday when they

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wanted a spool of thread or a bottle of ketchup without the bother of waiting to go to the village.

So at the end of the week Mr. Whitcomb said, "Well, mother, have you got that list?"

"There's nothing on it," said Mrs. Whitcomb. "I couldn't think of anything else I wanted."

"Well, now!" said Mr. Whitcomb and he laughed. "There's nothing on mine, either." So he took the lamp and rubbed it and the genie appeared.

"Well, Gene," Mr. Whitcomb said, "we've about decided that we don't need you any longer."

The genie stood before the porch looking down on them with the fires of the sunset blazing in the sky behind him just as he had the first time they saw him. The swarthy face under the white turban was indistinct, but across it passed something they had never seen on it before—the shadow of a smile.

"What are you smiling at?" said Mr. Whitcomb and the slave said, "At my thoughts, master."

"Tell me your thoughts," said Mr. Whitcomb and the genie said, "I smile that with all the riches of the world at your feet you turn away."

"Others have had the lamp," said Mr. Whitcomb. "Didn't any of them ever give it up willingly?"

"Sooner or later all were glad to rid themselves of it," said the genie. "None kept it longer than a few months. I have served you longer than most, for you have been wiser than most. But no man is so wise that he can bear to own a world."

"H'm," said Mrs. Whitcomb. "I wouldn't have given them credit for so much sense."

"Well," said Mr. Whitcomb, "before you go we each want to hold back one wish. I expect you know what I mean. We can't think of anything else we want right now,

but we want to have one wish that we can use at some time in the future. Is that possible?"

"Yes, master," said the genie, "you each have one wish."

"Very well," said Mr. Whitcomb, "and now before we change our mind take the lamp and go."

"I hear and obey," said the genie and vanished, and when they looked around the lamp was gone.

Well, half an hour later when Mrs. Whitcomb was getting supper she said, "Drat that fire—I wish it would burn properly." And immediately the fire burned up bright and clear. "Good land, Jethro," she said, "I've gone and used up my wish already!"

They were pretty upset about it for a while and Mr. Whitcomb realized that he would have to be pretty careful not to express any wish at all until he found the one that he really wanted to come true.

In the next few months it bothered him a good deal. For he didn't think of anything that he really wanted a lot and he had to watch everything he wanted except one thing—the freedom to say he wished for something without expecting to get it. And he said suddenly, "I wish I didn't have any wish coming to me."

And then, of course, he didn't any more. And he went in and told Mrs. Whitcomb and she hugged him and they went out after supper and sat on the porch and wished for everything they could think of just for the fun of not getting anything at all. And I guess they were completely happy.

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Read this unusual story and be grateful that you live in the United States. Would you agree with the title? Robert Trout himself says he would admit at once that there are still, fortunately, a few places in the world besides our own country where free speech is allowed. Let us try to add to the number.

ONLY IN AMERICA

By ROBERT TROUT

MARIA STOOD in the crowd and did not feel its elbows and knees. She didn't see the big white dome of the massive building or hear the thump of the band music which strutted through the chill January air. There was no barbed wire in the streets, no machinegun posts manned by the Security Guards like those she had so often seen at home on the other side of the Atlantic. But she was not aware of their absence. Her simple wool coat could have been thicker, but the shivers that shook her thin body were not born of the cold. In her dark intense face, her eyes were large and lovely and filled with terror, and they saw only one thing: the image of Ed, who had walked away from her only a minute ago.

A minute! Ten minutes, thirty? Maria gave the sparkling little watch on her wrist a glance of love, not noticing the time, softly repeating to herself the words engraved on the back of the case. But the words did not blot out the horror that was in her mind: the knowledge that Ed had committed a crime against the State. Now, when she'd been in this strange, new country less than a week, she'd learned this terrible thing. Her Ed had placed himself outside the law.

FACT AND FANCY

How casually he had told her what he had done, grinning as he spoke. In a moment, the grin had changed to a frown, as he dug his hands deep down in his pockets.

"Now I've done it," he groaned. "Left the cigarettes in the car. You stay right here on the edge of the crowd. Don't move and I'll be back in a jiffy."

How long had she been here, waiting numbly? "I must make a plan," she whispered to herself desperately.

Far in the distance, a siren howled, faint as the cry of a young bird. A little gasp of expectation rippled through the crowd in the street, and up on the platform built over the white stone steps a bareheaded man in black robes suddenly appeared among the figures in glittering uniforms and fur coats.

"Chief Justice," said a man standing near Maria. "He swears him in."

Maria did not hear. She was with Ed again, this time as she had first seen him, on the street of her ruined town in Europe, walking swiftly toward her past the piles of rubble. A slim figure in khaki, with a long, alert face full of vitality and quick sympathy.

She was wearing the tiny gold locket again, that day. It had been safe to take it out of hiding then. "It brings good luck," her mother had said, as several generations of her family had said before her. But it had not brought enough good luck to save Maria's mother from following her father into the concentration camp.

It did bring luck the day that Ed stopped before her crumbling doorway, when he looked down into her large brown eyes and said, "It's all right now, Miss. We're here." The best luck of Maria's life, almost good enough to erase the terror that brooded constantly in the back of her dark head, ready to pounce whenever she thought of the concentration camp.

The luck had to end. The long, golden hours of that

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wonderful summer had to fade into autumn. Ed had to leave. But before he left, standing close, he had said, "It may take a long time, Baby, but I'll get you across that ocean. Never forget that. We'll be together and this time for good."

The months alone had stretched into years with little to do except stay alive and improve her English with the books he had left, and wait for his letters. Maria thought of his letters as lamps, throwing a cheerful light along the dark corridor of the months. She read them over until they came apart in her small hands. Then she carefully copied them on fresh paper to read again. And one day a cable came, as she knew it would . . .

Ed had met her at the airport in New York. *Was it really less than a week ago?* When she stepped off the transatlantic plane, he had been waiting on the field, with his wedding gift for her, the watch, in one of his outstretched hands.

"All right, folks! We're going to take your picture with the Capitol dome in the background. Now, give us a great big cheer." It was a newsreel man, standing on the roof of an automobile beside his tripod, shouting to the crowd through the megaphone he had made of his hands.

A cameraman smashed a flash bulb with a report like a rifle, jerking Maria's head in his direction as abruptly as if he had pulled her on a wire. The crowd, too, stiffened at the sound, then, relaxing, broke into a giggle.

There was no laughter in Maria's throat. Only a gasp, as, for the first time, she really saw the people who stood close, looming above her. All at once she knew she was alone, in the midst of a crowd, and Ed needed her. Standing on her toes, twisting her neck, Maria tried to look between the heads, beyond them.

"He said stay on the edge, and I didn't," she thought wildly, and began to push frantically between stolid

bodies, murmuring apologies in a voice she struggled to keep level. She stumbled and stopped, abruptly unaware of the woman she had stepped on. For a small instant she did not breathe. Then the light flickered back into her brown eyes, and the life crept back into her heart. There was Ed, yards away, taller than those around him, his worried eyes probing the crowd.

"Ed!" Maria spoke the name to herself in a sigh of vast relief. But before the sigh had quite ended, the ice formed on her heart again. Next to him, his broad face expressionless under his blue cap, stood a policeman.

It was over then. They had caught him already! They would take him away from her forever, as they had taken her mother and father. They would lock him up for the rest of his life because of his crime against the State. Maria felt her shoulders sagging, and the terror that was once banished to a remote corner of her mind now blazed furiously in her eyes. The concentration camp, she thought.

Pressing her lips tightly together, she pulled her thin body erect. Then, with a quick movement of her right hand, she dragged the watch from her wrist. For a moment she held it tenderly, face down, reading the small, engraved words: "*Maria, My Bride, From Ed.*" Then, stooping swiftly, she placed the watch carefully on the street, face up. Deliberately, she rested the heel of her shoe on the watch crystal. Then she twisted her foot.

Ignoring the wondering eyes turned on her, Maria scooped the watch into her handbag, handling it with the care she would have given to an injured infant. Bending low, she inspected the little heap of shattered glass, picking up a thick, sharp sliver, and began pushing her way through the crowd toward Ed and the policeman.

When he saw her, Ed's face softened into a smile and the worry faded from his eyes. Maria held out her hands,

and when he reached out for her she quickly dropped the tiny glass dagger into his palm. "In case the torture gets too bad, my darling," she breathed, so gently the words scarcely reached her own ears.

Her brown eyes fell to his wrists, thin but strong, and, biting her lips, she wrenched her eyes away and turned to the policeman.

"Here," she said, moving close and speaking in a low, tense voice. She ripped the little oval locket from her throat and thrust it into the policeman's big hand. "Here. A present for your wife."

The policeman stared at the thin gold chain dangling from his hand.

"It is not of precious quality," Maria admitted. "But it will bring good luck." She wanted to shout to Ed, "Run! Now, while I am talking to this officer, while his attention is distracted."

But Ed did not move. The policeman was handing back the locket, his face pink, mumbling, "Mighty nice of you, lady, but if I was to get a present every time I find a lost kid, or a lost wife . . ."

Slowly, Maria put out her hand to take back the locket. Then her voice was pouring out of her throat in a shout, and she could not control it. "Run," she shouted to Ed. "Quickly, run!" and she poised herself to spring for the policeman's right arm the instant he reached for his pistol.

Curious faces ringed them now, and the policeman looked questioningly at Maria. "Arrest me," she said, more quietly, "I am making a disturbance, it is true. But do not take him. You are making a mistake." Her voice began to rise again. "He did not do it. Your records are wrong. He did not cast his ballot as you think."

Bewilderment returned to the policeman's broad face, but sudden understanding touched Ed's features with a

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look of somber tenderness. "Yes, it's a mistake," said Ed, taking Maria's arm. "More my mistake than yours, darling. I didn't realize . . ."

The sirens were splitting the air, close at hand now. Cheers roared like the surf, a block away and rumbling closer. People began to shove, and the curious faces turned away.

"You are not an outlaw, then?" Maria asked. "It was a jest, then, what you told me? You did not really vote against the President in the elections?"

"It wasn't a joke, Baby," Ed said. "I voted for the other fellow, the one who got licked. But here it's not against the law."

Abruptly, the sound crashed around them, a mighty cheer drowning all conversation. Watching Ed's lips, Maria could see them say, "I voted against him, Baby, but hurray for the President of the United States."

Maria felt the tears, cold and wet on her cheek, but she did not mind them. The chilly air suddenly smelled sweet and when she cried out her own cheers she was glad that her voice could not be heard above the din, but blended into the roar which she thought must be going up from Pennsylvania Avenue to echo across the world.

P A R T S I X

Our Young People



This generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny.

—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

One of the most famous young heroines of
America is part of the Lincoln legend.

ANNE RUTLEDGE

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

Out of me unworthy and unknown
The vibrations of deathless music;
"With malice toward none, with charity for all."
Out of me the forgiveness of millions toward millions,
And the beneficent face of a nation
Shining with justice and truth.

I am Anne Rutledge who sleep beneath these weeds,
Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln,
Wedded to him, not through union,
But through separation.
Bloom forever, O Republic,
From the dust of my bosom!

Edgar Lee Masters: ANNE RUTLEDGE—Reprinted by permission of Mrs.
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THIS IS AMERICA

Now some glimpses of the young people of America in many situations and places, problems and perplexities. They learn to act, they overcome handicaps, they have a lot of fun, they experience some of the sadness of life, they enjoy sports and go to college, they fall in love, they hear the call of duty.

YOUNG THESPIANS

BY GERALD RASTERY

Backstage they build a glamorous domain,
An hour's enchantment. The art class's sets—
The cardboard bottles of the prop champagne,
The needed-for-the-first-act cigarettes—
Are touched with magic. Joyously they go
With flutterings and struttings to and fro,
Or lurk in corners muttering their lines
Where hasty stagehands (from the baseball team)
Bump into them and tangle them in vines
(The second act, up left) that reek and gleam
With shining paint. The overture begins
And women coaches, mouths pursed full of pins,
Fix costumes. Silence falls—the curtains swish—
A warning finger snap—lips hiss “Sh . . . sh-h”—
The play is on and brave young voices rant
The classic opening lines of “Charley’s Aunt.”

Gerald Rastery: YOUNG THESPIANS—Reprinted from *The New York Times* by permission of *The New York Times* and the author. Copyright, 1936, by *The New York Times*.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

OUT ON A LIMB

By LOUISE BAKER

I — *Honeymoon with a Handicap*

I became a minor celebrity in my home town at the precocious age of eight. This distinction was not bestowed on me because I was a bright little trick like Joel Kupperman, nor because I could play the piano like a velvet-pantalooned prodigy. I was, to keep the record straight, a decidedly normal and thoroughly untalented child. I wasn't even pretty. My paternal grandmother, in fact, often pointed out that I was the plainest girl in three generations of our family, and she had a photograph album full of tintypes to prove it. She hoped that I'd at least be good but I didn't achieve my fame because of my virtue either. My memorable record in the annals of the town was the result of mere accident.

Completely against parental advice, I took an unauthorized spin on a neighbor boy's bicycle. It was a shiny, red vehicle that I admired inordinately but thoroughly misunderstood. I couldn't even reach the pedals. However, I started a perilous descent of a hill, yelling with giddy excitement. At the bottom, I swung around a corner where I entangled myself and bicycle with an oncoming automobile. As part, apparently, of an ordained pattern, the car was piloted by a woman who was just learning to drive. Her ignorance and mine combined to victimize me.

A crowd gathered. Strong arms lifted me. I had a momentary horrified clarity during which I screamed "Mama!" as I got what proved to be a farewell glimpse of my right leg.

When I regained consciousness ten days later in a

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white hospital bed, with the blankets propped over me like a canopy, I had one foot in the grave. It was a heavy penalty to pay for my pirated first and last ride on a bicycle.

However, I was famous. My name, which in the past had excited no stirring sentiments, was mentioned with eulogy in ten county newspapers; five doctors had hovered over me in consultation; twelve churches and one synagogue had offered up prayers for my recovery; and I had been in surgery three times.

The last trip was the fateful one. My old friend, Dr. Craig, who had never administered anything more serious than pink pills to me during my brief and healthy span, in final desperation for my life, amputated my right leg above the knee. He then, if there is any truth in local lore, went into his office and had himself a good cry over the whole business.

There were many tears shed over me in the name of my youth. I was, it was mournfully agreed, too young to have such a life-shattering tragedy strike me. Since no one has wept over me in a long time, it is nice to recollect that I once provoked a lot of strong emotion.

However, the emotion bolstered a false theory—the theory that I was too young. I was, I am convinced, precisely the right age. I am not one of those cheerfully smiling brave-hearts who claims to be just too-too happy about a handicap and grateful for the spiritual strength that bearing my burden has bestowed on me. Spiritual strength bores me—you can't dance on it, and I'm certain it never receives the whole-hearted admiration accorded a well-shaped gam. I'd much rather have two legs, even though a pair of nylon stockings lasts twice as long when you're a uniped. But, granted that Fate has cast an evil designing eye on an appendage, let her make the graceful gesture and snip while the victim is young!

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I understand that it was a toss-up for a while whether my family would have to invest in a tombstone or a pair of crutches for me. But ten weeks of concentrated medical attention combined with my normal healthy resiliency, and I was issued to the world again as damaged goods. Even then, I think I suspected what I know now. Fate, for all her worst intentions, was foiled in some fantastic way. She had her pound of flesh, to be sure, but she left me primed for a unique adventure in living that I should never have experienced with the orthodox number of legs.

Perhaps I realized the new turn life had taken when my sister sat by my bedside and sobbed out an ill-made promise that I would never have to help her with the dishes again so long as I lived. Instead of shoving an affidavit at her, I was feeling just sick enough to fancy myself Elsie Dinsmore or her first cousin, Pollyanna. I lightheadedly assured her I'd be back at the pan as soon as I got some crutches. Within a few months we were striking blows at each other over that regrettable exchange of sisterly sentiments.

If I had been a little sharper-witted and had possessed a more pliable pair of parents, I believe I might very well have developed into the most thoroughly spoiled brat the world has ever seen. As it was, I made a close approximation to that pinnacle before I fell under the weight of my own accomplishment.

Even before I left the hospital my sudden power over people was showing itself. First of all, with completely unconscious brilliance, I chose rather inspired subjects to discuss during my five days of post-operative delirium. I rambled on feverishly but with moving feeling about a large doll with real golden hair and blue eyes that opened and closed. I even conveniently mentioned the awesome price and just where such a doll might be purchased, and

I sighed over my father's attested poverty which prevented him from buying me this coveted treasure. My delirious words were passed on promptly. The head nurse quoted my pathetic plea to our local telephone operator. The news spread. "That poor little crippled child in the hospital, a breath away from death, wants a doll . . ."

Our local toy merchant was no fool. He let ten customers buy identical yellow-haired dolls at \$7.98 apiece, even though he knew well enough for what child they were all destined. He also sold seven dark-haired, porcelain-faced beauties when he ran out of blondes. And he did a regular Christmas-bulk business in doll beds, parchesi games, paper dolls, puzzles, paintboxes and books. People averted their eyes, I understand, when they passed the Super Ball-bearing Flyer roller skates that I had also mentioned during my providential spell of wistful delirium. The sight of the roller skates brought a tear to many an eye and usually raised the ante assigned for a present to me by at least a dollar. The merchant decided it might help business to put bicycles in his window.

When I left the hospital it took two cars to transport my loot. I was as well equipped with toys as a princess. Everybody in town, including owners of flower beds on which I had trod and windows which I had broken, suddenly loved me and came bearing gifts. It was a warm-hearted, friendly little town. Although it claimed no psychologists or occupational therapists, it was, I believe, the ideal environment for the normal adjustment of a handicapped child.

By putting different colored ribbons on the ten blonde dolls, I was able to tell them apart and I named them Alice, Virginia, Araminta Ann, Elizabeth, Caroline, Janet, Shirley, Phronsey (after a member of a distinguished fictional family named Pepper), Gwendolyn, and Hortense—a hateful name, but I poked Hortense's eye out

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so she didn't deserve better. It didn't occur to me to share the dolls with my less lavishly endowed friends. I merely displayed them smugly and let my playmates swallow the water in their mouths.

It took me just ten weeks in the hospital to acquire seventeen new dolls and a very selfish disposition. In time, of course, my parents made me give away the dolls—all except Hortense whose handicap eventually appealed to my better nature, and Araminta Ann who was, for some reason, my favorite. As for my selfishness, that was spanked out of me when my parents finally came to the conclusion that they were going to have to live with me for a long, long time, and the prospect was anything but cheering.

The first spanking was the hardest—on Father. Later they were much harder on me and easier on him. I'll never forget the shock of that first, firm-handed discipline.

I arrived at the sly conclusion very soon after I came home from the hospital that I didn't really have to be delirious to get what I wanted. Three months before, I was a reasonably well-mannered child who even hesitated to hint for cookies when visiting my own grandmother. Now I was a precocious little gold-digger, and anyone was my fair game. I possessed a magic lamp, a wishing ring—or something just as efficient and much more realistic. I could sit in my wheel chair and watch the normal children playing outdoors. All I had to mumble by way of magic words was, "I'll never be able to run again, will I?" This sad little speech—rhetorically speaking—flung everyone within hearing flat on their face in abject servitude. The moment was ripe to make almost any demand. As a cousin of mine in reminiscing about our youth once said, "You sure were a little stinker!"

On the particular occasion which was to prove a pro-

logue to the inevitable ripping off of the velvet glove, we had a caller. It was Mrs. Royce, an old friend of the family. She made a great emotional flutter over me. She sniffled into her handkerchief and claimed to have a cold, but she didn't fool me—not for a minute!

"And what shall I bring to this little girlie next time I come?" she cooed at me between her attacks of pseudo-sinusitis.

"Well—" I pondered carefully and commercially. "I can't run or anything any more, you know. I can only sit on the floor and play all by myself." Long sigh. Pause. "I think I'd like to have you bring me an electric train."

I knew well enough the financial magnitude of my aspiration. Electric trains had been discussed frequently in our household. I had about as much chance of getting an electric train from Father as I had of getting fifty-one per cent of the preferred stock in the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe. However, I could see that my speech had worked new havoc on Mrs. Royce's cold, and I was confidently expectant. But although I didn't know it, I had at long last taken the fatal step back to normalcy.

Father cleared his throat noisily and said, "Louise isn't going to have an electric train."

"Oh, now—really!" said Mrs. Royce. She was a childless widow with a solid bank account. "I'd love to give the poor little girlie an electric train."

"No," repeated my father, warming to a role that had once been very familiar to him. "We don't want her to have an electric train."

"You see," Mother brought up reinforcements. Obviously, in her own mysterious manner, she was reading Father's mind. "We think electric toys are dangerous. She might get a shock."

"Oh, yes—a shock. She might at that," Mrs. Royce agreed reluctantly. "I'll think of something just as nice

and more suitable for a little girlie." (The next day she presented me with a satin-lined sewing basket equipped with colored thread, blunt scissors, and a red strawberry in which to embed needles. A splendid thing, that basket, but alas, I wasn't that kind of a girlie.)

Farewells were said and Mrs. Royce departed, after patting my cheek.

"I won't either get a shock!" I cried, as soon as the door closed.

"Not from an electric train, you won't!" said Father, and there was a regretful but determined look in his eye. "But you're due for a shock right now."

He headed straight for me. He lifted me gently out of my wheel chair and carefully tilted me over his knee. I saw the tortured expression on Mother's face and heard her gasp. But she didn't make any move to rescue me, even when I screamed, "Mama! I'm crippled!" with all the wicked chicanery of my little black heart.

Father spanked me. The honeymoon with my handicap was over.

II — *On Foot Again*

I occupied a wheel chair much longer than was actually necessary merely because there were no crutches readily available in my size. Although the local drug-store carried a few rental crutches to accommodate the temporarily disabled, it was apparently assumed that no one as small as I would ever be clumsy enough to need props. Mr. Bennett, the pharmacist, stopped by one evening to measure me, and he sent off an order to a San Francisco orthopedic supply house. It happened that the California distributor was also temporarily out of my size. So my first pair of crutches came all the way across the continent from a crutch manufacturer in Newark, New Jersey.

Waiting for the crutches to arrive was a slow and tantalizing ordeal. I looked up Newark on a map and it seemed more remote than the North Pole. I felt I might get better results by writing to Santa Claus.

I was certainly ready to walk! My strength was definitely back. In fact, it was as gusty and explosive as a hurricane bottled up in a barrel. Dolls went dull on me. I had read all the children's books in the public library and I knew my own books by heart. I was headed through the Encyclopaedia Britannica on the theory that I would learn a few facts every day until I knew absolutely everything, but the going got grim before I'd made a dent in the A's. I was sick of playing jacks on the front porch. I was even bored with mumblety-peg, the most vigorous and hardy sedentary game I knew. The only recreation I could tolerate was plowing up the front lawn while rolling my wheel chair over it in a self-invented polo-croquet. To play this game I required two or three competitors—also mounted on vehicles of their choice. The lawn was beginning to look somewhat haggard, and so was Mother. I was already a veteran hopper. I bounced all over the house, much to the concern of my grandmother, who was convinced I'd disarrange all my internal organs.

"And then where will you be, young lady?" she popped the moot question. "No leg—and queer things wrong with your insides, too." Grandmother's complete lack of tact was undoubtedly good, rugged training for me. Certainly after Grandmother, no one was ever able to embarrass me.

Every afternoon my sister Bernice pushed me to the corner where we had a clear, three-block view of Father's direct route home from the office. Usually several of the neighborhood children kept the vigil with us.

Finally, one day when hope was almost dead, we spotted Father looking very jaunty. When he saw us, he

waved and held up a brown paper-wrapped parcel. Then he abandoned all dignity and sprinted down the street.

"They've come!" I shouted. "The crutches from Newark, New Jersey!" Johnny Nesbitt, who lived next door to us, took up the tidings and ran with them up and down both sides of our block. Children spewed out of houses. By the time we got home, a large audience had accumulated. You'd have thought I was about to uncrate a Shetland pony.

I probably never in my life unwrapped a more significant package than the one that contained that first pair of yellow pine crutches. One dollar and twenty-five cents' worth—Mr. Bennett let us have them wholesale.

They must have been very small crutches, but they seemed frightfully heavy and cumbersome as I freed them from the paper and twine. Eagerly I slid out of my wheel chair.

"Maybe you'd better wait until later to try them," Mother suggested nervously.

"Wait!" I gasped. What had I been doing for the last month! Then I saw the fear on Mother's face. She thought I'd fall. It was obvious my silently pitying audience shared her dire expectation. Suddenly, so did I.

"Of course she won't wait!" Father announced sensibly. He knew I was a show-off and would try harder in front of my friends. I grasped the handles.

"Now lift the crutches ahead of you," he instructed me. "You've seen people walk on crutches—remember when Jim Ralson broke his ankle. Just swing your foot up in front of them. That's all there is to it."

My knee shook, but I walked alone across the room. I was incredibly clumsy, but I was once more self-propelling and I felt triumphant.

My father, I think, recognized from the start that other people's fears and pity would always be more threatening

to my security than my own. He worked hard at concealing his personal concern over me and he was singularly successful. So successful that some of our neighbors regarded him as unfeeling. So successful that he even gave me the comforting impression that he thought children with two legs were just a bit odd.

"It's easy," I said breathlessly. "Very easy." I started to sit down on the davenport and made my first technical discovery. Crutches won't bend. They must be put aside before you start to fold up. Father rescued me as I tipped over backward.

"I sure bet it's fun to walk on crutches," Johnny Nesbitt sighed enviously.

"Oh, it certainly is!" I crossed my fingers to protect myself from the bold-faced lie. Actually, I spoke the truth; walking on crutches is great fun, as I discovered eventually.

"Could I try them just for a second?" Johnny asked.

"Me too!" It was a chorus.

Crutches are invariably fascinating to children. It surprised Mother, I am sure, that they were immediately treated like a new velocipede or a scooter. Everyone lined up and took turns for the remainder of the afternoon. The children in my immediate neighborhood and most of my classmates in school all became quite adept at walking on crutches.

For Johnny Nesbitt, at least, the skill proved useful. Last year he wrote me from an army hospital where he was convalescing from a leg wound received in the Pacific war theater. "The eyes nearly popped out of the nurse's head when I put the crutches under my arms for the first time, whinnied at her, and then did the five-gaited horse act down the hospital corridor." The five gaits were a spectacular and horsey bit of fancy work that I invented early in my career on crutches.

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Lending the crutches, it is true, became something of a burden. A person dependent on crutches likes to have them in sight every minute, and preferably in hand. I have no more menacing, though innocent, enemy than the restaurant waiter who politely snatches my sticks as he seats me at a table and rushes off with them to the check room or some other mysterious place of concealment. It gives me the frantic feeling a normal person might experience if some fiend padlocked his feet together and then, with a hollow chortle, tossed the key out the window.

A rule was eventually laid down in the neighborhood that a child might, with permission, borrow the crutches providing they didn't go beyond the range of my vision. The crutches were my only possessions with which I was allowed, and even encouraged, to be selfish. As Father pointed out, "After all, you don't go around borrowing other people's legs. It amounts to the same thing."

The only share-the-crutch plan that was completely successful was the one worked out by Barbara Bradley and me. Barbara and I were best friends, but we were prevented by my crutches from walking to school side by side, holding hands, or arms entwined. Our scheme solved this problem. Barbara put a crutch under her left arm and I put one under my right. By resting our free arms on each other's shoulders, we supported each other in the middle. By this complicated arrangement, we walked to school every day, and resembled, for all the world, a badly damaged pair of Siamese twins.

Grandmother telephoned the night the crutches arrived. "I hear the crutches have come." She sighed deeply and with apparent regret. Grandma was a cynic. "I expect you'll be tramping round the neighborhood into all kinds of trouble again. Now, listen to me, you probably think you know it all—about handling your crutches—but let me

remind you that there are plenty of older and wiser heads than yours." Grandma was argumentative, even in monologue.

"I can walk just fine, Grandma," I bragged.

"That's what you say," Grandmother sniffed. "You are to go over and see Mrs. Ferris tomorrow, and she will teach you how to walk like a lady, if you've got sense enough to pay attention."

Mrs. Ferris was eighty-three and had been bedridden for seven years, ever since she came to town to live with her daughter. It seemed beyond possibility that the withered, little wisp could teach me anything, least of all, how to walk.

But Grandmother and I had an agreement. I minded her implicitly, in the expectation of deferred reward. When I got to heaven—a possibility Grandma didn't wholeheartedly anticipate—she would, of course, already be there and she promised to put in a good word for me. Grandma and God were on excellent terms although, regrettably, the same couldn't be said of Grandma and anyone else. I sometimes wondered what God saw in Grandma.

"All right, Grandma," I agreed, "I will go over and ask Mrs. Ferris how to walk." It wouldn't have been good form to demand what Mrs. Ferris knew about the business.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Ferris knew a great deal. She had been injured in an accident and for fifteen years of her active life, she had walked on crutches.

I don't have a Phi Beta key; Mr. Powers never cast a covetous eye in my direction; and I can't do parlor tricks; but I do allow myself one immodest, extravagant vanity. It is the conviction that no one in the world can handle a pair of crutches better than I. I have my own bag of tricks collected during twenty-eight years of experience.

It was a little old lady, ten times my age, who really planted my foot and my crutches firmly on the ground and started me on the quest for a wing for my heel.

Mrs. Ferris's advice was practical and sound, and included the basic technique that distinguishes an experienced lifer on crutches from the temporary time-server.

"First of all," Mrs. Ferris instructed me, "do not lean on your armpits and do not swing your whole body when you take a step. Experts can walk easily with no saddle-tops at all on their crutches. Lean all your weight on the palms of your hands. The only time when it is necessary to bear weight on the tops of your crutches is when you are carrying something in your hands."

Not only is it much more graceful and comfortable to "walk on your hands," but it is protection against injury of the brachial nerves, particularly vulnerable in the armpits. Injury to these nerves, with the resultant so-called "crutch paralysis," is the blackest specter that haunts a permanent crutch-user.

Mrs. Ferris and I spent an hour together every day for several weeks. I strutted up and down her bedroom while she criticized my technique. My most persistent error was spreading the crutches out to form a wide tripod and swinging my whole body with each stride instead of stepping out with my foot in a normal walking motion.

"Hold them close to your sides! Make them look as if they grew there!" Mrs. Ferris repeated over and over. "Keep your body perpendicular! Walk with your foot, not with your torso."

Mrs. Ferris's methods were not only practical but aesthetic. Making the crutches as nearly anatomical as possible, crowding them to my sides, also prevented me from planting a booby trap with them. Flung out, one on each side, in the instinctive stance of a beginner, they created an infernal device for tripping up unwary pedes-

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trians. Not that I haven't, with design, upset a few minor enemies in my time. This trick is a mild version of the perfect crime. The victim always assumes that he was in the wrong and, even sprawled out on the sidewalk, apologizes.

Before Mrs. Ferris graduated me from her kindergarten, she had me walking with a full cup of water in my hand and two books on my head.

"When you can recite your multiplication tables as you walk down the street, without once thinking about your crutches, you have really succeeded," Mrs. Ferris told me.

I didn't know my multiplication tables, but I took her literally and started studying them. By the time I'd mastered my eights, I'd practically quit walking in favor of running, and so I never did learn my nines.

THE FIRST PROM'S THE HARDEST

BY HILDEGARDE DOLSON

THERE SEEMS to be a popular theory that little girls who have brothers learn very early to adopt an easy, bantering manner toward members of the opposite sex. In my own case, this theory held water like a sieve. It's true that in a rough game of croquet I could banter as well as the next one, or even bawl the daylights out of one of Bobby's friends. But when it came to social presence, I had none.

Every Saturday afternoon for several years, twenty-nine other little girls and I had sat on one side of the room at Miss Steele's dancing school and heard Miss Steele say, "Now choose your partners." At this, most of the boys would charge across the room as one man—but not at me. When the mists cleared away, and the belles of the

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place had more partners than they knew what to do with, Miss Steele stepped in. After spotting those of us who were leftovers, she'd rush up reinforcements by the napes of their necks, before they could escape to the hall. On the days when there weren't enough boys to go around, somehow I was always one of the girls who danced with a girl. As a wallflower, I was rapidly going to seed. My one respite came during the Paul Jones, when, as Miss Steele blew her whistle, every boy was honor-bound to dance with the lady on his right. I must say that the whistle blew some really good dancers my way. They may have acted sullen, but at least they kept time.

Until I was fifteen, my social activities were confined largely to these gay Saturday afternoon dancing school whirls. I was now a sophomore in high school, and much more concerned over the fact that Mother wouldn't let me wear high heels than that I was undoubtedly about to flunk geometry. Even more acute than the high heels was the throbbing fear that I wouldn't be asked to the Junior Prom. I had a grim conviction that now was the test of whether I was to face the future as a withered old maid or a prom trotter.

Unfortunately, a freshman in short pants named Freddie Perkins settled the matter five days before the Prom, by edging up to me at the end of Study Hall and requesting my company on May 29th. I think his actual words were, "My mother was talking to your mother and she said you hadn't been asked to the Prom, so do you want to go?"

Somehow it had never occurred to me that it was possible to be asked to a prom by the wrong man—especially a man in short pants—and the stark horror in my face must have frightened even Freddie, because he backed away several paces and stood waiting for my answer. He had nondescript hair parted in the middle above goggle-

rim glasses, and the whole effect was profoundly depressing. "I have to stay home and study geometry that night," I finally said sullenly. Freddie pointed out in a dogged manner that I could study all day Saturday.

I began concocting an elaborate excuse about going to Meadville to visit an aunt, when a nasty thought struck me. "Does your mother know for sure you were going to ask me?"

"Of course," Freddie said, obviously surprised that I could think him capable of such folly on his own hook. "She told me to."

The thought of what would happen when Mrs. Perkins cross-questioned Freddie and phoned my mother stopped me short. Frantically I tried to decide whether to take my chances on the prom-in-short-pants, or go home and face Mother's wrath. Quailing at the thought of her stern conviction that "Freddie is a nice little boy and his mother belongs to our church," I muttered something which the waiting Freddie took to mean consent. He trotted off without another word, and I went glumly down to gym class, brooding over the way Fate had gummed up my first big chance at Society.

While we struggled into our middies in the locker room, Ellie May Matthews, a sharp-nosed girl I disliked with abandon, said maybe I could get my kid brother to take me to the prom. With that, I yanked up my bloomers and prepared to defend my honor. "I'm going with somebody else," I said haughtily. Looking her straight in the eye, I unblushingly added that as a matter of fact I'd had two invitations, but Mother had made me turn down the best one.

"Then who are you going with?" she persisted.

It was one of those moments when I'd gladly have traded my present set-up for a desert island and a geometry teacher. "Freddie Perkins," I said.

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The ensuing silence was hideous, with the thought of Freddie's pants hanging unmentionably in the air. Even Ellie May was too taken aback to speak. "The family made me," I added hopelessly. My friend Betty Evans did her loyal best for a lost cause by saying that Freddie was awfully bright. "He's on the Honor Roll every month." As we filed onto the gym floor, she said delicately that maybe the Perkinses would buy Freddie a new suit.

For five days I silently implored Heaven to get Freddie out of short pants, and argued with Mother about my own costume for the prom. She was lengthening my pink organdy dress by adding a ruffle around the knees, and she listened unmoved by my wild-eyed descriptions of what the other girls were wearing. "I don't know what their mothers can be thinking of," she'd say firmly, making it clear that my chances of getting a pleated red crepe and high-heeled satin slippers dyed to match were as remote as Judgment Day. She was equally adamant about dangly earrings from Woolworth's, but she finally promised that if it were a nice warm night, I could wear her Spanish shawl, at present decorating the piano.

Cheered by a mental image of myself tossing a shawl about with Castilian grace and a rose in my hair, I concentrated on coaxing for a boyish bob. Always before I'd had my hair neatly cut and clippered up the back of the neck by the same barber who did my brother's. The one Ladies' Hairdresser in town was a man who charged seventy-five cents and often vanished for a week at a time, on what I now realize must have been binges of the first magnitude, and Mother disapproved of him sharply, but worn down by my bulldog tenacity, she finally consented, on the afternoon of the prom, to my getting a stylish boyish bob by Mister Leo.

I think I must have caught Mister Leo in an off moment just before or just after a binge, because he whacked off

my hair in what struck even me as a somewhat impetuous manner. Mother let out an involuntary shriek when I trotted home proudly to display my coiffure, and at dinner Bobby referred to me somewhat crudely as "Ratface" until Father threatened to send him from the table.

After dinner Mother got to work on me with a curling iron, and the Spanish shawl was dragged from the piano for my further adornment. Sally, whose bedtime had been postponed to allow her to watch this gilding process, was big-eyed with envy. What made her envious was not the fact that I was going to a prom, but that I was going to stay up late. If I had been going out with a hoot owl, the effect, in my sister's mind, would have been equally impressive. "Will you stay up past ten o'clock?" she kept asking. I said Pooh, ten o'clock was early, and intimated that if there was a creak on the stairs toward morning, it would be Hildegarde Coming Home.

Mother, who was now brandishing the iron on my shortest back wisps, said amiably that twelve o'clock was late enough for a little girl of fifteen. However, she agreed that as long as I was with Freddie she wouldn't worry. In a way, I could see what she meant.

By 8:15 I was dressed to the teeth, and Sally had gone storming off to bed with the taunt of "Just wait till I'm as old as Hildegarde. You'll see." As I stood before the downstairs hall mirror, trying the Spanish shawl at every possible angle, the sound of the doorbell froze me in my tracks. Would Freddie have new pants or wouldn't he?

I opened the door, took one look at Freddie's legs, and experienced a primitive urge to push him off the porch. The fact that he was not only in short pants but carrying an umbrella filled me with sullen rage. "It's going to rain," he said. "You'd better wear your rubbers."

Rather impulsively I shut the door in his face, knowing that if Mother saw Freddie's rain outfit I'd never get out

of the house without my rubbers. Grabbing up the shawl, I dashed into the living room to say good-bye. "Can't Freddie come in, dear?" Mother asked.

"No, he says we're late. Some other kids are waiting at the corner," and I turned and bolted, with her "Have a good time" following me as I went out the door to my doom.

Freddie got up off the railing and stood patiently while I hitched the Spanish shawl up over one shoulder and anchored it at the left hip with my elbow. "What's that?" he asked.

"It's an evening wrap," I said fiercely.

In silence we started out for the high school. About half way down the first block, Freddie asked me what I got in Latin last month. He also checked up on my marks in English, history and geometry, and then mentioned smugly that he'd had all A's. About that time it began to rain, and he hoisted the umbrella with the righteous air of a man who's always right. "It's a good thing I brought this," he said. I believe it was at this point that I remarked pleasantly I'd rather die of pneumonia than be seen carrying an umbrella.

We walked the rest of the way in damp silence, while I wished passionately that one of us would fall and break a leg—preferably Freddie. In those days, my vocabulary didn't contain the word "Dope," but we had other standards to judge by. A boy who wore a yellow slicker with everybody's nickname written on the back was smooth. A boy who got all A's and carried an umbrella was dumb. The fact that Freddie also wore short pants put him in some horrible category beyond description.

I felt this even more despairingly as we walked into the high school gym, past laughing groups of couples, all of whom I suspected darkly of laughing at Freddie's pants and my Spanish shawl. The gym was a brilliant glare, with

Japanese lanterns strung along the walls for exotic atmosphere, and the five-piece orchestra a dazzling spectacle on a platform at one end of the room. Somebody handed Freddie a dance program with a dangling little pencil attached, and my heart went down into my damp white shoes as I looked at it. Ten dances to fill out. All around me were boys in white flannels and dark-blue serge coats, but I was doomed to dance all evening with a pair of short pants. In panic, I fled to the girl's dressing room. It was crowded with the same girls I had sat with in classes, but now that they were all dressed up and laughing shrilly together, I felt stiff with loneliness. While I stood miserably in one corner, trying to decide where to put my shawl, Betty Evans came in. She admired my new boyish bob with heartening coos, and then turned all around so that I could get the full effect of her lavender crepe with lace panels. When we went back to the gym, I hung on her arm trustingly, because she'd been to three dances in the last year, and it reassured me to be seen with such a sophisticate.

Our escorts were nowhere in sight, but that didn't abash Betty in the least. She hailed one of the boys, a senior I viewed with awe because he played halfback on the football team.

"Oooooooo, Stevie," she called gaily. "What I don't know about you."

Stevie promptly came over. "Yeah, what?"

"Oh, I couldn't tell for anything. You'd die if you knew."

This went on for several minutes, until Stevie insisted he'd get the second dance with Betty and make her tell. "Don't you dare," she squealed after him. I'd been listening in alarmed fascination, wondering what dark secret Betty had discovered, and as soon as Stevie had gone off to look for Betty's escort, I asked, "What did you hear about him?"

"Nothing," she said. "It's just a line. Boys always like you better if you hand them a line." I stared at her in shocked admiration, as her partner came to claim the first dance. Suddenly I felt nakedly young, with no line to guide me.

The next two hours still come back to me in nightmares. Freddie had exchanged dances with five members of the Freshman Debating Team and with Mr. Higgins, the Latin teacher, who was there with his wife as chaperon. To say that neither Freddie, his fellow debaters, nor Mr. Higgins were good dancers is to wallow in understatement. Freddie went on the principle that a dogged walk from one end of the dance floor to the other was good enough for any girl. Plowing back and forth until my legs ached, I tried desperately to look as if I'd never seen him before and was coolly amused at the mistake which had brought us together. Then I was passed on to the other dancing debaters, including one called Roscoe who jerked, and a youth who embarrassed me hideously by shouting above the music to give me his views on States' Rights. After him came Mr. Higgins, who did a sort of leaping quadrille and regained his lost youth by running around me in a spirited Highland Fling. As far as I was concerned, being made conspicuous by Mr. Higgins was a fate infinitely worse than death. After that dance, even plodding up and down the floor with Freddie had a certain restful monotony.

It was while we were plodding through the next-to-last dance that I heard somebody say, "Hi, Fred, mind if I cut in?" To my utter astonishment, ten seconds later I was gliding down the floor with a tall, handsome boy in a gray suit, while Freddie gaped after us like a surprised goldfish. "I'm Fred's cousin," the boy said. He mentioned something about stopping overnight on his way home from Allegheny College, but if he'd told me he'd just

slain fifty dragons, I'd have accepted his story just as unquestioningly. "Aunt Helen sent me over here to see Fred," he added. We smiled at each other, and in a daze of emotions, I stumbled all over his feet. I apologized frenziedly, seized with the awful fear that he'd give me back to Freddie. "That was my fault," he said. "I was trying a new step they do down at school called the Charleston. See, it's kick to the side and then forward."

From then on I drifted along in a rosy haze, kicking to the side and forward. I think he had brown eyes and brown hair, but the most important thing was that he was smooth, and he actually went to college. We exchanged names—his was Donald—and he told me he was coming back later in the summer to visit. "Now that I have a good reason," he said, tenderly squeezing my hand. At this, I was so overcome that I kicked in the wrong direction and landed a mean one on his shin. Even that didn't seem to discourage my dream prince. "Do you date Freddie very often?" he asked.

I shook my head violently and proceeded to make it very clear that Freddie had little part in my gay, prom-trotting existence. "The family made me come with him tonight and I was furious." Then, remembering that Freddie was his cousin, I added hastily that he was a very nice boy. "But I'd really rather date older men," I concluded brightly. My conscience gave a startled lurch as I said it, but it seemed to have a devastating effect on Donald, because he immediately invited me up for a football game the next fall. Somehow I managed to accept without swooning. We both forgot Freddie completely after that, until he turned up at the tag end of "Home Sweet Home." "Hel-lo, where've you been?" I said roguishly. Donald apologized like a gentleman for taking the last dance—a gesture which Freddie dismissed by saying his shoes hurt.

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They exchanged a few cousinly remarks, and then Donald asked where we were going to eat.

Freddie just stared, while I said glibly that everybody always went to Chacona's Ice Cream Parlor. It was not for nothing that I'd listened to Betty Evans. "We're off to Chacona's," Donald announced, taking my arm. Freddie pointed out that it was after twelve o'clock. He also said baldly that his mother had only given him enough money for the prom tickets. "She didn't say anything about eating."

Donald assured him masterfully that he'd take care of everything, and I went off to collect my shawl. In the dressing room I was surprised and gratified when at least ten girls greeted me fondly and told me I looked awfully cute. I was even more overcome when the most popular girl in the senior class came up to say that she simply adored my dress. She herself wore a short red taffeta evening wrap, and I was almost blinded by her glory.

"Who were you dancing the last two dances with?" she asked. All the girls crowded around to listen, and suddenly I knew, with belated feminine instinct, why they'd admired my dress. Instead of resenting it, my lungs nearly burst with pride. "Oh, that's a college man I know," I said. "He's invited me up for a football game next fall."

In the midst of a rustling, respectful silence, I flung the piano shawl grandly over my last year's organdy. "He has a marvelous line," I said. Then I swept out the door to meet Donald.

KALEIDOSCOPE

BY LAURA COOPER RENDINA

THE NOISE of the great factory penetrated even into the cafeteria. It wasn't noise, exactly, Jane thought—it was

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a kind of thrum like the lowest notes of a bass viol or a deep-toned percussion instrument that you felt rather than heard. It pulsed into you through the soles of your feet and up through the seat of the cafeteria stool. There was a rhythm to it, and you found yourself waiting and waiting for the whole orchestra, the next movement of the symphony. But instead would come the pang pang pang pang of the call bell summoning one of the department heads—a false note in a different key.

It was exciting, Jane admitted, fighting its fascination. But it repelled, really, this feeling of being inside a great drum. She wasn't inside, she kept insisting; she was outside and unaffected. Yet the smells, too, the crude rubber, the naphtha, the hot oil, thrust themselves into her nose and throat. Against all her efforts to resist, the factory was claiming her, absorbing her.

And she didn't belong here at all. She looked down at her finely shaped hand and stopped its trembling by resting it on the counter edge. Now the deep vibration came through her wrist, and with a startled movement she put down her half-eaten sandwich and dropped her hands to her lap.

She was afraid. In spite of herself, would she become a part of this—machine? Would she turn into a machine herself?

Oh, why pretend any more? All through high school when her friends were preparing for college she had known she'd end up like this. There just wasn't enough money at home . . . she had taken the commercial course . . . but always she had felt that she'd escape somehow. Escape into a life that was free and spacious and beautiful. Surrounded by people who mattered and who—who cared about her. Who didn't look through her coldly like these people, as if she didn't exist.

She gulped. "I can get along without them. I don't

want to know any of these—machines,” she told herself with a sharpness very close to tears. She watched the men and girls swing down from the stools, wipe their mouths, step briskly into the swift-moving stream, men in shirt-sleeves, girls tapping along on high heels, none of them seeming to hurry, but all going fast—as if riding on a fast-moving belt. They were doing it on purpose, Jane thought bitterly. They were all ganged up to ignore her, hurrying by and pretending she wasn't there. “I don't care!” she said again to herself and thrust a piece of dry sandwich into her dry mouth.

When she could trust her voice, she said, “I'll take a cup of coffee, please.” But even the pert blonde waitress, passing quickly down the counter, seemed part of the conspiracy. At the other end three men guffawed, kidding her about something. Then a man near Jane whistled and she came back, picking up a piece of pie and two doughnuts as she slid along. “Please, a cup of coffee.”

“Snap into it, Baby, or I'll have you fired,” from the man who had whistled.

The girl stuck out her tongue, stood looking at him with a hand on her hip. Then, “Two soups. Pork chops and French fries,” she shouted down the well. No coffee for Jane. As though the girl didn't want to hear her.

The whole long morning had been like this. The quick rhythm of the offices had pushed her to one side where she was left floundering, alone. People went by her in a blur. Even the girl teaching her her job seemed blurred in spite of her bright red hair. Perhaps it was because she hadn't dared really look at her.

The girl, Miss Morrison, had been the only one to speak to her all morning. “Letters A through D are in this file. See?” Her voice was snappily impersonal.

But then she had looked up and waved to a young man who was passing. “Eighty pins ahead, did you hear?” she

shouted gaily above the noise. He grinned and shook hands with himself in congratulation as he walked on briskly. The girl turned back to Jane, and the light and warmth faded from her face, the crisp tones of authority came back into her voice. "Look, you aren't at school any longer, where you get a bad mark and then go correct your error. Not in this department. Get it through your head right now that you don't make mistakes—not here."

It was as though she had said, "Oh, yes, there's plenty of friendship around, but none for you." Like a slap in the face.

And all the time the clack of the typewriters and adding machines was like a thousand pairs of brisk, assertive high heels stepping about their business—and below and surrounding everything, the vibration of the factory itself.

She couldn't get the sandwich down, she couldn't! And she couldn't ask a third time for a cup of coffee, to be ignored again. Desperately she pushed her dark hair, damp with perspiration, off her forehead.

Then all at once she escaped. She was free. Her body was there; her foot was still hooked around the cafeteria stool. But she herself was slipping away, away from the raw noise and rhythm into the lovely past. Now she lay face down in the grass near the edge of a lake.

The picnic of the graduating class. Their last time to be together. It was at Lake Clear, and the twenty-odd of them had come in four rowdy, honking cars. They had piled out and begun dumping things, baskets and tubs and hampers, near the picnic tables. Jane had thrown herself on the grass. She lay with her face against grass blades and clover.

The noise and shouts drifted farther away, and now she could hear the thin, fine silence of a hot day. There wasn't one bird call, not a rustle in the leaves. A hot-weather bug

punctuated the silence into sentences, and far across the lake a dog barked, the sound coming thin and clear across the water.

"Come on swimming." It was Adrienne standing over her, and she turned over and saw her all foreshortened. Her legs were very long and white, the white of pinkish marble, and up past them was her shortened torso and then her neat small head against the singing blue of the sky, her eyes a different but similar blue, like sky reflected in water.

They wandered down to the water's edge. Out on the float some of the boys were diving, and seeing the girls they shouted across the water. "Come on in, the water's fine!" "Come on out, Gyp." Gyp was short for Gypsy.

Jane waved her red bathing cap. She stood in water halfway to her knees, water with a golden tinge, a pale bright topaz. Her legs broke where they entered the water and continued down, mysteriously of a different color, and Adrienne's moonstruck legs gleamed beside hers.

She didn't dare move, it was so beautiful. If she didn't move, it might go on and on forever—the two of them side by side, the shouts and splashing against that far silence in which a dog barked, the hot sun across her shoulders, Adrienne's hand dabbling in the water. It had to last. She wouldn't think, she'd just clutch the moment tight and hold it.

Now she knew that Adrienne was looking at her. She didn't want to raise her eyes because then one of them would speak, and whatever was said would break the spell. "Adrienne, darling, don't say it!" she begged silently, making ripples that ringed out and met the ones from Adrienne's hand.

"Look, Gyp, you'll write me, won't you?"

She had only meant to be kind, to insist that things

could continue—but the words were said, and very rapidly Jane pulled her cap over her dark hair, tucking in the fluffy ends. “Of course, Addie. Of course I’ll write.” Wading in quickly, she struck out for the float at a rapid crawl. “If I go fast enough I’ll lose those words behind me.” She knew they’d write once, twice. Perhaps they’d meet sometime—at Christmas holidays—and look at each other, two strangers who didn’t know what to talk about. “You’ll write. . . .” The words said explicitly, irrevocably, “This is the end.”

Two boys reached down and pulled her onto the float. A moment later they were giving her the giant’s swing and she was spinning through the air, spread-eagled, to land with a resounding thwack on the water’s surface.

Adrienne had paddled out slowly and pulled herself up beside Ned and Elsa. Those two, Ned and Elsa, were always together, had been ever since Jane could remember, almost—ever since freshman year. How very long ago that seemed. Yet it was vivid, too; those first months of acute shyness when she didn’t know whether they’d accept her—a new girl—from the other end of town. Then Elsa had said, “Won’t you help at my table in the bazaar?” and after that things moved swiftly. Ned had been nice to her—prompted by Elsa, she knew—and Jerry discovered she liked music, and Adrienne and Mary had asked her to the movies with them. In no time at all she’d become one of them, enclosed within the circle of their lives. Which of them had first called her Gyp? “Big gold hoops in your ears, that’s what you need.”

She loved them so much that she ached all over. Bill in the chartreuse bathing trunks with his ridiculous knobby knees, Jerry shivering and trying not to, Ned and Elsa dabbling their toes in the water—joining the racket but always somehow by themselves—Adrienne, Josie, Bob, Michael . . . Jerry’s long musician’s hands hung large at

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the end of his thin arms. "You're cold, Jerry. What you need is exercise," and she pushed him off the raft.

But he wasn't caught napping and grabbed her as he plunged. They came up sputtering, and while she dragged her cap back on her head he dived and caught her ankles. "Had enough? Say 'Uncle' if you've had enough." She wouldn't say Uncle, and then at last, half-drowned, she did. He pulled her up on the float and they lay side by side, exhausted.

"Soupy, soupy, soupy," came a wavering bugle call from shore.

"That ought to be Johnnie. What's he got this time?"

"Oh, his little sister's in Scouts. That's her bugle."

The call, repeated, was followed by reveille and then assembly, ending on a sour note. Shouting abuse, they dived off one by one and headed for shore. "Boy, I could eat a lion."

Bottles of pop were plunged to their necks in one tub of ice; two watermelons showed sleek green backs in another. Five of the boys stole a fudge cake and finished it off before the others had even begun eating. "It's merely a matter of technique," said Johnnie, wiping the knife they'd used.

"How many times do we have to teach you . . ." and the boys he'd cheated roughed him up.

Jane, eating a sandwich and a dill pickle, thought, "Do the others feel the way I do? Do they horse around and act extra silly because down deep they have an awful feeling that this is the last time? Even for the ones who'll be at college together, things will never be like this again. The perfect whole that we all make—every one of us with his place and his relatedness to every other one—will be gone. Do they care, or don't they? Oh, it means so much to me!"

It didn't affect the boys' appetites. They cleaned up

the sandwiches and then had competitions of spitting watermelon seeds. Mary as usual began repacking the beachwagon and browbeating the boys into helping her and grumbling cheerfully. "If you didn't have me along . . . now where's the bottle opener? Here are the paper napkins we couldn't find . . ." and everyone was teasing her, trying to get out of his job. Johnnie and two of the girls sat crosslegged on the picnic table playing jacks. "Threezies," said Johnnie, beating the girls. "Say, you know this is a girls' game. You should be ashamed of yourselves."

There never was a boy quite like Johnnie, Jane thought, sitting on the ground watching them. He was always doing imbecilic things, but he was really brilliant, had won a scholarship for college.

Jerry dropped down beside her. "Nice, isn't it?" and she knew he was seeing it as she was—a gay picture of a picnic surrounded by a frame of silence. Was he feeling the other things she felt, too?

To stop her thoughts she said, "You played terribly well at graduation." That wasn't the thing to say, either, because now she was seeing white dresses and flowers—red roses for the class colors—and a solemn march down the aisle; she was hearing "After four happy years . . . out into the world . . . leaving behind. . . ." At the time the valedictory had sounded pretty corny, but now the words held a heavy meaning.

"The piano was terrible."

"I know." Then without thinking, "I just got a new album from the library. Some more Rubinstein. Come over next week and hear it."

A silence. Jerry was being kind. He didn't say there wouldn't be any next week.

On top of the picnic table they'd stopped playing jacks. From somewhere Johnnie had produced a kaleidoscope.

The bits of glass tinkled as he turned it around. "That's a pretty one. Don't shake it. Look at it quick before it changes."

Elsa and Ned, hand in hand, moved toward the table. Adrienne stood near, her fair hair shaken out across her shoulders. Jane got up and stretched. It was one of those between moments when everyone wanders around undecided what to do next. The whole group was gravitating toward the picnic table.

"Let me look. I haven't seen it once."

"It's my turn again," Johnnie said combatively, grabbing. "I brought it, didn't I?" It tinkled as he held it to his eye. "Little bitty pieces of glass." His voice had its silliest tone. "Little teensy . . . just like us." The hand with the kaleidoscope swept the whole circle and he looked around with blank curiosity as if he'd never seen them before. Putting it back to his eye, "Sure. Of course. Here we are, every one of us. There's—there's Ned and Elsa, a blue piece and a yellow one, close together." People laughed. "You don't believe me. Take a look. Don't shake it. That's Gyp, the bright red piece, that's her bathing cap. Take a look yourself, Gyp."

Carefully, as if doing something fateful, Jane took the toy. A circle of flowers had a glowing red piece in the center of each, and from it the design spread out, repeating itself exactly around the circle, green, yellow, purple and opaque black. "What do you see, Gyp? Any more of us?" They were kidding her because she took so long and was so solemn, but she couldn't wisecrack back. The pattern . . . the lovely perfect pattern.

Someone joggled her elbow and she gave a little cry. The moving pieces startled her. The bits of glass were changing places, the forms were changing, the red piece was falling across the disk. Without another glance she thrust the kaleidoscope into Johnnie's hand. "Take it!"

He looked at her quizzically and put it in his eye. "I see what you mean," he said with wry humor. "Here we all were, happy as sandboys (what's a sandboy?) and someone gives us a nudge and off we go. Let's see, Gyp, you're 'way out in center field. Did you see? And I'm in the middle. It's pretty. Take a look. And say, Elsa and Ned are still together. Prophetic!" he passed it back to her, but one of the others took it. She didn't even want to touch it again.

Someone spoke her name and, blinking, she propelled her stool around. For a moment she couldn't orient herself, she was still off there by the quiet lake. Then the deep sound of the factory welled into her consciousness and she knew that the red-haired girl was Miss Morrison.

"Here we are again," the girl said breezily. "What's good this noon? What've you ordered? Say, we'll have to show you the ropes. Dinty's terrible with ordinary sandwiches. You must order—hiya, Garbol!" Leaning across Jane she shouted down the counter, "Greta, meet Miss Benson. New. Greta, Greta Lundstrom, is Mr. Smith's right hand."

"Oh," said Jane, impressed and shy. She looked at the trim, slight figure, the assured hands as long and slim as her own, the young and alive and friendly face. "Mr. Smith's secretary."

"Hello, Miss Benson," the girl shouted. "How're you doin'?"

Jane blushed. "Not very well, I'm afraid."

"Sa-ay, wait a minute! You're not taking this Morrison woman seriously, are you? Ginger, why are you such a hellion with the new ones?"

"If you had my job—triple-decker on rye, and tell Dinty plenty of chicken and the special mayonnaise. And set up some coffee. Look, infant—what's your name? Jane—look Jane, don't get me wrong. I'm sorry if I scared the lights

out of you. I just get so tired of these dumb bunnies. . . . You're doing all right."

She was grinning, Jane saw as she really looked at her for the first time.

"Don't ever believe a word the woman says," shouted Greta, "and you'll get along fine. You'll get to be president." The call bell began again. Pang pang, pang pang. Her face changed, clouded over. "That's Smitty's call number, and he's gone out to lunch. Visiting firemen. I tried to get him out of it. . . ." The bell was insistent. "I wonder if I should. . . ."

"Sit down, you fool," shouted Ginger Morrison. "You're off duty. That precious Smitty of yours."

Greta sat down absently, this time on the vacated stool next to Jane's. "You don't know Smitty yet, do you?" she said.

"Why, I don't expect—"

"Now she'll begin to tell you about her Wonder Man," Ginger cut in. "According to Greta he knows every single person in the offices and who is engaged to whom, and whose grandmother died, and whether a girl likes nylons or literature for Christmas. She's nuts. It's a kind of mental disturbance." Then she added thoughtfully, "And she's so very right."

"Of course I'm right." Her smile was proud but a little apologetic, as if she were bragging about herself. "And what are you doing here?"

A young man had detached himself from the stream of traffic and stood at Jane's elbow. "I," he said, and she felt him looking down at the top of her head, "am waiting for an introduction."

Ginger remarked casually, "He's a wolf, Jane," and both she and Greta laughed. Jane looked up a long way, quickly and shyly, into a solemn face with horn-rimmed glasses.

Solemnly he winked at her. Ginger introduced them. "Now beat it and let us eat our lunch."

"The soul of cordiality, the very soul!" He leaned toward Jane, and whispering very loud in her ear, "We shall meet again."

They were all laughing as he went off. Greta said, "What a fool! But you know, he really is a swell kid. I mean. . . . I don't know . . . we all laugh at him . . . well, anyway. . . ."

Following him with her eyes, Jane continued staring at the passersby. They weren't blurred now; each one was distinct and sharp-edged. Here came an attractive tall dark girl, here was a pretty little blonde who smiled and waved at everyone. What was she really like? What kind of person was the dark girl? That young fellow whizzing by—would he be fun to know?

"Hi, Betty!" Greta called to the small blonde girl, then, to Jane, "You don't bowl by chance, do you?"

"Why, yes."

"Any good?"

A few minutes ago she would have been embarrassed. Now she said laughingly, "Yes, I'm darn good."

"Let you tell it," and they laughed with her. "You know, Ginger, there's a place on our team now that Betty's getting married. We'll take a look at you in action, Jane."

"Okay." She turned to pick up her sandwich. It was gone. She'd eaten it; she'd finished a cup of coffee that had somehow appeared.

Pang pang, pang pang. "Oh, leave the man alone!" said Greta.

Pang pang, pang pang. With the sound the deep voice of the factory seemed to increase, the rhythm became more marked, and all the people moved to that profound rhythm. And Jane, caught up in it with the rest, thought

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of a strange word, beauty. It entered her mind, left it. She knew she'd think of it again.

"What's good for dessert?" she asked. "I'm still starving."

FOOTBALL GIRL

BY KATHARINE BRUSH

"It's COLD in this stadium," said the girl behind me.

She had a slow little voice, clear and sweet, with a trace of Southern accent. Just a trace. You thought perhaps she visited in Macon or in Memphis—it was that much of an accent and no more. She had just arrived at her seat, escorted by a long-legged undergraduate in a ponderous black bearskin coat. They were late. The game had begun some moments before.

I knew what she looked like though I did not turn around. I had watched her coming up the steps. Everybody in thirty rows had watched her. She was that sort of girl. Little she was, and slim in a coat of soft tan fur, belted tight at the waist with broad brown leather. The collar of the coat was high and puffy and immense: it held her face as velvet holds a jewel. She was very young. She could not have been more than sixteen or seventeen. An exquisite child, with black hair curling under a tight hat, with a spoiled red mouth, with extravagant dark blue eyes. The eyes were older than the girl. They were adult with self-assurance. They had a lazy stare for the staring world.

The boy was mad about her. He had looked it, coming

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up the steps—though he had tried hard not to, he had looked almost fatuously proud. Now, when she remarked that it was cold in this stadium, he repeated, “Cold?” in instantaneous alarm.

“Wait!” he said. “Wait’ll I get this ole robe unfolded. You won’t be cold with this ole robe around you.”

“My face will be,” she said.

On the field a halfback made a gain of thirteen yards.

“Lift your feet a minute,” said the boy, “while I tuck it under. There! How’s that? Okay?”

“I guess so.”

“Warm enough now?”

“Maybe I will be in a minute,” she said doubtfully.

In a minute she said: “It’s cold underneath, that’s the trouble. It’s sitting on this icy cold stone.”

“Well, here,” said the boy. “Sit on one of these programs. Get up a minute—now, try that.”

“That’s slick,” said the girl. “And let’s put the other one under where my feet are, hmm’m, Jake? Because my feet always practically freeze.”

“They’re so little,” the boy said, in the voice of one bent double. “There now!” he added more clearly. “Now you’re all set.”

“Um-hmm. Now I am. What’s the score?”

“Nothing to nothing.”

“Oh,” said the girl, “then we’re not really late. You kept saying we were going to be late.”

“Well, we were, a little.”

“I’m never late,” the girl said dreamily.

The boy did not answer. “*Watch that pass!*” he shouted hoarsely instead. “*Watch it!*”

“Look,” said the girl. “Before you get all excited, may I please have one of your cigarettes?”

“Ye-e-eah!” the boy was yelling. “Get ’im! Nail ’im! Ye-e-eah! What’s trouble, baby?” he added softly.

"I want a cigarette."

"Oh, gosh," said the boy, "now where did I— Wait a minute."

"Ye-e-eah!" he cried again, but faintly now.

He began a subdued muttering. "Wallet," he said. "Keys. Lighter. Handkerchief. 'Nother handkerchief. Powder—here's your powder gadget, Judy. And here's your purse, and here's your comb. And your rouge or whatnot. But where in hell're the cigarettes?"

"Isn't my lipstick there?" the girl asked anxiously.

"I'll look."

"I never saw so many pockets."

The cigarettes were finally found, but the rejoicing was half-hearted. The lipstick, it appeared, was missing still.

"It was one I bought in Paris," the girl said sadly. "And now it's gone goodness knows where through a hole in your pocket."

"But I tell you it couldn't've, honey! This is a new suit!"

"It was a new lipstick. It was a bra—"

"Here it is!" he crowed triumphantly. "I've got it!"

"Oh, good. I'm so glad."

"Here, take it," said the boy. "Don't you want it?"

"Uh-uh," said the girl. "Not now. I just wanted to be sure it wasn't lost. . . . Look, Jake. This lighter won't light in this wind."

"Sure it will. Give it here."

"I told you," the girl said presently. "Haven't you got some matches?"

Matches were borrowed, and many were scratched in succession. This took some time, and a touchdown was meanwhile made by the visiting team. In the accompanying tumult the girl's small voice was lost to me. I thought she was saying, "Try putting your head inside

your coat and lighting it, why don't you?" But I could not be sure.

The first quarter ended shortly. The boy, withdrawing his gaze from the sky, where he had been urged to direct it with a view to determine whether it wasn't really terribly, terribly dangerous for that airplane to be swooping down so low over all these people—the boy remarked the end of the first quarter with surprise.

"Say," he said, "it's the quarter already."

"Oh, is it?" said the girl. "Well, now's our chance to fix this robe. I didn't tell you, but I've been getting chillier by the minute."

"Say! You haven't!"

"Oh, it'll be all right when we fix it," she assured him soothingly. "The trouble is that it's *over* me and then tucked under, instead of *under* me and then wrapped *over*. Do you see what I mean?"

He did. He was able to fix it in a little less than four minutes.

"There!" said the girl. "That's marvelous! I won't be cold now. . . . Oh, look, they're all playing down our end of the field."

"You bet they are!" said the boy. "And we're going to score—we're gonna sco-o-ore—*There you GO!*" he howled. "THERE YOU—Oh, tough. Tough. *Hard luck, Red, old boy! Next time!*" He beat his hollowed gloved palms together once, making a loud report. "Come on, TEAM!"

"Jake," said the girl. "I smell something burning."

"What?"

"I smell something burning. I think the robe must be on fire. I think," said the girl, "we must have wrapped my cigarette up in it."

It turned out after a wild interval that she was partly right, though only partly. It was her cigarette, but it was the robe of the gentleman next her.

"What a time!" she sighed exhaustedly, when it was all over and the boy was carefully wrapping her up again. "After that, I'll have to have my make-up, please, Jake. Not the rouge. Just the powder and lipstick."

"You look all right," he demurred. "You look great."

"Oh, no, I don't. I'm all hot and bothered. Such a horrid, mean old man I never did see in all my days," she added clearly.

"Hush!" said the boy. "Here! Here's your things."

"And may I have your hanky? Because mine must have blown away."

Her next remark was about a cheer leader. It was her most enthusiastic remark so far, though it was brief. It was: "Oh, looky! Who's *he*?"

"Who?"

"That cheer leader!"

"Oh, him," said the boy. "I believe his name's Adams or something. Or maybe it's Andrews. Something like that."

"But I want to *know*, Jake!"

"What for?" Jake asked suspiciously.

"I just do. Listen, wouldn't he be in the program somewhere?"

The boy didn't think so.

"Well, look and *see*, silly!" the girl suggested sweetly, adding: "You can take the one that's under my feet. It isn't keeping them a bit warm."

The search for the cheer leader occupied the boy for quite a while. He said nothing, but he was to be heard turning pages rapidly. "Don't go so fast," the girl said once, and once she accused him of skipping. She had previously explained that she herself would look through the program "—only my hands would freeze if I didn't keep them in my sleeves."

There were several interruptions. Once the girl sneezed,

a tiny sneeze like a little cat's, and the boy was obliged to produce his handkerchief again in a hurry. "And the powder again, too," said the girl. "Oh, and the lipstick! Because look, it all rubbed off on your handkerchief."

Somewhat later she said suddenly and pitifully, "I'm hungry."

The boy stopped turning pages. "Hungry?" he said. "But you just had lunch!"

"I didn't have anything but that old salad."

"Well," said the boy, "can you wait till between the halves? I can get you a hot dog or something then."

"I suppose I can if I have to," the girl said. "But I'm awfully hungry."

"Well, shall I go out now and try to find something? I will if you say so, only you'll be all alone—"

"No," sighed the girl. "I'll wait."

"But I'm awfully hungry," she added low, a moment later.

"Smoke another cigarette," said the boy. "Maybe that'll help."

"All right," said the girl. "You light me one."

The intermittent hissing of matches began again.

"Look at that child," the girl observed, in the midst of it.

"Where?"

"Two rows down. Climbing all over his father's lap. Can't you see him?"

It was a little bundled red-faced boy about five years old, with the feather of his father's alma mater in his cap.

"Imagine bringing a child that age to a football game!" the girl said. "Imagine *bothering!*"

The youth agreed with her. It was plain from his tone that he wagged his head.

"Can you beat it?" he demanded solemnly.

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THE FREEDOM SUIT

By MINNIE HITE MOODY

MR. STANBERY spoke the words slowly. "Archibiades Wilson, today you are twenty-one years of age, and, therefore, your own man. In accordance with the law, I present you herewith the sum of one hundred dollars and your freedom suit." He cleared his throat abruptly, "Harumph," and placed ten gold pieces in Archibiades' hand.

The suit lay on the settle near by. Mrs. Stanbery nodded toward it, her eyes filling with tears. "It's a good suit, Archibiades; our own wool, as you know."

Archibiades knew. Hadn't he hunted the lambs where the ewes had dropped them at night in the February snow? Hadn't he bundled them into old quilts and fetched them into the kitchen to be warmed and fed behind the stove? He wished it were winter right now; last winter, any winter, even the one when he'd lain so ill with pneumonia and Mrs. Stanbery had cared for him as if he were a baby—her own, at that. But now it was spring, and his twenty-first birthday, and Mr. Stanbery was careful about the law. Archibiades couldn't see any good reason why he shouldn't stay on here as usual. Couldn't he plow a field just as well now he was twenty-one as he could before?

Mr. Stanbery held out his hand. "You've been a good boy, Arch; always obedient and faithful." He cut himself short, as if he were about to say more, but thought better of it. "Let us hear from you now and then," he finished lamely, and went out of the room.

Archibiades got the impression that Mr. Stanbery looked older than usual, and suddenly he realized that he really was old—too old to handle the plowing and milking and wood chopping, let alone the hay pitching and potato digging, each task in its time and season.

Mrs. Stanbery stood a minute, twisting her hands in and out of the folds of her apron, then she said, "I'd better go see if pa wants anything," and bustled into the kitchen, where Mr. Stanbery was stirring the cook-stove fire, which shouldn't need it particularly, not at this time of morning, with breakfast over. Archibiades made a move to follow; then it dawned on his consciousness that perhaps he might not be wanted. If they had wanted me, they could have said so this long time, he reasoned. He never before had put the thought into words, but it was plain he was being treated as a bound boy could expect to be treated. Trouble was, he had come close to forgetting he had been a bound boy. He had been here so long, and the childless Stanberys had always called him "our boy," and the neighbors always said, "the Stanbery boy," just as if he really were.

But he knew his place, for the Stanberys were the kind to insist that folks with manners never put themselves forward. It hadn't been his place to ask, "Mr. Stanbery, when I'm twenty-one, why can't I stay on with you; for wages, if you be obliged to pay me?" That wouldn't have been seemly at all, though the thought had occurred to him off and on as the years had gone by. Especially the last year. If a good chance had come, he had intended to say it, but when Mr. Stanbery mentioned the subject, he usually put it crisply, "It won't be long, Arch, till you'll be twenty-one. Then you'll be going away, I suppose. Going out in the world to seek your fortune, the way young men do."

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Archibiades wanted to answer, "Why, no, Mr. Stanbery. I'll just stay right here as usual. Who'll look after the cattle and horses and sheep and hogs if I go? Who'll put in the wheat, and husk corn? It looks like my place is here. I'm used to it, anyhow. It's the only place that's ever been home to me, and I've got nowhere else to go."

That was what he couldn't say. He heard Mr. and Mrs. Stanbery talking together in low tones in the kitchen. It seemed strange not to be going about the work at such an hour of an early spring morning, with the harrowing waiting and two cows due to freshen, and Ned, the buggy horse, needing a shoe before he dared set a hoof outside the box stall.

Archibiades picked up his new suit and slowly climbed the stairs. He ducked his head as he passed through the low door into the little garret room where he had slept for so many years. The bed was tumbled, just as he had got out of it before daybreak to do the early chores, but the quilt with its bright colors looked gay and cheerful. Archibiades liked that quilt; he remembered the morning he had helped Mrs. Stanbery put it in the quilting frames. "You're as handy as a girl," Mrs. Stanbery said. "Never a son or a daughter of my own." She sighed deeply. "I'm glad I've got you, Archibiades." The words seemed to bounce back from the wall to make him feel strangely at home, yet he was no longer at home.

This room which had been his own, in which to do as he pleased, as long as he kept his possessions reasonably neat, could be his no longer. The difference was a night, the transition between one day and another, yet the end of the world to Archibiades. Mournfully his glance fell on his treasures—his arrowhead collection, his fiddle, his rifle, his powder pouch, his bullet mold. All these stemmed from the Stanberys. Had he the right to consider them actually his to carry away with him, or

must they be left? He supposed he should go downstairs and ask. He hated to.

On the shelf above the bed squatted a carpetbag which was his own, the one relic of the days he did not remember, the days before he had come to live with Mr. and Mrs. Stanbery. "That held your little duds," Mrs. Stanbery once had explained. "What pitiful few you had. It took me two solid weeks to sew you up into decency."

Archibiades never had nourished much curiosity as to his origin. "We wanted a boy, so at last we got you," Mr. Stanbery said. It was sufficient for Archibiades, and had kept him feeling desired and welcome and rather specially chosen.

One day at school, years ago, in the moment of some childish triumph, a big bully had told him, "Don't let it go to your head. Why, you're nothing but a bound boy!" The master had thrashed the bully.

Later on, when Archibiades related the incident at home, Mr. Stanbery said, "Bound or free, boy or man, let the kind word be for the smaller, the respectful word for the older, the gentle word for the weaker." That was the standard of behavior Mr. Stanbery followed.

Archibiades decided to take with him only such necessities as he could pack into the carpetbag—a change of underclothing, one or two of the tucked linen Sunday shirts and two or three of the stout work shirts Mrs. Stanbery had made him, his mouth organ, a comb for neatness. Then there was the book, *The Pleasures of Duty*, the schoolmaster had awarded him for getting the most head marks in spelling class, ten years ago now, but an admirable book just the same. He certainly would take that.

He dressed in his handsome new suit, and it was, as Mrs. Stanbery had said, an excellent piece of cloth, carefully cut and well made. It would last a great many years

if he kept it brushed and aired. Archibiades gazed on himself in the sliver of mirror above his drawer chest. In so fine a suit, he was aware that he looked a man. For the first time he was pleased that he had attained the age of twenty-one. A man grown, possessed of one hundred dollars and his freedom suit. Free! But free of what? For the kind of bondage imposed on him by the indulgent Stanberys was no more than the rain asked of a flower or the wind of a leaf. It was but a part of living, an instance in circumstance, a natural offshoot of the vast human necessity. Work, yes. But a man was made to work; his muscles cried out for it; his brain went flabby and soft if he had not to outwit stallion or April freshet, ewe or bull, sleet or lightning, the hailstorm that flattens corn or only the hen which would steal her nest.

He picked up the carpetbag, then set it down again on the bed, on the gay-colored quilt, and removed from it, one by one, the articles he had packed, and returned them to their accustomed places. He took off the new suit and dressed once again in the good homespun shirt, the sturdy boots and strong pantaloons which were his everyday garb, and smoothed the bed into neatness, to save Mrs. Stanbery work, for she, too, was growing old. Then he stepped into the upstairs hall, ducking his head as he passed through the little low door.

Mr. Stanbery should be in the field by now, but he was standing by the kitchen window peering out into the orchard. Mrs. Stanbery hovered over the stove, though the air was warm as summer. She was murmuring something about "No use now to cook, just for the two of us." She wiped her eyes with her apron as Archibiades entered the room.

Archibiades loomed so big and tall, Mrs. Stanbery's mind asked a fleeting question as to whether even a full-cut freedom suit would clothe him.

"I'm a man now, and twenty-one," he began the very first thing, stepping across to the hearth and gathering Mrs. Stanbery into his arms, the way he had longed to, but dared not throughout the whole of his boyhood. It was thus, then, he claimed the first privilege of his freedom. He turned to Mr. Stanbery. "Sir, I don't want to go away, unless you want me to go; unless I've failed in my duty and you have no more need for me."

Mr. Stanbery's shoulders lifted as if a weight were removed from them. "God be praised," he said simply. "I've all but bit off my tongue, lest it slip and influence you. A free man must make a free choice. It is his birthright. A man cannot give more, even to the son he has fathered."

Mrs. Stanbery didn't say a word, but Archibiades knew her tears which dampened the front of his work shirt were those of joy, not of sorrow. Above her gray head he saw out the window the apple blossoms bear autumn fruit, the plowed fields yield grain, all of it his to harvest, and to plan for and pray for with other years coming.

Then, out of the Stanbery's gentle teaching, he gave mind to his manners. "For my new suit, I thank you," he said smiling at them. "It fits me to a T. But that you'll be seeing yourselves next Sunday . . . every Sunday."

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

APPOINTMENT WITH LOVE

By S. I. KISHOR

SIX MINUTES TO SIX, said the great round clock over the information booth in Grand Central Station. The tall young Army lieutenant who had just come from the direction of the tracks lifted his sunburned face, and his eyes narrowed to note the exact time. His heart was pounding with a beat that shocked him because he could not control it. In six minutes, he would see the woman who had filled such a special place in his life for the past thirteen months, the woman he had never seen, yet whose written words had been with him and sustained him unflinching.

He placed himself as close as he could to the information booth, just beyond the ring of people besieging the clerks. . . .

Lieutenant Blandford remembered one night in particular, the worst of the fighting, when his plane had been caught in the midst of a pack of Zeros. He had seen the grinning face of one of the Jap pilots.

In one of his letters, he had confessed to her that he often felt fear, and only a few days before this battle, he had received her answer: "Of course you fear. . . . all brave men do. Didn't King David know fear? That's why he wrote the Twenty-third Psalm. Next time you doubt yourself, I want you to hear my voice reciting to you: 'Yea, though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil, for Thou art with me'. . . ." And he

S. I. Kishor: APPOINTMENT WITH LOVE—Reprinted from *Collier's Magazine*. Copyright, 1943, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.

had remembered; he had heard her imagined voice, and it had renewed his strength and skill.

Now he was going to hear her real voice. Four minutes to six. His face grew sharp.

Under the immense, starred roof, people were walking fast, like threads of color being woven into a gray web. A girl passed close to him, and Lieutenant Blandford started. She was wearing a red flower in her suit lapel, but it was a crimson sweetpea, not the little red rose they had agreed upon. Besides, this girl was too young, about eighteen, whereas Hollis Meynell had frankly told him she was thirty. "Well, what of it?" he had answered. "I'm thirty-two." He was twenty-nine.

His mind went back to that book—the book the Lord Himself must have put into his hands out of the hundreds of Army library books sent to the Florida training camp. *Of Human Bondage*, it was; and throughout the book were notes in a woman's writing. He had always hated that writing-in habit, but these remarks were different. He had never believed that a woman could see into a man's heart so tenderly, so understandingly. Her name was on the bookplate: Hollis Meynell. He had got hold of a New York City telephone book and found her address. He had written, she had answered. Next day he had been shipped out, but they had gone on writing.

For thirteen months, she had faithfully replied, and more than replied. When his letters did not arrive, she wrote anyway, and now he believed he loved her, and she loved him.

But she had refused all his pleas to send him her photograph. That seemed rather bad, of course. But she had explained: "If your feeling for me has any reality, any honest basis, what I look like won't matter. Suppose I'm beautiful. I'd always be haunted by the feeling that

you had been taking a chance on just that, and that kind of love would disgust me. Suppose I'm plain (and you must admit that this is more likely) then I'd always fear that you were only going on writing to me because you were lonely and had no one else. No, don't ask for my picture. When you come to New York, you shall see me and then you shall make your decision. Remember, both of us are free to stop or to go on after that—whichever we choose. . . .”

One minute to six . . . he pulled hard on a cigarette.

Then Lieutenant Blandford's heart leaped higher than his plane had ever done.

A young woman was coming toward him. Her figure was long and slim; her blond hair lay back in curls from her delicate ears. Her eyes were blue as flowers, her lips and chin had a gentle firmness. In her pale green suit, she was like springtime come alive.

He started toward her, entirely forgetting to notice that she was wearing no rose, and as he moved, a small, provocative smile curved her lips.

“Going my way, soldier?” she murmured.

Uncontrollably, he made one step closer to her. Then he saw Hollis Meynell.

She was standing almost directly behind the girl, a woman well past forty, her graying hair tucked under a worn hat. She was more than plump; her thick-ankled feet were thrust into low-heeled shoes. But she wore a red rose in the rumpled brown lapel of her coat.

The girl in the green suit was walking quickly away.

Blandford felt as though he were being split in two, so keen was his desire to follow the girl, yet so deep was his longing for the woman whose spirit had truly companioned and upheld his own; and there she stood. Her pale, plump face was gentle and sensible; he could see that now. Her gray eyes had a warm, kindly twinkle.

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Lieutenant Blandford did not hesitate. His fingers gripped the small, worn, blue leather copy of *Of Human Bondage* which was to identify him to her. This would not be love, but it would be something precious, something perhaps even rarer than love—a friendship for which he had been and must ever be grateful. . . .

He squared his broad shoulders, saluted and held the book out toward the woman, although even while he spoke he felt choked by the bitterness of his disappointment.

“I’m Lieutenant John Blandford, and you—you are Miss Meynell. I’m so glad you could meet me. May—may I take you to dinner?”

The woman’s face broadened in a tolerant smile. “I don’t know what this is all about, son,” she answered. “That young lady in the green suit, who just went by, she begged me to wear this rose on my coat. And she said that if you asked me to go out with you, I should tell you that she’s waiting for you in that big restaurant across the street. She said it was some kind of a test. I’ve got two boys with Uncle Sam myself, so I didn’t mind to oblige you.”

YOUTH CALLED TO DUTY

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

In an age of fops and toys,
Wanting wisdom, void of right,
Who shall nerve heroic boys
To hazard all in Freedom’s fight—
Break sharply off their jolly games,

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

Forsake their comrades gay,
And quit proud homes and youthful dames
For famine, toil, and fray?
Yet on the nimble air benign
Speed nimbler messages,
That waft the breath of grace divine
To hearts in sloth and ease.
So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.

RAPID QUIZZES, FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT

I. FAMOUS PHRASES

Who spoke each of the following famous phrases?

1. The way to be safe is never to be secure.
2. Let facts be submitted to a candid world.
3. Liberty *and* Union, one and inseparable, now and forever.
4. Observe good faith and justice toward all nations.
5. Crown thy good with brotherhood.
6. Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion.
7. With malice toward none, with charity for all.
8. Give me liberty, or give me death!
9. All the ills of democracy can be cured by more democracy.
10. These are the times that try men's souls.

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II. STRIKING LINES

Who wrote these lines? In what poems?

1. And fired the shot heard round the world.
2. As when a kingly cedar
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.
3. You are the buffalo-ghost, the broncho-ghost.
4. Thou too sail on, O Ship of State!
5. Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave!
6. Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam.
7. Two—two-four—two-eight.
8. The viol, the violet, the vine.
9. They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.
10. When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.

III. MATCHING TITLES AND AUTHORS

Join the title of the piece in the left column with the name of the author in the right column:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Sons of Battle | 1. Jean de Crèvecoeur |
| 2. Atomic | 2. Robert H. Schauflier |
| 3. Out on a Limb | 3. Wm. Tyler Page |
| 4. Casey at the Bat | 4. Louise Baker |
| 5. Mark Twain's School-days | 5. Carl Sandburg |
| 6. Chicago | 6. Louis Ginsberg |
| 7. Scum o' the Earth | 7. John Holmes |
| 8. The American's Creed | 8. Ernest L. Thayer |
| 9. What Is an American? | 9. Bert Leston Taylor |
| 10. Map of My Country | 10. Albert Bigelow Paine |

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

IV. IMPORTANT VIEWS

1. What did James Monroe say about European nations that interfered with nations in this hemisphere?
2. How did Judge Learned Hand define the spirit of liberty?
3. To what five groups, according to Harvey N. Davis, must you be loyal?
4. What did Emerson say is an important trait of a true man?
5. What did Emma Lazarus say is our attitude toward the downtrodden of other lands?
6. What did Herbert Hoover say America means?
7. How did Henry Timrod regard defeat?
8. What did Woodrow Wilson urge new citizens to do?
9. What was Jefferson's remark on the blessings of America?
10. What did Theodore Roosevelt regard as two necessary characteristics of our foreign policy?

V. THE THEMES OF AUTHORS

1. What poet wrote about locomotives?
2. What storyteller made an old European folk-theme the basis of an American tale?
3. What poet wrote about one's attitude toward neighbors?
4. What poet denounced scorn for those of foreign descent?

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5. Who urged world peace?
6. Who wrote about a Civil War battle?
7. Who wrote about a great lawyer?
8. Who wrote about the making of armament?
9. Who wrote about going to a dance?
10. Who wrote an epitaph for Lincoln's sweetheart?

VI. THEIR VOCATIONS

Give in a word or two the vocation of each of the following:

Ephraim Tutt, Robert E. Sherwood, Casey Roderigo de Triana, the Montana Wife, Herbert Hoover, Stonewall Jackson, Daniel Webster, Mark Twain, Arthur Train.

VII. PREFERENCES

Rank in order the five pieces in this collection you like best—the five you like least.

KEY

I. 1. Ben Franklin. 2. Jefferson in *Declaration of Independence*. 3. Webster in *Reply to Hayne*. 4. Washington in *Farewell Address*. 5. Katharine Lee Bates in *America the Beautiful*. 6. First Amendment to Constitution (in "Bill of Rights"). 7. Lincoln in *Second Inaugural*. 8. Patrick Henry in Speech on the Stamp Act. 9. Alfred E. Smith. 10. Thomas Paine in *The Crisis*.

II. 1. Emerson in *Concord Hymn*. 2. Edwin Markham in *Lincoln, the Man of the People*. 3. S. V. Benét in *American Muse*. 4. Longfellow in *Building of the Ship*. 5. J. R. Drake in *The American Flag*. 6. F. S. Key in *The Star-Spangled Banner*. 7. W. C. Williams in *Overture to a Dance of the Locomotives*. 8. Poe in *City in the Sea*. 9. Lowell in *Stanzas on Freedom*. 10. Emerson in *Youth Called to Duty*.

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III. 1 & 9. 2 & 6. 3 & 4. 4 & 8. 5 & 10. 6 & 5.
7 & 2. 8 & 3. 9 & 1. 10 & 7.

- IV. 1. That it would manifest "an unfriendly disposition toward the U.S."
2. That "it is not too sure it is right."
3. Your family, the organization for which you work, your community, your church, your country.
4. "Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist."
5. "Give me your tired, your poor!"
6. "The meaning of the word *America* flows from one pure source: Within the soul of America is the freedom of mind and spirit in man."
7. "There is no holier spot of ground than where defeated valor lies."
8. "Not only to think first of America, but also to think first of humanity."
9. "How little do my countrymen know what precious blessings they are in possession of, and which no other people on earth enjoy."
10. "Speak softly and carry a big stick."

- V. 1. William Carlos Williams
2. Walter Brooks
3. Robert Frost
4. Robert Haven Schauffler
5. Franklin Delano Roosevelt
6. Stephen Crane
7. Beverly Smith
8. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
9. Hildegarde Dolson
10. Edgar Lee Masters

- VI. 1. Lawyer. 2. Playwright. 3. Baseball player. 4. Sailor. 5. Pioneer housewife. 6. Engineer, president. 7. Soldier. 8. Statesman. 9. Author. 10. Lawyer and author.

THIS IS AMERICA

PROMISES OF A GOOD CITIZEN

Allentown, Pa., in 1950 rededicated itself and its citizens to the American heritage in a joyous 8-day festival and Old Home Week. Note was taken of the city's progress since colonial days and of the unity that had been achieved among its people of varied creeds and national descents. But the climax of the festival was the highly practical "Promises of a Good Citizen," drawn up for the occasion by the American Heritage Foundation. These were solemnly recited by Mayor Donald W. Hock, and were repeated many times at churches and synagogues, at folk dances and ball games, civic assemblies, fraternal and social gatherings.

1. I will vote at all elections.
2. I will serve on a jury when asked.
3. I will respect and obey the laws.
4. I will pay my taxes understandingly.
5. I will work for peace but will dutifully accept my responsibilities in time of war and will respect the Flag.
6. I will avoid any group prejudice based on class, race, or religion.
7. I will support our system of free public education by doing everything I can to improve the schools in my own community.
8. I will try to make my community a better place in which to live.
9. I will practice and teach the principles of good citizenship right in my own home.

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421. *The Merriam-Webster Pocket Dictionary*
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516. *Tales of the South Pacific* by James Michener
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657. *The Bishop's Mantle* by Agnes Sligh Turnbull
666. *The Girl on the Via Flaminia* by Alfred Hayes
679. *Peony* by Pearl S. Buck
684. *The Pocket Treasury of American Folklore* by B. A. Botkin
695. *Rhubarb* by H. Allen Smith
700. *Of Human Bondage* by Somerset Maugham
714. *The Asphalt Jungle* by W. R. Burnett
715. *The University of Chicago Spanish-English, English-Spanish Dictionary (Special—35c)*
718. *Great American Sports Humor* by Mac Davis
722. *Opus 21* by Philip Wylie
723. *The Hearsh and Eagle* by Anya Seton
728. *The Feather Merchants* by Max Shulman
729. *Chesapeake Cavalier* by Don Tracy
748. *Call It Treason* by George Howe

November, 1950



